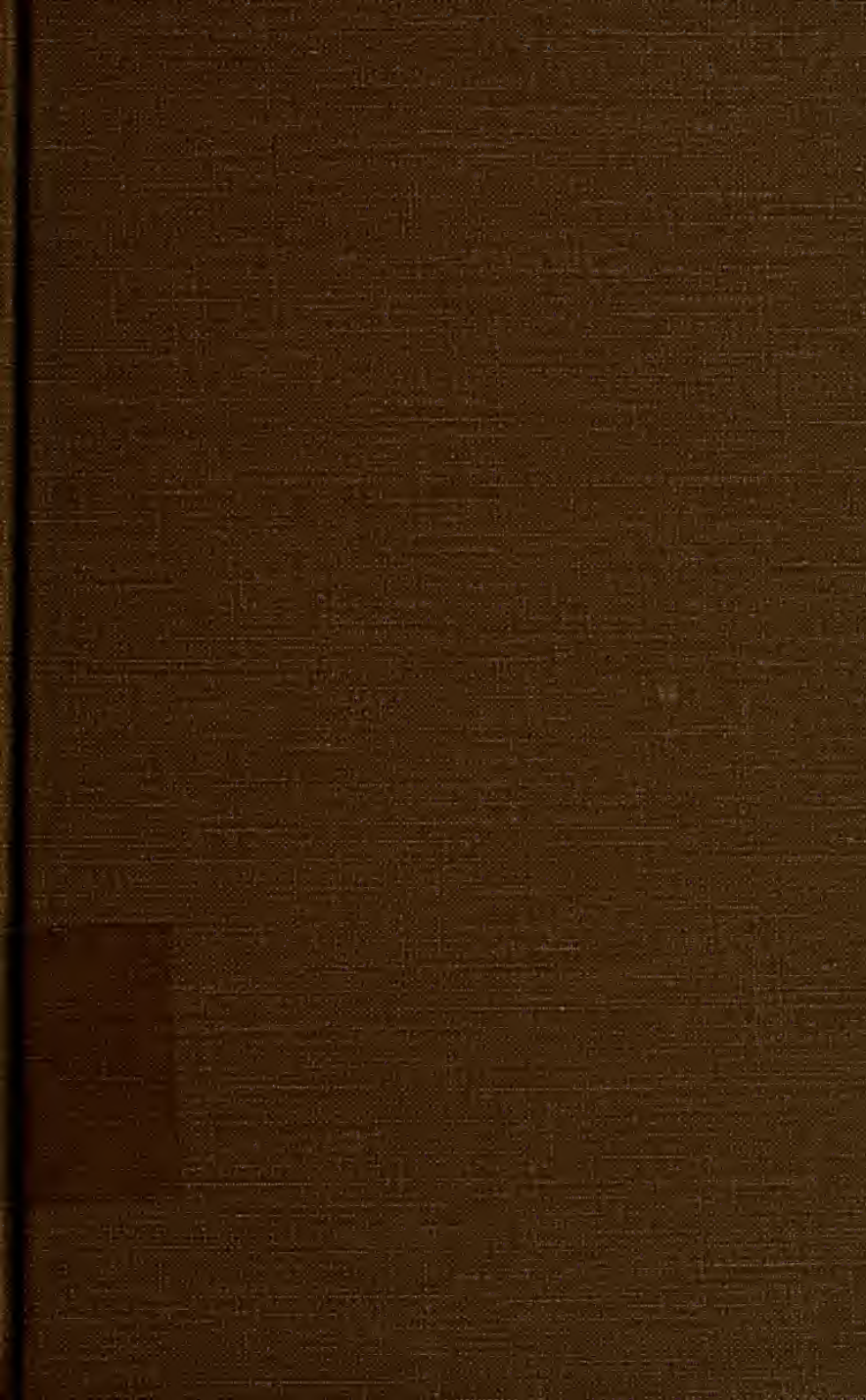






BV
3460
.C52
1921

First Fruits in Korea



THE UTMAMI

The Village Guardian Devil posts. Wooden ducks on the posts shunt migratory devils to other roads

First Fruits in Korea

A Story of Church Beginnings
In the Far East

By
✓
CHARLES ALLEN CLARK, D. D.
(*Missionary in that country since 1902*)

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK CHICAGO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Copyright, 1921, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

New York : 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago : 17 North Wabash Ave.
London : 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh : 75 Princes Street

Preface

THIS little story is fiction, but it is fiction based upon fact. A large part of the incidents have occurred much as here described. Names have been changed, incidents which occurred at widely separated places have been localized in one place, some of the characters are composite, and the binding thread of the story is largely imaginary, but an effort has been made to picture the method of the spread of the Gospel in Chosen (Korea) as the Koreans themselves have seen it, and the ideals for which the Church there stands.

The little Presbyterian Church of Korea is already sending out its foreign missionaries in every direction. One band is working to the south in the Island of Quelpart in the Yellow Sea, one man east in the city of Tokio (largely among Korean students), two northeast in the Vladivostock territory, eight north in Manchuria, one near Lake Baikal in Siberia, and four ministers and one doctor west at the town of Laiyang in Shantung, China.

A full quarter of a million Koreans now rejoice to bear the name of "Christian." There are seventeen millions of them yet to be evangelized,

however. These are but the "first fruits." What has been done has proved that the Gospel has lost none of its power wherever men give it the right of way. May the time soon come when all this little land may be evangelized and it may be, in deed and in truth, God's "Chosen" land!

C. A. C.

Seoul, Korea.

Contents

I.	BUDDHA OF THE MOUNTAINS	11
II.	THE VOCATION CHOOSING CEREMONY	28
III.	THE PASTOR	43
IV.	MANHOOD'S ESTATE	56
V.	THE SUMMONS	72
VI.	THE VISIT	85
VII.	PERSECUTION	106
VIII.	THE PLEDGE OF DAYS	124
IX.	SACRIFICES AND BONDS	134
X.	"CHAGUN NOM"	153
XI.	SORROW	164
XII.	THE FIELD DAY	174
XIII.	THE STONE FIGHT	193
XIV.	THE REVIVAL AT HOMOONI	204
XV.	THE WAR	218
XVI.	LENGTHENING THE CORDS	231
XVII.	PIONEERING	248
XVIII.	THE GREAT REVIVAL	267
XIX.	THE RESCUE OF SOO OKI	278
XX.	INTERNAL WAR	292
XXI.	"THE CARE OF ALL THE CHURCHES." BAAL WORSHIP	307
XXII.	THE GREAT CALL	320

Illustrations

The Village Guardian Devil posts. Wooden ducks
on the posts shunt migratory devils to other
roads *Frontispiece*

Chin Pai and his friends in the rice field
shovelling water up into the fields . *Facing page* 78

The Utmami and Chin Yongi churches and
a few of the first fruits “ “ 142

The main business of the Utmami Christians
is soul harvesting. They do this other
harvesting to pay expenses. Both are
hand work “ “ 240

Korea's first foreign missionaries to China
(in Chinese dress) Pastors Pak Tai
Ro, Kim Yung Hoon, Sa Pyung Soon “ “ 308

I

BUDDHA OF THE MOUNTAINS

BOOM! Boom!" went the big gong of the Buddhist Monastery called "Yoon Pil" high up in the crags of the Dragon Gate Mountains. The sun had not yet risen, but it was light, and the monastery was already astir. In the great smoky, dirt-floored kitchen, some of the younger priests were already preparing breakfast.

As the gong ceased sounding, shaven-pated Sub-priest Kang came out of one of the inner rooms rubbing his eyes, and was met on the terrace by Kyung Yuli, a bright young priest who had just come to the monastery from a temple in the far North.

At the same time, in the large shrine room, the smaller gong began sounding its monotonous "tom, tom, tom," and they could hear old Kim, the Abbot of the monastery, singing his Sanscrit prayer, "Soori soori maha soori, soori soori sabaha. Nami ami tabool, nami ami tabool." Over and over he sang it, a dreary monotone.

Kim himself, trained from childhood in the

monastery though he was, did not know the meaning of most of the Sanscrit words. He only knew in general that "Amita Pool" meant the Amida Buddha, that Buddha manifestation which was said to cleanse people from their sins, and to take them away to the Western Paradise.

Five hundred years ago, all Korea was Buddhist. Kings and queens took monastic vows. A large part of the royal revenue went to the building or maintaining of the temples. There were great Doctors of the Law in those days, and large universities where the Law was studied. Libraries were written and great artists embellished the temples with their handiwork. That Golden Age was past now. Men like Kim here and there still sought the Infinite, but there was no one to lead the way.

"Nami ami tabool, nami ami tabool, nami ami tabool," the voice chanted on, carrying with it all of the intense longing of a sincere seeker after truth.

Occasionally the prayer changed, "Yook cha tai myung wang chin un"—the "Six Character Brilliant Truth"—"O mani pan mi hom, O mani pan mi hom"—"Oh, thou god that dwellest in the lotus flower, help!" (Buddha images are nearly always shown seated in a lotus flower, or holding the flower in their hands, or with the flower somewhere about, hence the cry, "Oh, thou god in the lotus flower!")

As Kang on the terrace listened, his lip curled derisively. Little he cared for Buddha of the lotus flower. He was a skeptic of the extreme type. Things were his god, things that represented cash or comfort in this world. His strong personality had won him his place of second in command in the temple and he had sought the place because of the ease of life, and because of the financial perquisites that were his when he carried the bag for the company.

"Did you rest in peace?" said Kyung Yuli, using one of the beautiful greetings of the country.

"No!" said Kang, "for all night long I could not get out of my mind the visit of old Sung of Utmami which we are to have to-day. It is very important that we handle him properly. He is a big fish, one of the largest that we have had in a long time. If we manage things properly, we ought to get a goodly share of his property."

"Just who is Sung?" said Kyung Yuli. "I heard some of the others speaking of him yesterday, but you know I have been here so short a time that I have not yet gotten very well acquainted with the people down below in the villages."

"Oh, he is a stupid old farmer in the village of Utmami, down on the south branch of the Han River," said Kang. "He is a good farmer, and most industrious. By careful management and

frugality, he has added one field to another until he owns nearly half the land around his village, the village nobleman, Baron Kim Sik Woni, owning the balance."

"What special thing is he coming to pray for at this busy season of the year?" asked Kyung Yuli.

"Oh, the usual thing—a son. The old stupid is nearly fifty years old, and he is convinced that, if he does not get a son to worship his ancestral tablet when he dies, none of his three souls will rest in peace. He has tried every conceivable means, through spirit worship, to get a son.

"It would have been easy enough, no doubt, if he had simply added a couple of concubines to his household, but he is one of those moral minded 'Softies,' and believes that it is wrong to have more wives than one, just as if it had not been the immemorial custom throughout our land for every man to have several wives if he could afford it.

"In addition to bowing to and serving his own ancestral tablets, which he does, not merely on the required birth and death days of his ancestors, but once every month on the twelve national Feast Days, he has had, at one time or another, almost every conceivable form of idol.

"At one time he worshipped a family of snakes for months. The snakes lived in the woods along the river. He enticed them over to his house, and fed them regularly. He piled up a loose heap of

sticks behind his house, and spread a waterproof covering of thatch over it so that the snakes could come out and air themselves when it rained without getting wet. I believe that the people of your home province do not do this much, but it is quite common around here among certain people.

"Most of the time the snakes spent in their holes, but quite often they came meandering around the yard at night.

"I slept there in his guest-room one night during that time, and, as it was summer, we left the door open. In the night I waked to see a big snake making himself at home on the warm stone floor just beside me, and I moved in a hurry.

"Sung would not let anybody hurt the snakes, and every day he spread out bowls of food for them, and prostrated himself to them, praying that he might have a son. The son did not come, and the snakes, for some reason, died or went away, so that he had perforce to turn to something else.

"He is most devout in bowing to the little 'Sung Wang Tang' (devil shrine) on the pass at the entering in of his town, and he rebuilt it recently, and also set up beside it a new set of 'Tai Chang Koon' (carved devil posts), as well as a set at the other end of the village.

"He has been most successful financially, adding field to field, until he must have \$1,000 worth of property now, but as yet he has no son.

“Lately from so much prostration and miscellaneous prayer, he has become introspective, and, in addition to worry about not having an heir, he has been speculating about himself, and the future life, and a lot of things like that.

“I dropped in at his house the other day just at the psychological moment to get hold of him. He told me how hungry he was for something, he did not know what. He said that as he prayed to all of that mob of spirits, doubt kept continually rising in his mind, and he kept wondering if, beyond all that our eyes can see, beyond all of these spirits, there was not some One, Greater, More Powerful, More Wonderful than this all. He said that the spirits did not satisfy him.

“Recently one of his neighbours, Pyun, the old fellow who is so proud of the fact that he is the only man in the county who has studied the Old Philosopher (Lao-tsze), told him of the Taoist doctrine of praying to the North Star, and suggested that he try that. He said that Yi of Tokkol did so, and a son was given him. Sung said that he was tired of everything of the kind.

“As I looked out over those fine rice fields, I said to myself, ‘Here is our opportunity of insuring a good living through the coming winter.’ So I began to tell him of our holy Abbot Kim, and of Great Buddha, and of the ‘Holy Way,’ and I urged him to come up here, and spend the One Hundred Days of Prayer and Meditation. I

promised him that, if he did, he would receive his wished-for son, and peace of soul also. He agreed, and is coming up to-day.

"I did not think of what a nuisance it will be to have him around here for three months, but still would have been compelled to suggest the regulation hundred day period, as he and all of the villagers down below believe that there is peculiar efficacy in that number of days. He will not be allowed out of his prayer cell except to go to the Abbot's cell, so that he need not bother us unbearably. If we are careful we may get him to endow the temple with the greater part of all that he has.

"Hurry up there, you men, and bring on those food tables," he called, "and, when you clear up this morning, do not forget to get rid of all left-over scraps of meat, lest Sung suspect that we vegetarian priests have been eating flesh, and be sure to hide also the beer firkins and the yeast and vessels that you use in making the beer.

"And you, Kyung Yuli, hunt up one of the acolytes and station him as a lookout to give notice when Sung comes in sight, for we do not want to be taken unawares."

Every one hurried and scurried, setting the stage for the little drama that was to be acted.

The place was fitted to be a stage.

The temple was composed of one high central building and a number of lower ones, all one story

high, with curious, curving tiled roofs. The buildings were arranged on a little horizontal shelf cut into the mountain cliff, almost up at the peak.

All of the buildings were connected with one another by porches and passageways, and they formed a square around a courtyard with the main temple as the back section of the square. Towering above them on three sides, as though threatening to come down and crush them, were immense black granite cliffs.

Straight away down from their feet, almost perpendicularly for a thousand feet, and then going off at a still steep angle, was a ragged cleft in the rocks, the only approach to the temple. Far down at the bottom the cleft widened until it was about an eighth of a mile wide, and there, at the widest part, stood the lower temple, said to be composed of three hundred kan (a "kan" unit is eight feet square) of buildings.

All around the lower temple, and above it, was a dense thicket of trees and undergrowth. Up on the hillside near it was a row of great globular burial urns, set on square blocks of granite and capped with cone-shaped top stones. These contained the ashes of deceased priests, cremation being the universal method of burial among the Buddhists.

Growing from the black face of the crags were occasional venturesome pine trees, climbing vines,

and flowering shrubs, which softened the ruggedness, and made the retreat most inviting.

In the courtyard of the upper temple was an immense carved stone turtle monolith, ten feet long, with the back hollowed out to form a reservoir for a trickling stream of icy-cold, crystal-pure water that came out through a pipe from the face of the cliff, and, passing through the turtle, flowed on down into the cleft.

As the Abbot finished his prayer he came out on the terrace for a moment, and stood looking out over the mountain peaks, far into the dim distance.

He was simply dressed in ordinary Korean white cotton baggy clothes underneath, but he still had on the sleeveless red "Kasa" robe of ceremony suspended toga-like from a knot on his left shoulder, leaving his right shoulder uncovered as was Gautama's when he set out to save mankind. On his shaven head was the dome-topped, transparent, horsehair-woven, rimless undercap. Around his neck was his rosary of one hundred and eight beads.

Even as he stood looking out over the view, his lips were moving silently, "Nami ami tabool, nami ami tabool, nami ami tabool," and his left hand was automatically registering one new bead for every repetition, one more "accession of merit" achieved in this passionate accumulation of work of righteousness.

His face was white and drawn, the face of an ascetic. He was not handsome. His mouth was set in his face so as to give a queer, crooked effect.

Handsome or no, the whole monastery, above and below, revered him as a truly holy man. Even Kang grudgingly paid him tribute for his "other-worldliness," though, when not in his presence, he cynically voted him a fool for not going after the things that count,—property, and cash, and power.

As he turned to go in again, one of the little acolytes, with his funny looking, three-cornered, dunce-cap-looking head covering, passed in front of him. The old priest came out of his trance, patted the boy on his shoulder, and smiled, and his face was suddenly transfigured, a beautiful smile, warming one to the inmost heart. In a second it was gone, though, and the old hungry look was there, and, as he went in, he was repeating, "Nami ami tabool, nami ami tabool—," "Buddha, Buddha, Buddha, Buddha."

It was twenty miles from Utmami, and the men had plenty of time to get things ready before the lookout gave the word that Sung was coming up. They watched him toiling on the steep. The last thousand feet one had to come almost on hands and knees. Provisions were always drawn up there in a basket that last distance. It is in quiet, isolated, inaccessible places like this always that the followers of Gautama have sought what they call peace, the peace of inertia, of deadness, of oblivion.

At last Sung came up over the edge of the terrace, Kang obsequiously helping him up the last few steps.

He proved to be a very ordinary looking sort of man with a short, stout figure, and bullet-shaped head, crowned by a scanty grayish topknot, bound in tightly with a head band of horsehair cloth. His transparent, horsehair-bamboo, wide-rimmed hat was the ordinary one worn by all Koreans, and was perched upon the extreme top of his head, and held on by a black tape tied under his chin. He wore home-made straw sandals. His hands were thick and muscular, and hard from labour in the fields.

His face was very ordinary, and not very full of expression. Only his eyes attracted one. They looked a little as did those of the Abbot, the eyes of a dreamer, a seer. There was something pathetic in the eager look in them now, a look that would have touched any one less materialistic than Kang.

Sung was escorted at once to the Abbot's cell, and introduced. He had, of course, often heard of Kim, as had everybody down in the villages below, but had never met him, for the Abbot seldom left the temple. Sung salaamed clear down to the floor, and then sat back on his heels in the position that school children take before their teacher, and answered the questions asked of him. Kim searched his face eagerly to see if he was

really, like himself, a seeker, hungry after real things.

They gave Sung a hand rosary of black beads, just large enough to wrap around his hand, and containing twenty-five beads. The Abbot wrote out for him in the native character the first simple formulæ of worship, Kang escorted him to his cell, and the long search for truth began.

From time to time, as the days went by, Sung went to the Abbot's cell for other bits of instruction, for magic formulæ (Dharani), and esoteric diagrams (Mantras), but, most of the time, he was in his cell memorizing the sayings or praying over the prayer, "Nami ami tabool, nami ami tabool, nami ami tabool."

At first, Kim was a little distant and non-committal towards him, but, little by little, as he saw how sincere Sung was, he thawed, and the two men often talked in the Abbot's cell half the night, when the rest of the monastery was asleep.

Kim told Sung a little of the history of the doctrine, coming first to the land in 372 A. D., gradually increasing in power until its Golden Age in the Koryu time (995-1392) when the whole land and nearly everything in it was Buddhist, then its steady decline, and the decadence of the true Faith. He told of the oppressions of the Yi Dynasty Kings, the confiscation of monastery lands, the prohibition of men entering the priesthood, the forced amalgamation of the thirteen sects into the

two, the "Sun" and the "Kyo," the "Contemplative" and the "Practical." He showed how so large a proportion of those who were priests, like Kang, preferred the "Kyo" teachings, and seemed to feel no yearnings at all for the deeper things of the spirit.

He told how he personally had begun his long search for the Ultimate Reality, how he had elected the "Sun" doctrines, and his whole life had been a passionate search after God. Once he could attain that, he said, in a flash all human knowledge and Divine knowledge would be revealed to him, and he would be made perfect as a Buddha.

He told of the Fourteen "Hwato" or Riddles which were used during these "chamsun" periods to assist one in concentrating his mind. Two or three he told to Sung as follows:

" 1. What is the sun?

" 2. If there were no ears, would there be no sound?

" 3. Buddha's substance is in all animate and inanimate creation except the dog. Why not in the dog?"

Kim said that it was the third of these problems that he had used for years. Why was Buddha's substance not in the dog? Using that bit of gibberish, he sought to bring his mind to passivity, total absence of desire. Once he attained this,

Nirvana would be his, or the Western Paradise of Amida. He was not seeking an answer to the Riddle—only mental stagnation. Poor hungry seeker! hungry after God, and finding such puerilities! Gods many, but no God, and, not knowing it, he was hungering after God!

Sung tried to help in the solution, but Kim said he was not seeking an objective answer, but only a subjective effect upon his own mentality, so Sung went back to his own formulæ, and diagrams and prayers, “Nami ami tabool, nami ami tabool, Buddha, Buddha, Buddha. Oh, thou god that dwellest in the lotus flower, help! Send me a son, send me peace for my soul!”

Each morning at daybreak, the Abbot conducted the service in the Buddha room. Sung always attended, sitting cross-legged or prostrating himself afar off in one corner of the room. Of the other priests, few of them ever came to the service. Kyung Yuli came most often of any of them. He seemed to be the only one of them that had any vital faith. Even he did not often come because he was so dominated by Kang.

The main Buddha room was only about twenty by thirty feet. On a raised dais against the long side of the room, facing the entrance door, sat three Buddha statues, the central one about four feet high, and the ones on each side of him a little smaller. Each was of bronze covered with gold.

On the wall directly behind them was what ap-

peared like a great six-foot square medallion with ten more Buddha-like forms in bas-relief on its surface. These also were of bronze and gold. On a table in front of the Buddhas were a number of censers for burning incense. A filmy red silk veil, hanging from the ceiling in front of all, protected them from too easy view of one looking in from without.

Kim explained to Sung one day how the large central Buddha was Sakalyia (Gautama) himself, and that the two smaller figures beside him were Buddhas of secondary rank, and were called "Posals" (Bodhisattvas) not "Buddhas." Each of the three figures held in its hand a sprig of lotus flower.

The bas-relief figures were "Posals" also, he said, with the exception of the central one which was a Buddha. He said that down in the lower temple they had no first grade Buddha image, but only five hundred "Nahun" (Arhat), or third grade Buddhas, each being a separate image about six inches high, and all being arranged around three sides of a room on a sort of gallery of terraces like a theater.

Any devout woman could aspire after death to being reborn as a man. Any man could aspire to become a "Nahun," and through that state he might graduate up through the "Posal" grade into the Buddha substance itself.

Along the ceiling of the room were great

dragon heads of glaringly painted wood, looking down upon the worshippers, and a number of spears and banners.

On the side walls were gaudily painted pictures of the Seven Buddhas of the Great Bear Constellation and the Ten Kings of Hell and of heaven and hell as the Buddhist artists conceive of them (the "Kamnotan"). They covered the whole sides of the room from ceiling to floor. Heaven was pictured as divided into little yards by hedges, and within each little yard was a company of people enjoying themselves. Some were frolicking with dancing girls, some were smoking their fill of opium, presumably getting none of the evil effects, some were practising horseback riding or archery, a few were torturing some poor unfortunates, evidently those who had been their earth enemies. At the top of the picture, five ancient Buddhas, side by side, presided over it all.

Hell was like a great walled city with serrated walls, and great chunks of flame and clouds of coal black smoke pouring from it. It was full to the top with unfortunates. Attendants were running around with pitchforks pushing back all who tried to escape. One attendant had a man speared on his fork, and held him aloft in the air, all ready to hurl him back into the flames. It is evident where Dante got his inspiration.

The Hundred Days wore on to the end.

The last evening Kim, of his own accord, came

to Sung's cell, something that he had never done before, and the two talked far into the night.

Towards the end Kim spoke of their parting the next day. "Oh, it will be hard," he said, "when you are gone, and lonely. Sympathetic fellowship in the great search these hundred days has been so sweet. There is no one else in the temple whom I feel is a real seeker after Truth, with the possible exception of Kyung Yuli. I admire Kang, of course, but he is so cold, and sometimes he speaks almost sneeringly of the most sacred things of the Faith.

"I know that you have gotten what you came for. Your son will be given you. You have attained a certain degree of peace. I do wish that you might stay with me always. It will be harder than ever when you are gone."

The next morning after the prayer hour, they parted on the terrace. As Sung went down the cleft, to the open, he looked back many times, and always saw the old priest still standing there silently waiting.

As he saw him, a little of Sung's old doubts returned. If a seeker like Kim, who had put his whole heart and soul into the quest for nearly a lifetime, had still not attained what he sought, could it be that after all this was not the right "Way"?

Sung tried to put away the thought, but somehow it would not down.

II

THE VOCATION CHOOSING CEREMONY

IT was gala day in the town of Utmami, for it was the eighth day of the lunar Fourth Month, the Festival of Buddha's Birthday, and also the birthday of little Chin Pai, son of Sung, the son for whom they had waited so long, who had come in answer to prayer.

At daybreak the whole town was out.

In former years this festival had been one of the village's special days, but this year it was to be surpassingly so, for Sung, deliriously happy over his little son who had come to him the year before, was to give a great feast to all of the town in honour of the occasion.

As every one knows, one dare not count a child really his own in Chosen until he has passed his first year's mile-stone, for, if one were so unwise, the spirits would surely come and take the child away. Every household in Chosen could testify to the truth of this, for the infant mortality was and is terrific.

Sung had passed that first year in fear and trembling. Great Buddha had given him his son in answer to the Hundred Day Prayer, and he felt

that Buddha would let the laddie stay, but still the evil spirits were so many, and he was afraid. With every moment's indisposition of the baby, he became almost frantic. Sometimes he called in Yum Si, the village Sorceress, or Kong, the blind Sorcerer of Homooni, but, more often, Buddhist Kang was on hand using the baby as an excuse for further extortions.

Now the year was passed, and the great day had come. From tall bamboo poles in the yard floated a whole fleet of great streamers, made in the form of gigantic fish, announcing to all the world that a son had come to the home. The courtyard was covered by a great wide-spreading awning so as to make a room large enough for a great number of guests at once. Temporary kitchens were set up in the outbuildings to supplement the regular one. The storerooms were piled high with good things, not omitting whole tubs of "sool," the much prized wheat beer of the country. All was ready when the guests should assemble.

In the middle of the village over across some intervening rice fields was a great Ginko tree, rising fifty feet in the air, and spreading its mighty arms abroad, its roots rising partly out of the ground in great, knobby reaches. Around the roots of it in the shade, rock steps had been built decades before, and there the village loungers congregated to gossip, some squatting on their

heels, some lying down, some sitting on upturned "jickies," the pronged back saddle used by the men in carrying loads.

They were there to-day, smoking their long-stemmed pipes and discussing the great occasion.

There was No Yung Simi, an old man, one of the village oracles. At the age of forty, he had turned over all of his property to his only son, Won Chooni, and, since then, he had spent nearly all of his time in gossiping and drunkenness. Moon Myung Sili, the most quarrelsome man in town, was there also, he of the shaggy head and massive hands. He could make more straw shoes in a day than any other man in town, but was generally too indolent to put his powers to the test. He preferred to sit and smoke and dispute with any one that he could get to oppose him.

Chang Ik No was also there, the Steward and Major-domo of the village nobleman, Baron Kim Sik Woni. Chang himself was of rank, but through dissipation had scattered most of his property and had become a hanger-on around the nobleman's household, not exactly a servant, nor a hired employee, but half friend, half dependent.

Yi Oon Pangi was a very capable young farmer who owned a few of the fields in town not owned by Baron Kim. Hong, Paik, Pak and Choi were boatmen on the river, and with them they had brought a couple of their friends, up-river boatmen, strangers in the village.

On the outskirts of the crowd sat Hong, the Butcher, not daring to speak, nor intrude into the circle, for the butchers of Chosen were pariahs in those days, and not allowed to wear the head band, nor the horsehair hat, symbol of the free man, nor to associate with decent people. Hong was tolerated because he had always lived in the town, and always took the butcher's seat at their gatherings, humbly grateful for what crumbs he got.

There were a number of others, and a number of young men and boys, and also the inevitable fringe of small children, swarming around, each child, nearly, having tied to its back another child almost as large as itself. The smaller children, both boys and girls, were dressed in "native" costume, consisting of their own little brown skins only. Of the larger children, some wore trousers only, some jackets only. Of course, there were no girl children over ten years of age, as such were all at home with their mothers.

Old No was speaking. "This is certainly a great day," he said, "and Sung is a generous man to provide such a feast as they are getting up over there. People do not often have feasts now such as they used to have in my younger days."

"Yes," said one of the boatmen, "and he is doing it all himself, too. At every village feast held in celebration of a wedding or funeral since I can remember, each house has sent in its full share of the raw materials for the feast, so that the host

has had little more to do than to lend his house, and the labour of his women folks, but Sung said that this was the greatest day of his life, and that he was going to do it all. He is certainly making a big thing of it."

"Captain Hwang of the Pedlars' Guild seems to be making a big thing of it over there in the house," said some one. "What has he to do with this feast?"

"Oh, he is a remote relative of Sung's on his mother's side, so he has taken it upon himself to assist," said Choi.

"Kang and his short-haired priest rascals are making a big thing of it," said Moon. "See them over there before any of the guests have arrived, moving in and out as if they owned the place."

"Yes," said Chang, "they will not lose a chance like that, and they will not go home with empty hands to-night, either. You see, they claim all the credit for the child, because he came in answer to the Hundred Day Prayer at the temple, and then, when he was born last year on Buddha's birthday, they said that that was proof positive that Buddha had sent him. Sung accepts all that they say, and gives them anything that they want."

"Sung is a great believer in many things," said Choi. "He believes in keeping up the old customs, too. Do you remember the fuss that he made when the baby was born?"

"That day, and for a week after, he would not

let any one in the near-by houses do any laundry work, because he said that if they did, the beating of the washing paddles would leave great red welts all over his baby.

“He put pieces of straw rope across each of his house doors, with red peppers tied in the rope, and would not let any one in his household go out for a week, for all around his house are little field ditches, and, if any of them had stepped over running water that week, the baby must have died, so he said.

“He excluded all of the town from his house for that week also. He had sprigs of pine ready to tie in the straw rope instead of the peppers if it had been a baby girl.

“He put a bunch of thistles on each side of his front door, as every one knows that that keeps evil spirits from entering. Above the door, outside, he had little spears of wood projecting and on them he put food so that passing spirits might partake and not come in.

“Another reason why he would not let any of his household go out was the fear that some of them might meet a funeral on the road, or blunder into a house where there was a dead body, either of which would have caused the child to die.

“He would not let Hong, over there, butcher for a whole week, for the same reason. I believe in observing the old customs, but I think Sung carries it to extremes, don't you?”

"They say that Sung is counting a lot on the 'Vocation Choosing Ceremony' that he is to have to-day," said Chang, "and he is hoping that his son will choose the life of a scholar. All of the Sung Clan for several generations back have been farmers.

"They originally came from a noble family down in Kyung Sang Province, but all these years up here have been farmers. Sung is eager to have his precious offspring revert to the old life of his fathers. The boy has eaten his two New Year's cakes now, and the thing that he chooses to-day will undoubtedly have a great bearing upon his future career."

"See Old Leatherstocking is coming down," said Moon, pointing up the hill to a man just emerging from a tiny hovel set apart by itself under the crest of the hill.

"Yes," said Chang, "you could not hire Old Leatherstocking to come down for any function in our houses, but he will come for Sung."

"Who is he?" asked one of the stranger boatmen.

"We do not know," said Chang. "All that we know is that he came wandering through the country here many years ago, homeless. Sung took pity on him and fed him, and the old fellow settled down here, and seems to consider himself one of Sung's retainers. He comes originally from the far North. He got his nickname from some

of the boys by wearing some queer leather things on his feet in winter, such as the people of Manchuria wear. Now every one calls him by that name behind his back.

"He seems to be not quite right in his head. He avoids all of us people in the village. He makes his living by hunting herbs back in the farther mountains.

"A few years ago a pedlar from the North passing through here said that he recognized him as a man who had been a famous tiger hunter in the North. You know up there the hunters often go out with just a lance to kill tigers. If they catch him just right, and there is a tree handy around which they may throw their arm, they get the tiger. Otherwise the tiger often gets them. When he gets nearer, you may notice the big scars on his face. We have often wondered if tigers made them, but he will not tell us. When we ask him, he often stares at us as though he did not hear, and passes by."

A small boy came running breathlessly across the dikes of the rice fields to call them all to the feast, and the party broke up and moved leisurely over to the house. At the door they paused and looked in. It was a tempting sight.

The whole courtyard was spread with inch-thick grain-drying mats borrowed from all the town, and over it the awning shut out the sun, making it a most sumptuous dining-hall. Upon

the mats, in long rows, were the tiny tables, eighteen inches square and a foot high, one table for each two guests. The rice and soup had not yet been brought, but each table had on it bowls of the various kinds of pickle, Korean cabbage, turnip, cucumber, and spinach leaves, all soaked in salt brine, and sprinkled with red-pepper dust. There was also fried beef, roasted beef, and salt fish.

Although all had come for the feast, and for nothing else, it was only after much urging that they were persuaded to take their seats. The women acted as waiters, hovering around while the men and boys ate.

For a few minutes all was silent except for the noisy sipping of the soup, and crunching of the peppery cabbage. One or two of the village wags attempted witticisms, but most of the company attended strictly to the matter in hand.

In what seemed but a moment, devastation reigned. Again and again the rice bowls were replenished, until all had reached that delectable stage of being full to repletion. Then one by one the men withdrew to the front of the house, and their places were taken by the women and girls. Late comers protracted the function, so a crockery firkin of beer was taken out to the front porch, and all were invited to help themselves, which they did with very little urging.

By mid-afternoon all was eaten, and the tables cleared away to make room for the great

“Vocation Choosing Ceremony” of the baby boy.

First, several soft house mats were spread upon the porch of the inner quarters to make it soft, in case the baby fell over. Around this mat in a circle, with a radius of perhaps two feet, were spread a hoe, a writing brush and ink stone, a Confucian book, a magistrate’s mace, carpenters’ tools, and tools to represent other vocations.

The whole village gathered in the courtyard to watch.

The little baby, dressed in a suit made of tiny bits of many coloured silk, and shining resplendent from it, was brought in by his father, and seated in the middle of the circle.

For a moment he looked at the audience wonderingly, not seeing the playthings. Then he began to be afraid, and started to cry, holding out his hands to his father, who rose up quickly and ran to him. Just above the father’s head where he sat was a wide shelf, upon which a book was lying, almost hidden from view from below. As the father rose to go to the baby, he bumped his head on the shelf, and the book fell to the floor, and laid there unnoticed among the articles put there for the baby’s choosing.

In a little while the baby was comforted, and his father again placed him on the mat, this time staying with him for a moment until he got over his

fear. Then the little fellow began to look around, and saw the playthings.

Every one held their breath. Which would he choose?

How the father hoped that it would be the writing brush of the scribe, or the book of the Chinese Classics! Both were squarely before the boy, where it seemed that he could not miss them.

Once he reached out to seize them, but a long-drawn sigh from his audience disconcerted him, and he drew back.

He waited a while, looking around with his big round eyes, half afraid. Then he turned partly to one side, and caught sight of the hoe, and the strange book that had fallen off the shelf. With a little squeal of glee, he plunged forward, and grabbed these two things, and hugged them to himself.

A shout went up from his audience, "Hurrah! He is to be a farmer! He chose the hoe! He is to be a farmer like his father and grandfather! So much is certain. But what is that other thing that he has? That was not here a little while ago."

Chang seized the strange book and opened it, reading the title and a few of the headings. As he read a look of dismay came over his face.

"Where did you get this book?" he demanded of Sung. "This is a treasonable book forbidden by the Government. It is one of the 'Heaven's-

Evil' doctrine (Catholic) books, which the Government put under the ban twenty-five years ago, when the Regent ordered all of that 'Way' put to death. Surely you never 'did' that Doctrine, did you?"

Sung was terribly frightened.

"No," he said, "I never 'did' that Doctrine, but you know when those Western Doctrine people came to Chosen thirty-five years ago, they began work in this county first of all, down near Korangi, at the fork of the Han River. Chung Yoon Sooni's family there were the first believers. The Doctrine spread all around here. Several of my remote relatives began to follow it, including my maternal Uncle Pak, over in the far end of the county, and everything was well, until suddenly orders came from Seoul to put all of that Doctrine people to death.

"Just before that, some one had given me that book. I had not had time to read it. I did not dare to burn it because they had said that it was a holy book, and that evil would come to me if I destroyed it. I hid it away up there on that shelf, and it has been there all these years."

Chang ran quickly with the book, and thrust it into the fireplace among the coals.

Sung was white with fear, but managed to thank Chang.

"Oh," he said, "I am so glad that that book is gone! When the persecutions were at their

height, they seized my Uncle Pak, and hurried him off to Seoul. I followed quickly to see if anything could be done, because he had not really 'done' the Doctrine. He had simply allowed his name to be used. I reached Seoul too late. Little, if any, trial was given to the Doctrine people. One informer's word was enough. No verification was sought.

"Uncle Pak reached Seoul one night in chains. The next day at daybreak his head was taken off. Outside the Little West Gate I saw the Execution Ground, just littered with the dead. They took the heads, and exposed them along the wall to warn other people against the Doctrine. They would not even give me my uncle's body to bury, as they said that he had committed treason, and did not deserve burial. When I tried to insist, they were going to arrest me as a 'doer' of the Doctrine.

"That night I was stopping at an inn inside the South Gate of Seoul. Suddenly the front door burst open, and a band of soldiers rushed in, demanding to be shown the three 'foreign devils' (French Catholic priests) that were hidden there. The innkeeper denied that there were any 'foreign devils' there, but he was swept aside, and the house searched. In the innermost women's apartments they found two 'foreign devils,' and dragged them out. I saw their faces plainly. Both were tall black-bearded men, and they

seemed quite young. Both of their faces seemed quite kindly, even though they were 'foreign devils.'

"The soldiers tied their hands, and dragged them off to prison, taking with them the innkeeper, whom I was told was also a 'doer' of the Doctrine.

"During the night the innkeeper was tortured by tying a rope around his shins, and twisting a stick in it until his bones cracked. They did this to make him tell where the third 'foreign devil' was. He finally said that some days before the man had gotten away from Seoul, and had gone north across the Yalu into China in the dress of a mourner.

"The innkeeper said that he had tried to get these last two foreigners to go likewise, but that they had said that while their people were in trouble they could not leave, as they had a commission from God to care for the flock. He said that he had warned them that they might be killed, but they had said that, even so, they must stay.

"When the Regent heard this, he said that he would personally attend to those foreigners that had tried to debauch the land with their sorceries.

"The next morning the innkeeper was summarily beheaded.

"Then the executioners turned their attention to the 'foreign devils.' I watched them from a hill opposite. All Seoul gathered for the 'sight-see.' It was horrible. For two hours or more they tor-

tured them, stabbing them here and there in non-vital places, kicking them, beating them, gouging at their eyes, demanding all the time that they recant. To their last breath they would not recant, and they died under the torture.

"I could not sleep in Seoul that night, because of the remembrance of that awful sight. I came out five miles on the road, and slept. It is now ten years since I had even thought of this thing. I had even forgotten that the book was there. They say that a part of the Chung Clan is still 'doing' the Doctrine in a quiet way back in the mountains, but they dare not 'do' it openly. After that day in Seoul, I had no desire to 'do' the Doctrine, and I am glad that the book is gone."

The crowd broke up, and drifted out.

The story of the mysterious book was on everybody's lips. The feast, and its meaning, was all forgotten. To some the story of the "Doctrine" was new. Some of the older men had heard a little of it. They wondered what sort of a thing it might be after all, that men should suffer and die so bravely for it.

Late that night, as Sung lay down to sleep, a thought flashed through his mind that for an instant seemed to stop his heart beating, "What of the baby? On the Vocation Choosing Day, in seizing his choice of objects which would determine his future vocation, he had seized the hoe, and that fatal 'Heaven's-Evil' doctrine book. What was it going to mean?"

III

THE PASTOR

FATHER SUNG was going on his annual visit to Seoul, and, for the first time, he had said that Chin Pai also might go. The lad had eaten his eleventh New Year's cake (*i. e.*, was ten years old), and was a lively little bunch of brown-skinned energy.

He had teased to go the year before, but it was a hundred long li (thirty-three miles) of rough road, and Father Sung had been afraid that the boy's plump little legs would not be equal to it in a day, and, of course, no Korean would expect to walk less than one hundred li per day, nor would he think of wasting "road money" by splitting up the distance.

It was not that Chin Pai did not know the meaning of work. He was still an only son. Father Sung almost worshipped him, and spoiled him in many ways, but, on the question of working, there had been no debate. Man's destiny was to work, and the sooner that boys learned that, the happier off they would be.

Perhaps if he had chosen differently on the

“Vocation Choosing Day,” it might have been different. He might have developed, or rather, degenerated into an idler with inch-long fingernails and a scorn for honest toil. No such misfortune had come to him.

When he was seven-years old, his father had made him a little “jickie” (back saddle for loads), a little replica of his father’s big one, and had told him that, from then on, he must begin to do his share in gathering dry grass for the family fuel, and, in summer, green things for fodder for the patient old bull, who was their sole beast of burden, plow animal, and general helper.

For a time his father went with him, but, little by little, he dropped out, until now the boy went alone, or with the other village boys, each lad carrying his “jickie,” and sickle, and little, home-made, wooden rake. It must be confessed that it sometimes took a goodly time for the loads to be made up and brought in, for there was lots of “skylarking,” and bird nest hunting to be done, not to mention the gambling pitch penny games, and surreptitious kite flying, but Father Sung believed in the use of the rod, as Chin Pai could testify, so that, in the aggregate, not a great deal of time was wasted.

As a result, the little fellow was as “hard as nails,” and every one of his faculties was intensely on the alert.

His long, thick braid of hair down his back

made him look like a girl, but he would have vigorously resented any such imputation, having not only the average small boy's contempt for girls, but that added contempt which most Orientals feel for any mere female, except possibly their mothers or grandmothers.

Seoul is to a Korean more than any Western city is to its tributary "hinterland." It is not merely the capital. It is the heart of all things. There are but two places in all Chosen, Seoul, and the "country." All that is not "Seoul" is "Sigol," back country. All Chosen, those who had seen it once, and, much more, those who had not seen it, looked to Seoul as the devout Moham-medan looks at Mecca. Many Koreans in those days never did get a chance to see it, but Koreans, in general, have always been great travellers. It was not at all uncommon to meet men who had been in every one of the Thirteen Provinces, and that on foot, the whole being as large as Kansas or Minnesota, or of England plus Scotland and Wales.

The day for the great event arrived.

Hours before daylight, the whole family was up, and the bull fed his bushel of boiled beans, chopped millet straw, and rice chaff. Breakfast was over, and the little fellow, fairly dancing with excitement, was dressed in his voluminous, snowy white trousers and short jacket. Hats were, of course, superfluous then, and stockings, too, for

boys on a journey. Long strips of cloth were wound around his feet, and he wore straw sandals.

The two big bags of rice were loaded on the bull, and all was ready. All of the boys in town gathered, and were enviously watching the preparations. Chin Pai squared his little shoulders, and tried to put on a mature air, as he patronizingly saluted those whom he had a few hours before counted as comrades.

The last thing that they did was to go into the little separate room where the ancestral tablets were kept, and bow before them, acquainting them of the annual pilgrimage.

With the first streak of daylight they were on the road, plodding along in the semi-darkness.

As they left the edge of their own town, they passed in front of the little devil shrine, of which Kang, on the mountain, had told Kyung Yuli, the one that Father Sung had rebuilt and rededicated.

Both Chin Pai and his father, joining their hands in front of them, bowed several times in the direction of the shrine, and laid additional stones upon the pile beside it, as a recognition of the devil's presence.

True, they were Buddha followers, but Buddhism has never sought to be exclusive. One may serve him and at the same time worship other spirits, reverence the village shrines, ancestral tablets, practise Confucianism, anything. That is

the main reason why Buddhism, in spirit-worshipping countries, has won its way so far.

Beside the shrine was a hideously painted devil post, rudely carved at the top to look like a man's head, with a flowing bunch of whiskers and Chinese letters down the front. Beside it were a half dozen more similar posts in various stages of rottenness, showing in their decay the number of years since each had been put up, one per year.

Just beyond the shrine, at the forking of the road, was another tall post, and, as they passed under it, they could dimly make out, silhouetted against the sky, the wooden duck to which was accredited the power of shunting off from Utmami Town any ordinary evil spirit that might approach along that road.

The road, nearly all of the one hundred li to Seoul, was along the bank of the River Han, sometimes a wide, well-cared-for highway, sometimes a narrow path, straggling along hillsides, over the rocks, and down to the water's edge, sometimes leaving the river for a time, and climbing over rocky passes and through ravines deep down.

Ten miles from home they crossed the North Branch of the river on a ferry.

Other bulls and horses had overtaken them, or joined them at villages which they passed. The horses quickly passed them, but the bulls fell in behind them in a long sinuous line.

The whole day was full of wonders, the great timber rafts of the river, the "robber villages" beyond the ford, the queerly dressed people from other provinces and the Japanese and Chinese merchants travelling with their loads carried on poles over their shoulders, the sedan chairs of Government officials that went flying by in clouds of dust amidst a great hullabaloo of shouting by their attendants. Chin Pai looked and looked until his head was in a whirl, and he could hardly think at all.

As they approached Seoul the roads grew wider and the crowds increased. At last, in the distance, the great gray walls of the city began to appear. Up to the north were the massive, bare, granite walls of the North Fortress Mountain, several thousand feet high, with the great banks of trees massed at its foot in the Palace enclosures. To the south was the round-topped, heavily wooded South Mountain, and between them nestled the city.

Chin Pai caught his breath in wonder. It was ten times more wonderful and beautiful than he had ever imagined; rows upon rows of houses as far as one could see; horses and bulls by the thousands carrying loads; people swarming in and out.

Now they crossed the last stone bridge, and here were the great iron-faced, spike-studded, stone-socketed city gates, with their protecting walls and special battlements. The feeling of the

bigness of it all almost overcame the little fellow, and he clung to his father's coat.

The sun was getting low, and the market for that day was over, so they headed for an inn near the market street.

As they reached it, the sun went behind the Lone Tree Mountain, and immediately through the city sounded a dull, solemn, "Boom, boom, boom," of the sunset bell, the signal for closing the Gates. Had they been just a little later, they must have slept in the open outside the city walls.

That night they spent in the inn, near the "Iron-monger's Bridge," sleeping on the stone floor in the same large room with a score of other travellers. The inn gates, too, were closed at dark, but inside the courtyard there were pine-knot torches flaring garishly. Of course, kerosene was unknown in Chosen then.

There were a number of rooms to the inn.

In two of the inner ones, all through the evening, there were sounds of laughter and revelry, and Chin Pai peeked in to see what was going on. In one were a couple of dancing girls entertaining a company of young men by dancing and playing on several stringed instruments. In the other room men were gambling with dominoes and Chinese chess. They tried to get Father Sung to join them, but he never gambled.

Just after the yard gates were closed, some one pointed out the fires on the signal mountains.

As in ancient Israel where they signalled out to the limits of the land the coming of the New Moon, so in Chosen every night, from every corner of the land, all the way from Fusan to Wiju, five hundred miles, by a line of mountain top fire signals ten miles apart, they reported to the King, "All's well" or "Trouble on the border," as the case might be.

Among these wonders, Chin Pai thought that he would stay awake all night, but, before he knew it, he was sleeping as only a healthy boy can sleep after such a day in the open.

Long before daylight all were up, and reloading the bull so that they might be early out in the street market. Early as they were, they found that the truck gardeners were ahead of them. The main street was corded high like a wood yard with cord upon cord of Korean cabbage, stacked right in the road. Only narrow lanes were left for traffic.

In the grain section, the street was heaped high with rice bags piled on the ground, and there were heaps upon heaps of rice for retailing, poured upon mats at the roadside. People were buying and bartering everywhere. Most of the heavy buying in the markets is always over by eight A. M.

In a little while, they found a purchaser for their load, and took the bull back to the inn.

Then Father Sung said that they would go out and see the city. Holding tightly to his father's

hand, they walked out past the produce market, down past the big bell, and over to the gate of the Palace. It was a case of wonders upon wonders; the great stores of the Trade Guilds, the great tiled houses with their massive gates, the five Palaces, which, with their grounds, occupied one-fifth of the space inside the city walls.

The Mulberry Palace particularly interested them, because of the story connected with it, that it was erected in the Seventeenth Century, but never occupied for a day, for the day that the King was to have moved in, a snake fell off the lintel of the door, and he was afraid to live there.

In front of the Palace where the King was residing, they saw the great blocks of smooth stone that were used as tables for the writing of petitions to His Majesty, for it was the law of the land that any one having a grievance, or an idea by which the land might be made more prosperous, could write out his thoughts, and send them in where they were promised consideration. If any oppressed person, even though he sent in his petition, did not receive what he considered justice, he still had a final appeal directly to His Majesty, if he went up on the side of the South Mountain, and built a bonfire. On such an appeal he would always be heard, but must take the consequences if his appeal was not sustained.

Coming back, as they approached the market-

place, they saw quite a crowd gathered at one side of the street, and went to see what it might be.

They found a strange looking man standing there with his back against the wall. He wore dark-coloured clothes of a queer pattern, the trousers tight, not baggy as trousers ought to be, and he had a queer shaped hat in his hand. He was taller than any of the crowd, but was slender. His eyes were blue, and hair almost white, and he had a big nose, not a nice flat one such as all good people have.

He had spread some books on the ground before him, and was talking, "God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish."

"Jesus came down, and died for you and me. Believe in Jesus, and you will be saved. Buddha cannot save you, for he is only an idol made with hands. Confucius never said that he could save you, for he was only a man. Jesus is God's Son. Hear Him."

As the stranger stopped speaking a moment, a man in the crowd asked, "Is it true that most of the people in your honourable country have but one eye, and that in the middle of their foreheads?"

The stranger laughingly said that it was not, and showed that he had two good eyes.

Before he could go on with his address, another

man broke in, "What wages do you get for preaching the Doctrine?"

"I do not work for wages, but for love of poor souls like yourself," said the stranger, and started to go on with what he had been saying, but was again interrupted.

"Why do you come telling us about 'Hananim,' the blue sky spirit?" asked an old man. "There is no one in Chosen that does not know about 'Hananim' already."

"You use the name," said the stranger, "but I do not mean the 'blue sky spirit' or the 'Jade King' as you do, when I use that term, 'Hananim.' By that name I call Him, who is the Creator, and present Controller of all mankind, and the Universe, the Judge and Saviour of all men."

"We have no use for the foreign gods anyway," roughly interrupted another man. "They may be all right for your nation, but we are satisfied with the gods of Chosen, and do not want yours."

"Have you a national religion?" asked the stranger, good-naturedly. "Your Buddhism came from India, and your Confucianism came from China. Neither is sufficient to save you, and both are from abroad. The Gospel of Jesus is of the East, and it belongs to you. Oh, men! if you could only see what it would mean to you of life and peace, you could not stay away!"

So they went on for more than half an hour

longer, the stranger occasionally getting a few consecutive minutes in the midst of the heckling, a large part of the crowd continually changing.

At last the stranger said, "I must close for this morning. I know that I have given you but little idea of our Jesus here in the confusion in the street, but I have books here which my assistant will sell you for the bare cost of the paper, which will give you a clearer idea, if you will take them home and read them. If any are too poor to buy, here are free sheet tracts that tell of the Doctrine also.

"In addition, if you will come to my house over there on the hill at any time, I shall be more than delighted to sit down with you quietly and explain more about the Doctrine. And you countrymen, if you will but invite me to your home towns, I will go at any time, no matter how far down in the country you may live, and I will gladly try to make you know the joy that God's true children feel."

He distributed sheet tracts among the crowd, and the crowd gradually scattered.

All through his talk, Chin Pai had been looking up fixedly at him. As the man finished, he looked down at Chin Pai's eager face and smiled and patted him on the head. Chin Pai felt his heart go out to this man. He did not know what all of this talk about getting saved was, but he knew that he could love this man. The man picked up

one of the little books that his assistant was selling and handed it to Chin Pai. "Here, little boy," he said, "take this book home with you, and study it, and do not forget me."

"Who is he?" asked Father Sung of some one in the crowd.

"The Pastor," was the answer.

"He is one of the 'foreign devils,' is he not?"

"Yes, but he is not a very bad one. He talks a little crazy, but spends most of his time trying to do people good."

On the way home, Chin Pai asked his father who the "foreign devils" were.

"Oh, they are people from the barbarian countries out on the edge of the Universe. They are uncivilized, and are always fighting with other nations than their own, trying to enslave them. Twenty years ago, one party calling themselves 'French' tried to force their way up our river from the sea, but they were driven off. A little later, another company, calling themselves 'Americans,' tried to capture our Kang Wha Forts, but were defeated and driven off. How it is that our Government now permits them to enter the country, I do not know."

"Are they all bad?" asked Chin Pai.

"Yes, they are all about the same."

"Well, I do not care," said Chin Pai. "I liked this one, and do not believe that he would do us harm."

IV

MANHOOD'S ESTATE

THREE years had passed, years of toil in the schoolroom and the fields. Chin Pai had "eaten his fourteenth New Year's cake" (thirteen years old), and all of the family said that it was high time for him to be married.

Besides, his mother was getting old, and was not very well, and she needed a daughter-in-law to help around the house. Of course the bride and groom have no jurisdiction in the matter of choosing their life partners. It never occurred to Father Sung or to anybody else to ask the boy whom he might want. Word was circulated here and there that a bride was wanted for Chin Pai.

There were a number of old women in Utmami and the near-by towns who regularly acted as go-betweens to arrange weddings, but none seemed to have protégées available at the time.

One day word came from Yum Si, the Sorceress at Unkol, that she had a girl for them, a perfect paragon of virtue and beauty whom she would sell to them. Yum Si formerly lived in Utmami, but, on one occasion when Chin Pai was sick with the smallpox, Father Sung had called the

blind Sorcerer, Kong of Homooni, to cure him. Yum Si's professional pride was hurt, and she immediately moved to Unkol swearing vengeance upon Sung for humiliating her. She wrote now that they did not deserve forgiveness, but that she would be magnanimous and let them have this wonderful bride if they desired.

After some negotiations, the offer was accepted, and the birth records showing the year, month, day, and hour of the birth of the bride and groom were exchanged and compared. It was found that the girl was two years older than Chin Pai, but that was considered good, as she could that much more quickly become a worker in the household.

The "Il Kwan" Sorcerer was consulted as to selecting a lucky day for the wedding, and all began to make ready for the feast.

Yum Si said that the girl was an orphan left in her care, and that she could not afford to have the feast and ceremony at her house. All must be done at Utmami. Again a feast was prepared in Sung's house, but this time with good things sent in by the town, as was the custom. Each house furnished a "mal" (about a peck) of grain. Hong, the Butcher, sent meat. Several houses sent "sool," the wheat beer.

Over at Unkol Yum Si prepared the bride.

First her face was painted with a thick white paint, and a single red spot as large as a dime was

put on each cheek and on the forehead. Then her eyes were sealed shut. After that the hair on the upper corners of her forehead was pulled out by the roots as a sign that she was practically and would soon be really a married woman. Her long braid behind was gathered up on top of her head. She was dressed in suit after suit of clothing, and made to sit down, and await the coming of the bridegroom. For three days her fate was to be shoved or carried here and there, unable to exercise any volition of her own, unable to see through her sealed eyes. Whatever her attendants, or later her husband, cared to do, she must make no sound, and not resist.

Meanwhile Chin Pai, also, was being prepared. Days before, when the betrothal was first announced, the very top of his head was shaved, and his long braid cut in half, and the remainder brought up on top of his head in the national top-knot.

A head band was tightly bound around his head to keep stray hairs in place, and he was given a tiny bridegroom hat of yellow straw with a red button on the top.

His mother made him a long, flowing, sleeveless overcoat of dark blue silk, unlined. This was split half-way up the back like a magistrate's robe. Under this coat, he wore the ordinary long white "turamagi" coat, which had sleeves, and reached almost to his knees.

On the wedding day the hat and long coats were taken from him, and, in their place, he was dressed in the robes used by courtiers in Seoul when going in audience before the King. First, there was a long, dark-brown robe, extending almost to the feet, and bound about the breast by a girdle, in which there were painted eyes.

On his head they placed a round-topped, transparent, rimless hat with little wings of the same horsehair material extending out on each side to represent ears. On his feet they put thick, clumsy, Chinese felt boots.

He was lifted high up on the lofty saddle on a fat white pony. One friend led the pony. Two others walked beside him to hold him on. Two others carried long-handled umbrellas such as were always carried over the Governor's sedan chair. Two others carried, one a goose, and one a drake, these animals being used as symbols of conjugal fidelity, it being the general knowledge in Chosen that these animals never mate but once. Both geese were alive.

So they set off for Unkol to fetch the bride.

They found Yum Si and the bride all ready and waiting, with a four-man sedan chair covered with a leopard skin. This chair, and the robes that Chin Pai wore were forbidden to be used by any one else than high officials or newly married couples.

The little bride was carried bodily out, and put

into the sedan chair. Two women friends came out with vast piles of false hair stacked upon their heads on top of their own abundant supply. Each carried upon her head a lacquer covered trunk in which the bride's trousseau was supposed to be. This trousseau was made by the bride's family or herself, but the materials were always sent from the bridegroom's home weeks before the wedding.

The bridal procession formed, first the serving women, then Yum Si, then the bride's chair, then the bridegroom on his horse, and a dozen or so of his friends. It was an imposing array.

All went well, without incident, until they reached a point about half-way where the road was very narrow, shut in by the cliffs and river.

Suddenly around a bend in front appeared another company of people like themselves, a wedding procession going towards the County Seat.

The two cavalcades faced one another and stopped, and it was seen that the other company was from Homooni, ten miles over the mountain from Utmami. The bride was the only sister of Hong Pong Sami over there, and she was going in marriage to a prominent family in the County Seat.

Each company gathered hastily and consulted. Custom forbade that either should yield the road, or turn back. A bride's sedan chair had the right of way even over a magistrate. But here were two brides' chairs just alike. Koreans say that

only bad luck can be looked for by any couple that yields the road on their wedding day.

These Homooni men were their hereditary enemies. For generations, there had been more or less of bad feeling between these towns, culminating periodically in stone fights and the like. It was too much to ask them to yield the road to such people.

Who would give way?

Suddenly, without warning, the Homooni men charged on Chin Pai's band, and the mêlée was on, sticks, stones, clubs, fists. Hats were broken, and clothes torn. Chin Pai was pulled off his horse, and several of the combatants lost a goodly share of their topknots, which were most convenient handles to grasp them by, when once the hats were broken.

There were yells and revilings, but gradually the superior numbers of Chin Pai's band began to tell, and they drove the enemy back around the bend to a place where the road was wider, and they could pass one another.

The Homooni men glowered at them from the roadside as they swept triumphantly by, and hurled threats of vengeance that they would some day take when the tables were reversed, but victory, such as it was, was won, and good luck for the future assured for the young couple, as it could not have been if they had yielded.

Dismounting before the house, the little bride

was again carried bodily in by Yum Si and the attendant whom she brought, and was set upon the porch before the "bride's table."

After a few minutes of rest, the final preparations were made. A great mass of false hair was piled upon the bride's head, a mass so large that it had to be held on all during the ceremony by an attendant. Through the hair was run an enormous hatpin-like spear eighteen inches long.

The "bride's table" was a brilliant sight. It was about two feet by four feet, and heaped with every delicacy known to Chosen,—chestnuts in many disguises, coloured candies, rice cakes, wheat cakes, and corn cakes cooked in sesamum oil, fruits of many kinds, many of the things chosen and arranged with consideration given to their harmonizing colours, as much as to their taste. All of the things were piled as high as they would stand, the piles averaging ten inches high.

The inner porch was crowded with neighbouring women, all jostling, and crowding, and discussing the bride. It could be seen that her face was well formed, but her eyes being sealed, nothing could be known of them. As to her body, it was so swathed in clothing that no one could tell whether she was tall or short, or anything about her.

Some of the women tried to get near her, but Yum Si, in her capacity of Go-between, and therefore Mistress of Ceremonies, ordered them back.

On his arrival, Chin Pai had gone first to the men's guest-room, where he spent a very uncomfortable half hour, sitting stiffly in his robes of state.

At last they called him in, and everybody assembled in the inner yard. Attending Chin Pai were two of his friends, who dictated every move that he made, and even used their hands to make him bow when the ceremony called for it.

First, the bride and groom were put facing one another across the "bride's table," and made to bow to one another three times. Then a bit of food was touched to the lips of each as a symbol of the many meals that they would eat together, and they were ready for the symbolic act of the Red-Blue Cord.

Under the "bride's table" was a bowl in which was coiled a lot of red and blue thread. The ends of the two kinds of thread were led out, one towards the bride and one towards the groom, and tied to cups in which was honey water. These cups were touched to the lips of the bride and groom, and then exchanged, and again touched to the lips, and yet again exchanged and touched to the lips. As the cups passed back and forth, the two threads became inextricably interwoven, signifying the inseparable nature of the wedded life.

Immediately the men carrying the geese threw them up in the air, releasing them. This, too, was

a symbol that the young couple were now launched upon their career of conjugal fidelity.

The little bride was taken, and made to bow to her new mother-in-law and father-in-law, and the bride and groom both bowed before the ancestral tablets. Then they were made to sit down in the best room while the guests came to congratulate them, and wish them long life, and riches, and many progeny.

At last Chin Pai escaped from it all, put off his wedding garments, donned the black horsehair-bamboo hat, and went in to the men's guest-room, a full-fledged adult married man of thirteen summers and winters.

From now on, no stranger dare use "low" talk to him, for he was a man. He, himself, could use "low" talk to any individual, no matter how many years his senior, who might happen still to have not attained to the manhood topknot. It was a great day.

In the women's apartments it had been noted by some how Yum Si had dominated the little bride all through the ceremony, not letting her move for herself. When the bride had prostrated herself, Yum Si and the strong woman attendant had practically carried her, and supported her in position. She had kept all of the other women away, so that no one could touch her.

As it came towards night, however, Yum Si sent for her "jickie" coolie to transport her be-

longings and her generous fee back to her home. When she was ready, she turned the bride over to her new mother-in-law, and came away. Her last congratulations to the family sounded very queerly sarcastic, but everybody put it down to her ordinary evil nature, and thought little about it.

Two hours later, as the guests were nearly all gone, and they were preparing the bridal chamber, the "jickie" man came running breathlessly back from Unkol with a letter from Yum Si.

"Oh!" he said, "something terrible has happened, I know. All the way over to Unkol, Yum Si was laughing and capering in the most horrible manner, and seemed wonderfully pleased about something. Several times I heard her say things like, 'Getting even with them' and 'Teach them to make me a laughing-stock.' I felt sure that something was wrong, but was afraid to come back before she released me lest she put a spell on me, so I went all the way. When I got there, she wrote and gave me this note."

He handed it to Father Sung, to whom it was addressed.

It read as follows:

"Now! Mr. Stingy, Tightfist Man! What do you think of Yum Si? You that ruin other people's livelihoods, and break up their businesses, and drive them out of their childhood towns. Ha! Ha! I knew that I would get even with you

sooner or later. Wash off the paint, and take a good look at the bride, and you will see what I mean. Ha! Ha! A happy night it will be for the young couple! Many grandchildren you will have! Ha! Ha! I know that you are not the kind of a man to allow your son to have a concubine, so that that puts a quietus on any plans of yours for posterity.

"If you should try to get a concubine, I will bewitch her, and make it even worse for you all. You will never see a grandson! I have fixed that. Ha! Ha!

"You need not come to catch me for I am going up on the mountain to commune with my Familiars. When I come down, you had better not come either, or my devils will tear you to pieces. See if the Chang Nim (Blind Sorcerer) will save you then.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Farewell.

"(Signed), YUM SI."

A rush was made to the room where the poor little bride was sitting. The women brought water, and quickly washed off the paint. As she opened her eyes, no one needed to be told the truth. She was very sweet looking, but she was blind in both eyes. They asked her to stand, so that they might take off her outer clothing. The tears came into her eyes as she shook her head.

"I cannot stand alone," she said, "for my back is so deformed that I cannot move my limbs nor stand upon my feet."

A great cry went up from the company. So

this was to be the end of their happy day,—a blind, deformed bride! For a moment there was a movement as though the whole company would start for Unkol to punish Yum Si, but the futility of it was realized at once. She was already far away.

Then several of the women turned on the little bride, and fiercely demanded of her why she had dared to play such a trick upon them. The poor little thing could only cry and cry. Father Sung, coming in, interfered and drove them all out. He comforted the little bride, and, when she stopped crying, asked her how it had all come about.

“My home was in Yongin County, about a hundred li from here,” she said. “When I was eight years old I became blind after an attack of scarlet fever. Shortly after that my mother died, and my father remarried. My stepmother hated me, and used to beat me, and tried often to get some of my blood relatives to take me to their homes, but they all refused. Father was fairly good to me, but he was a Pedlar, and nearly always away.

“Once when he had been gone a little longer than usual on a trip, my stepmother said that he was dead, and that she was going to sell our house and take me to her father’s house.

“I felt pretty sure that she was intending to run away, and become some other man’s wife, but I could not stop it. A few days later we started.

“After walking for hours, we stopped to sit down and rest. While we were sitting there, my stepmother got up quietly and ran away, leaving me there alone. I waited for hours for her return, but she did not come back. I was hungry, and cold, and did not know where I was.

“At last, I got desperate, and got up, and started to walk. I had no staff, and, besides, did not know how to use one. I walked quite a ways, and then suddenly the ground seemed to give way under me, and I fell. There was a terrible pain in my back and then everything was black.

“When I regained consciousness, I was in some one’s house. A poor woodman had picked me up and carried me home, to his house. They did everything that they could for me, sharing their own inadequate meals, but I did not get any better. Nearly all feeling went out of my legs, and I had to be waited on hand and foot.

“After some weeks, the man came, and said that he was sorry, but that he could not keep me longer, as his own family seldom had enough to eat. He asked me where my relatives lived, but I knew that it was useless to go back there, for if they had refused to take me when I was merely blind, how much more would they refuse now that I was both blind and a cripple. Besides, they were all poor, too.

“After a long talk, he said that he would take me on his back that night and leave me in the

doorway of a rich man's house near there, and I consented, as I had already been too great a burden to him.

"Towards morning, before daylight, he did this, and at daybreak, when they opened the gate, they found me, and took me in. In that house they fed me several days, and then carried me in the same way to another house, and so on it went month after month until I have almost lost count of the number of times it was done. In all, it was nearly four years.

"At last Yum Si heard of me and my blindness, and, thinking that she could train me to be her helper, she took me in. At first she was kind, but I was afraid of her devil visitors and always cried when they came. She reasoned with me, but I could not help it. At last she got angry and beat me. Still I could not bring myself to consort with her Familiars, so she said that she, too, must take me and drop me at some one's front gate.

"I begged her to kill me, or give me poison that I might take myself, or put me where I could crawl into the river and drown, but she refused to help me for she said that the magistrate did not like her very well, and would be very glad of such an excuse to punish her.

"She was about to do as she said when she heard of your desire for a bride, and she told me that she was going to send me here. I objected as strongly as I could, but she threatened to cut me

into little pieces here, and have her devils torture me after I was dead, if I let anybody know before it was all accomplished. I wanted to die, but was afraid to disobey her.

"From that moment until just a little while ago, she has never left me. When she left for good just now, I was so happy, but now I realize what trouble I have brought upon you, and I am so sorry. Please let me die. Give me poison, and let me die."

The poor little thing was shaken with sobs, and the tears rained down her cheeks.

Sung looked at his wife, and, at a nod, they went out for conference, after comforting the little cripple.

"What shall we do?" asked Sung.

"As I see it, there is nothing to do but to care for her," was the answer.

"That is as I feel," said Sung, "but in this we must ask the boy, too."

Chin Pai was called, and told the story. His heart, too, went out to the little cripple.

"There seems to be nothing else to do," he said. "By law, she is my wife, and I have no desire to do otherwise."

The three went in, and told the little bride of their decision. She could only cry with gratitude.

"How can you be so good to me when I have helped to cheat you?" she said. "You are so good to me that I must die to set you free. For

all these years no one has wanted me. Every one has wanted me to die. How can you want me to live? ”

They arranged for her the little room that was to have been hers and Chin Pai's, and there through all of the next ten years she lived. After the first exaltation of their decision was past, they keenly felt the burden and disappointment, but the little bride was so wistfully, eagerly desirous of pleasing, that, almost before they knew it, she had made for herself a large place in the household, and her presence became a blessing to them all.

Despite the twisted body and blind eyes, her face was so sweet and sympathetic, and her laugh so contagious that they almost forgot her disabilities. Under Mother Sung's sympathetic teaching, she learned to sew in an almost unbelievable manner, and gradually all of the house sewing passed into her hands.

Wives in Chosen seldom have names. They are generally known as "Somebody's Mother," or "Somebody's Grandmother," or "Somebody's House," but this little wife seemed so like a child that they always called her by a name as they do little girls. She was "Sin-Ai," little "Faith-Love," and the name seemed to fit her just perfectly.

V

THE SUMMONS

THE people of the town of Homooni, ten miles over the mountain, seemed to have an unquenchable grudge against Utmami. Other towns had fought them in the past in stone fights and the like, and, after it was all over, they were friends. It was not so with Homooni.

We have already spoken of the battle on Chin Pai's wedding day.

Many of the Utmami men were boatmen on the South Branch, as were many Homooni men on the North Branch of the river. Whenever they met on the main river, there were fights, as neither would yield the right of way. When possible, either would drive the other upon the shoals or rocks.

There were no saloons in Utmami Town. The nobleman, who owned most of the land there, himself drank until his house and his person fairly reeked with alcohol, but he said that it hurt his crops to have his farmers drinking, and he would not let them have a saloon, nor would he let them gamble. True, he, himself, furnished them beer

as a regular part of their day wage when bands of them worked for him at harvest or other times, but that was only for a day or two at a time and as he said, "To get more work out of them." It was hard not to do that since it was the custom all over the country.

Homooni was different. It was notorious all up and down the river as a beer-drinking town. Brawling and fighting were always going on there.

The Utmami men were usually peaceful, but it was impossible not to fight back when attacked, and they won as often as they lost. Scientific fighting was unknown. Rough and tumble wrestling, stoning, and beating with clubs were recognized as in order. Sometimes boats bearing brushwood were set on fire, and burned to the water's edge. Rafts of lumber, tied up to the bank while their owners went to dinner at riverside inns, were cut loose, and sent down over the rapids.

One day, a startling rumour came over the hill, that the Homooni men were organizing a North River Boatmen's Association, a society whose avowed object was mutual protection, but whose real object was unquestionably the gaining control of the river and of the carrying trade. With this secured, there was no telling what else they might do. Already, so rumour said, they had gone beyond their avowed object in that they had collected a lot of money alleged to be due their in-

dividual members on private debts, the method used being to tie up the unfortunate debtor, and torture him until he arranged for payment.

There were threats that, as soon as things got a little stronger, they were coming over the mountain to look into matters at Utmami. Everybody knew what that meant. All men of means in the town would be seized, and put under torture until they paid over money. If they ran away, their families would be seized. If they left the houses vacant, they might be burned. The magistrate of the county would ignore such a disturbance if he could, for he had no military to put it down, and he would likely lose his position if he reported to Seoul things going on in his county that he could not handle himself.

What could they do?

The men of the town assembled under the Ginko tree to discuss it.

Some advocated starting a South River Association, but it was pointed out that it was too late for that, as many of the boatmen on the South River were already in the other Association, and, in any event, they would be a smaller company. The Homooni men had used the "Association" as a name only, and were enrolling in it numbers of men who never went near a boat.

Some advocated hiring a band of fighters from Seoul to protect them, but it was pointed out that in the past, such action had resulted in their hav-

ing two enemies to fight instead of one, for the hired guards were as likely to prey on them as the others. Besides, the expense was prohibitive.

Chin Pai listened to all of the arguments. At last, they came to the end of them, and there seemed to be no way out but abject submission to whatever the Homooni men might ask for, though that was terrible to contemplate.

A silence fell over the company.

Then Chin Pai spoke. "Fathers and brothers," he said, "what I have thought of is also probably of no use, but I want to give it for what it is worth. Why not appeal to the 'foreign devil' Doctrine people in Seoul to help us? When we were in Seoul eight years ago, I heard one of them preaching on the street, and he said that if any of us from the country would invite him to our towns, he would come, no matter how far away they were.

"The Homooni men know how dangerous it is to interfere with one of these 'foreign devils,' and, if he will come to our town, and stay a while, we shall be safe. Of course we shall have to make believe worship their 'foreign devil' god, and all that, but it will be a lot easier and cheaper than being humiliated by the Homooni men."

A shout went up from several of the men.

"Good! That will fix them! Not a Homooni man will dare to show his face here if a 'foreign devil' is here. Let us send for him at once!"

"I do not know about that," said No. "You know that the big dragon under our mountain here has been quiet now a long time, but, if we bring in a 'foreign devil' here, he might wake up, and swing his tail around, and sweep our town off the map."

"Yes! but Grandpa! no one is sure that there is a dragon there," said Oon Pang.

"No dragon! What is this generation coming to? Just forty years ago this spring, did not that crazy Yi Man Chooli start to build a house up there on the hillside, and, in spite of all that we could say, he gouged right into the mountain to get a level site for his house, and what happened? The dragon shook himself, and our houses almost fell down, and we were frightened half to death."

"Yes," said Oon Pang, "but, Grandpa, some people said that that was simply an earthquake that happened along at just that time."

"Earthquake! Earthquake nothing! I am unalterably opposed to bringing any foreigners in here," and the old man rose, snorting indignantly, and waddled over to his house.

"I do not know about the dragon," said another, "but we have all heard what happened to those who 'did' the foreign Doctrine in this county a few years ago. Most of them were beheaded. That would be worse than submitting to the Homooni men."

"Oh, no!" said Chin Pai. "I heard about that

in Seoul. This is not the same Doctrine. That was taught by dark-skinned men from France. These men that I mean are from 'Migook' (America). They are light skinned, and scarcely look, or act a bit like the others. They have a Book which they say came down from the heavens. The man gave me one at that time, and I have been reading it lately. It has some wonderful things in it. My father has read it, too, and says that it is a wonderful Book, though he does not understand it very well. He said that he would like to hear it explained."

"Bring the Book here," ordered Chang.

In a moment Chin Pai was back with it.

"John's Blessed News," read Chang. "That seems to be the title. Let us see what is in it."

He opened at the first of the book, and read.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with 'Hananim,' and the Word was 'Hananim.' Now what would you make out of that? 'All things were created by Him.' Who is it all about, anyway?"

"I do not know," said Chin Pai, "but a few months ago, in Seoul, I heard that the 'foreign devils' call their god 'Jesus.' I peeked in at the window of their worshipping house to see what Jesus might be like, but there wasn't anything there, not even a picture, just a big room with mats on the floor, and a high table up in front. People sat on the floor as they do in their houses.

Over there a little farther in the book, if you will read, you will see what 'The Pastor was talking about that day that we saw him.'

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish but have everlasting life."

"That sounds more like it," said Chang, "'not perish,' that is what we are looking for. Those Homooni men, if we do not do something desperate, are surely going to deal devastation to us and our town. But what does he mean by 'everlasting life'? That is nonsense. My grandmother is eighty now, and barely alive. Everlasting life would be a queer thing. 'Hananim so loved.' Everybody knows the harvest-giving spirit, the Jade King.

"Let us read some more. 'Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in Hananim, believe also in Me.' There is sense in that, too. What sort of men are these 'foreign devils'?"

"I do not know anything about the others," said Chin Pai. "All that I know is the one called 'The Pastor.' He has a kind face. When I saw him, I was a little fellow. He smiled at me, and put his hand on my head. His smile warmed me all the way through. I believe that he is a good man."

"I move," said Chang, "that we send him word to come at once, and a few of us will try out the Doctrine first, and see what it is like. Getting



Chin Pai and his friends in the rice field shovelling water up into the fields

him down here to beat the Homooni men is surely a great idea. That does not force us to 'do' any more of the Doctrine than we want to."

Several of the company still demurred, and there was quite an extended debate.

At last Chang said, "Let us do like this—Chin Pai, and his father, and Oon Pangi and Won Chooni and I will receive him and try the thing out on behalf of the town."

So the matter was settled.

One of the village boatmen was leaving for Seoul the next morning, so Chin Pai was ordered to go with him, and deliver the letter of invitation. It read as follows:

*"To The Pastor,
Honorable Sir,—*

Are you in peace? All is well in our village. We have received many blessings. We have heard that you have brought from your honourable country the 'Blessed News' books, and are teaching the 'Doctrine.' If you should ever be passing our mean, insignificant village, and care to stop in, we shall be glad to extend such hospitality as our contemptible homes afford.

"(Signed), SONG KI WON,
CHANG IK NO,
YI OON PANG,
NO WON CHOON,
SONG CHIN PAI.

Village of Utmami in the County of Peaceful Willow, on the bank of the River Han."

The boat was heavily loaded, and took two full days to reach Seoul, arriving at Dookto at night. As Chin Pai said "Good-bye" to the boatmen the next morning, it was with a feeling of starting out upon a great adventure. He had been in Seoul only a couple of times, and this was the first time alone, but he remembered his manhood's estate, and, squaring his shoulders, went rapidly on.

When he got into town, he went first to the church. No one was in or around it, for it was barely sun up, not yet six A. M. He asked some one where The Pastor lived, and was directed to a compound a little way off on a hill. He went there, but found the compound gate still closed and sat down to wait.

After what seemed an interminable time, but what was probably only a few minutes by a watch, the door opened, and the gateman looked out.

"Is this where The Pastor lives?" asked Chin Pai.

"What Pastor?" was the reply.

"Are there more than one? I thought that there was but one."

"What was he like?"

"A tall, slender man with a big nose and blue eyes."

"I guess that that is our 'Ta-een' (Great Man)," said the gateman. "What do you want of him?"

"I am from the country, and have a letter for him," said Chin Pai.

"Well, go along up, and deliver it," said the gateman, and he went back into his house.

Chin Pai climbed the hill, and stood in front of the two-story dwelling.

For a moment his courage almost failed him, and he wanted to run away, but thought of Chang and the others, and was ashamed to go. But how was one to get in?

He walked several times around the house, but the doors were all closed. He walked up to a door, and tried to push it open, but it held fast. He tried the other front door with the same result. He had never seen a door-knob that needed to be turned, and so was blocked.

Then he looked in at the windows, and saw people sitting around a table, apparently at breakfast. No one looked in his direction, so again he was blocked.

At last he decided to try shouting, so he yelled at the top of his voice, "Is anybody at home?"

There was no answer.

Again he shouted, and then a third time.

After the third time, the door in front of him opened suddenly, and it scared him so that he almost fell off the porch.

He looked, however, and recognized The Pastor.

“What can I do for you?” The Pastor was asking.

Chin Pai was almost overcome with embarrassment, but fumbled in his pocket, and brought out the letter of invitation.

“I have here a letter from the country for you,” he said.

“Good!” said The Pastor, “come in, and sit down.”

He ushered Chin Pai into his study, a room as big as any two in Chin Pai’s home. On the floor was a rag carpet, and there were several chairs scattered around the room, and a table for The Pastor and one for his translating assistant. Along one side of the room was a bookcase made of pine boards, evidently taken from packing boxes, and it overflowed with books. Chin Pai was most interested in this. Most of the books seemed to be in strange languages except a few in Chinese and Korean.

As The Pastor finished reading the letter, he turned to Chin Pai again with that heart-warming smile, and said, “Thank you so much for bringing this letter to me. You must have encountered much hardship in bringing it up.”

“Oh, no!” said Chin Pai. “I came in a boat.”

“Are you returning by boat?”

“No, that would take too long. I am going on foot.”

“Well, please tell the good people of Utmami

that I will be with them to spend the next Lord's Day, and will arrive there the evening before."

"Lord's Day, what is that?"

"Why!" said The Pastor, "don't you know the Lord's Day? It is that day of the week which we keep sacred in memory of Jesus, who died for us."

"Died!" said Chin Pai. "Then it is all over, and the Doctrine is going to pieces?"

"No, indeed! He died, but rose again, and is alive forevermore."

"Where does He stay?"

"Here in this room, everywhere."

Chin Pai looked scared, and half rose to his feet, but a look at The Pastor's face reassured him.

"Haven't you heard a thing about the Doctrine?" asked The Pastor.

"We have one of the 'John's Blessed News' books at our house, but haven't a very clear idea of what it is all about."

"It is the most blessed thing in all the world," said The Pastor. "That is why we call it the 'Blessed News.' Nineteen hundred years ago in an Eastern land, God's only Son came down to die for us. He became a man like us. Bad men took Him, and nailed Him to the Cross. He submitted to it all to win salvation for you and me. Now whosoever believes on Him, through His merit can be saved."

He added other explanations that Chin Pai did not take in very clearly, and then said, "Don't you want to fully decide now to 'believe'?"

Chin Pai did not understand very well what was meant by "believing," but he felt that he could trust this man with the heart-warming smile and the passionate earnestness for what he was saying, so he said, "Yes."

"Then, let us pray," said The Pastor.

"How do you do it?" asked Chin Pai.

"One prostrates himself on the floor, and shuts his eyes, and thinks of the invisible Jesus right here in the room, and then just talks to Him, and confesses his sins. You just listen, and I will pray," said The Pastor, and he began, "Oh Thou God, All-Powerful, All-Knowing, All-Loving! Make Jesus known to Chin Pai to-day. Give him a vision of purity, and a hatred of sin. Open his heart to receive the truth. Save him and all of the people of Utmami for Jesus' sake."

As The Pastor prayed, a queer feeling came over Chin Pai. He could not imagine what it was. It seemed as though there was a Presence by him. It all seemed so real to The Pastor that it seemed real to him, too. What could it be?

He rose from his position on the floor, and The Pastor shook his hand. The Pastor wrote down for him on a piece of paper the day of the lunar month that he was to arrive at Utmami, and Chin Pai came away.

VI

THE VISIT

ON the appointed day, Chang called all of the men of the town to the Ginko tree, and spoke to them. He said, "Word has just come that the Homooni men are surely coming over here within three days, so we have got to make a big thing of this 'foreign devil's' visit, or we shall catch it from the Homooni men. Only we five who signed the invitation letter need talk to him, but the whole crowd of you must go with us to escort the man into town. He ought to get here at about sundown, so we must go out to meet him an hour earlier than that."

At five o'clock the crowd gathered, and went about a mile up the road towards Seoul, and then, ranging themselves along on both sides of the road, they squatted down to wait. A couple of the boys went still further on to act as scouts, and give warning. The others got out their long-stemmed pipes, and began to swap yarns.

In a little while, the scouts came running back saying that he was coming, and all pipes were stuffed away out of sight in the belt behind, or down the owners' backs inside the coat collar,

where they protruded like flagpoles behind their owners' heads.

In a moment the foreigner appeared in the distance riding one horse, and followed by another carrying his load. The foreigner's servant was walking beside him, as was another man, who turned out to be Pak Tuk Chang, the "helper," who travelled the near-by country under The Pastor's oversight.

When he got nearly to them, The Pastor got off his horse, gave the reins to his servant, and walked the rest of the way. That pleased some of the older men, for it showed that The Pastor knew that by Korean custom it is discourteous to greet an equal from horseback without dismounting.

His method of greeting and introducing himself to the five signers of the letter was also winsome, and pleased others. Together they walked slowly on towards home.

As they neared the town, they saw a dense crowd of men coming over the hill, and a whisper ran through the crowd that it was the Homooni men coming for their long delayed plan of violence.

Chang urged The Pastor to mount his horse in order that he might be better seen. The Pastor demurred, but the others insisted, and he acceded. He saw the crowd on the hill, and, waving his hand towards them, asked Chang if it was a funeral procession.

"No," said Chang. "It is just some men from over the hill going somewhere."

The Homooni men saw The Pastor's gesture, though too far away to hear the words, and they stopped. They bunched together, and seemed to be conferring, some urging that they go forward, and some back. The latter evidently won out, and the whole company retired over the hill towards home. The Utmami men breathed more freely. The procession entered the town in triumph.

Chin Pai's guest-room had been set aside for the visitor, and thither he was escorted. His load amazed them all. There were two boxes of food, and a smaller one for clothing, besides a folding camp cot and a canvas bag full of bedding.

While The Pastor sat on the porch and talked, his servant set up the cot, and spread upon it the bedding. The whole town looked on with eyes big with wonder. When The Pastor went in and sat upon the cot, wonder grew greater still. They came, and felt of the thing one by one. Every opening of the room was crowded full of heads. Even the women of the town, although they could not come in the crowd with the men, went behind the guest house, wet their fingers, and put them against the rice paper window panes, and made peep holes. There was, of course, no glass in the window to look through. A bit of glass two

inches square set in the paper was counted a great luxury then.

The servant made a charcoal fire, and boiled water in a teakettle, then boiled potatoes which he had in the food box, and prepared meat, and spreading all on one of Chin Pai's tables, which he borrowed, he brought it to where The Pastor sat.

The Pastor bowed his head in a silent grace, and then ate. Fifty people watched every morsel as it went into his mouth. Surely such a "sight-see" had never been since the days of Yo and Chun.

After supper, the servant carried off the table, and they were ready for the meeting. The room was not very big, not over seven by ten feet, and part of that was occupied by the cot, but the five signers of the letter, and about a dozen others crowded in, and the rest of the town got as near as possible to the doors and windows.

The Pastor opened the meeting by singing. He distributed some books among those in the room, and selected a hymn that had for its tune an old Korean soldier barracks' song, one in which the leader sings a line at a time, and the same line is repeated antiphonally by the audience. In a few minutes, the audience was warmed up, even those in the yard joining in the singing.

Then The Pastor said, "Now let us have prayer. You will perhaps not know much about

this, but please listen quietly. We Jesus Doctrine people believe that 'Hananim' is a Spirit, Loving, All-Powerful, All-Knowing, and everywhere present. He is right here in this room. When we pray, He hears. When we pray in a meeting like this, all close their eyes, and are quiet, and one person prays vocally on behalf of all of the others. Please all bow your heads, and be very quiet."

All bowed respectfully, and he prayed, "Oh, God, that givest the harvest year by year! We thank Thee that Thou hast revealed Thyself as more than that. We thank Thee that Thou didst give Jesus as a substitute to die for us to save us from our sins. We thank Thee that Thou hast given to the people of Utmami even a little desire to know about Jesus and His salvation. Save them all for His sake."

There was an interruption about half-way through, when a half drunken man sitting in the doorway beneath a bank of heads yelled to the others to get off, and let him get up. He was quickly brought to order, however, and the prayer closed in silence. The whole audience seemed awed by the solemnity of it, and the apparent intense earnestness of The Pastor and Helper Pak.

"Why," said Moon afterwards speaking of it, "they talked as if 'Hananim' was right there in the room. It was enough to frighten one."

At Chin Pai's request The Pastor opened the

Book at John Three Sixteen, and read those words that they had heard eight years before, "God so loved ——"

"You have a common proverb in Chosen," he said, "which says that all men are sinners. You repeat it often, but half the time do not realize how true and how terrible it is. Sin necessarily implies punishment in any sphere where there is authority. In this verse we learn that 'Hananim' felt that sin was so terrible a thing, and the punishment that men deserved so great, that only the most precious thing in the Universe, the blood of His Son, could suffice to make things right. In your land, and in many lands, there have been in the past sacrifices of the blood of animals for the cleansing of sin, but those by the very fact that they had to be so often repeated showed their innate weakness.

"Nineteen hundred years ago in an Eastern land God's Son, Jesus, came down, and was born a man for us. Thirty-three years He lived in that Oriental land. We men of the West knew nothing of Him, nor did our fathers. He was of the Orient. Thirty-three years He lived as no man has ever lived before or since, a sinless, spotless life of love and goodness.

"The men of His land hated Him because He was good, and they were evil. They scourged Him in their market-place. They stripped Him of His clothing and cast lots for it. They pressed

upon His brow a crown of thorns. They nailed Him to the Cross, and laughed to see Him die.

“Three days He was in the tomb, and then He arose from the dead, with the plan of redemption all completed, and went up again to His place upon the throne. He is the world’s Redeemer.

“You, here in Chosen, have always wanted a Redeemer, as one of your own customs show. On the Fourteenth of your First Lunar Month do you not make, and throw out in the street near your houses, the little straw man called the ‘chay yong’? The purpose of that ceremony is that the troubles and pains and misfortunes of the ensuing year may pass upon the ‘chay yong,’ and you be free, is it not? That is the work of a Redeemer.

“You always throw out the ‘chay yong’ on the Fourteenth of the First Lunar Month. In Jesus’ land, that night was the night of the Passover, the night of their Redeemer.

“You always, when possible, throw out the ‘chay yong’ at a crossroads, the sign of a cross. Jesus became your true Redeemer when He was nailed to a Cross.

“You eat only bitter herbs that night; Jesus’ people do the same.

“You stay indoors all of that night, even taking your shoes into your sleeping-rooms. So did Jesus’ people while the angel of death passed over.

“ You sprinkle red bean pulse on your door lintels on the third day after the Fall Solstice (December 25). Jesus’ people put there the lamb’s blood, the symbol of His blood, on the fourteenth day of the first month.

“ You have lost the vision of spiritual things, men of Chosen, so that your ‘redeemer’ is only a thing that you make with your hands, and it is useless to save you from the sins which your own proverb says and your own consciences must tell you that you have. The correspondence between your custom and that of Jesus’ land makes one believe that once your fathers knew of ‘Hananim’s’ Redemption plan. You have gotten so far away from it now, and He is yearning to have you come back, back to the belief of your fathers.

“ God so loved that He gave His Son. Sin is not a little thing, else He need not have paid such a fearful price. Now He presents His finished plan to you, and an All-sufficient Redeemer, Jesus, and He says, ‘Whosoever believes, is saved to eternity,’ but along with that, perforce, He also says, ‘Whosoever rejects this plan, this Redeemer, and refuses to do His will, is under the wrath of God, and can only look forward to eternal damnation in hell.’ God sends no man there. He has done everything, given everything, suffered Himself agonies while His Son hung on the Cross to prevent men from going there, but you are all free agents, and the plan of the Universe is that even

God cannot coerce free agents except possibly by annihilating them.

"If He could have lightly forgiven us our sins, would He have paid the awful price that He did? It was the only way. The result now is all with us. Choose which you will do. God help you to choose Him."

He spoke in this strain for nearly half an hour, and closed with a brief prayer.

He asked if any present had in the service fully accepted Jesus. When all held back, each fearing the other, he announced that all of the next day he would be in his room for private conferences with individuals, and that the next night, as this night, there would be a preaching service. Then the meeting was dismissed.

As they came out, there were a couple of small boys from over Homooni way hovering around the crowd. One of them asked Chin Pai how long The Pastor was going to stay. "A long time now," was his answer, "and he is coming often hereafter." The boys, evidently having gotten what they wanted, went away. After that, occasional rumours from Homooni way were heard, but all imminent danger of violence passed away.

That night Chin Pai and his father, sleeping together in an inner room, both laid awake a long time. Chin Pai was very happy over the meeting, and the wonderful news that he had

heard. It was beginning to get hold of him, and he believed that it was true.

He heard his father tossing and turning in wakefulness, and at last he spoke, "Are you sick, Father?"

"No," said his father, "except possibly sick of mind. All of my life long I have been hungering for something that seemed beyond me. The old devil houses did not satisfy me. Buddha only satisfied me for a little while. I've lately trusted the Changnim (blind sorcerer), but my mind has never been at rest. I know that it is crazy for me to say so, but, if what this foreigner says is true, it is what my heart has longed for."

"I do not think that it is crazy," said Chin Pai. "I have felt that way ever since I was in Seoul, but, of course, would not announce it until I had talked it over with you. I believe that the Doctrine is true."

"Oh, son! I am so happy," said the father. "That settles my doubts. We will 'do' the Doctrine together."

"I wonder if we could pray," said Chin Pai.

They prostrated themselves, and the father began to repeat over, "Hananim, Hananim, Hananim," just as he used to repeat, "Buddha, Buddha, Buddha," singing it in a sort of chant.

"Father! That is not the way that The Pastor prayed and said that I should pray when he taught me there at his house in Seoul," said Chin

Pai. "He said that one must just talk, and tell Jesus about one's self just as one would talk to an ordinary friend."

"I guess that I am too old to learn," said the father. "You try."

"Oh, God of The Pastor!" Chin Pai prayed, "we do not know anything, and we are so afraid, and so wicked before Thee. Help us to know whether what The Pastor has said is right. Teach us Thy way. Forgive us our sins. Amen."

They remained prostrate a long time, and a great peace came down over their souls. They were so ignorant. Never until that day had they heard the name of Jesus in a way that they could understand. Even now, they only knew that The Pastor said that Jesus would give forgiveness and peace.

The next morning Chang came over very early, almost before the house was up. His face showed that he had not slept very well that night. He sat around, and talked a while at random. Then he suddenly burst out with a question, "What did you think of the Doctrine last night?"

Father Sung told of their night of prayer and of the joy that had come to them.

"I saw that you two were affected last night, and acted as I felt. That is why I had the courage to broach the matter now. When The Pastor was talking last night, suddenly a queer feeling came over me, and I began to look at myself

in the light of what he was saying, and realized what a rotten, useless sort of a man I had become. You two have always been good moral men, but I have been a rake and a profligate. I am an only son, and I have brought disgrace to my father's name, and shame to my mother. I never realized it before. I went back to my room last night, and the feeling kept growing. I tried to pray as The Pastor did, and as you said that you did, but could not, for I felt so wicked. All night long I saw my sins, and kept going over them. The Pastor spoke of the punishment of hell, but I doubt if it can be worse than the punishment I have been receiving from conscience. I feel as though I would die right now if I do not get relief."

"Let us go in and see The Pastor when he rises," said Sung.

"No!" said Chang, "I cannot face him yet. Cannot you help me here?"

"We do not know how," said Sung.

"Anyway try," said Chang. "Do as you did for yourselves."

"You pray, Chin Pai," said his father, and again they all went down on their faces.

"Oh, God of The Pastor!" he said, "we are so ignorant and stupid, but last night we received a great blessing. We pray Thee to bless Uncle Chang, and take away his sin."

Again they lay prostrate a long time, and there

came to them a conviction that the prayer was heard. After a while Chang spoke. "I feel so queerly. The Pastor's God seems so real to me now. It does not hurt inside now as it did. I wonder what has happened."

"I do not know," said Father Sung, "but I feel that way, too."

A little later, when The Pastor had eaten his breakfast, the three of them went in to see him. They talked of general things for a while, and then The Pastor said to Chin Pai, "I was a little disappointed at you last night when I asked inquirers to announce themselves, and you did not say anything. Why was it?"

"I was waiting to talk with Father, for our nation always does things like this by families when possible," said Chin Pai, "but I would be ready to answer now, and so would Father and Uncle Chang." Then they told of their experience.

"Praise God!" said The Pastor. "It is the beginning of the blessing that you have gotten. I am so happy for and with you. You will be the first fruits to God in this town."

All day long he talked and prayed with them. They were so hungry to learn. It was almost pathetic to see their eagerness.

At night again the crowd gathered, and jammed the room full. Again they had songs. When it came time for prayer, The Pastor said, "I want some one of you to pray to-night instead

of myself. It will help you a lot. Please do so."

All bowed. Then suddenly, to the amazement of every one, Chin Pai began to pray. It was only a little prayer, and he stumbled badly in his speech, but he prayed that the whole town might come to know the blessing that had come to his house, as it was the greatest day that their house had ever known.

The crowd held their breath in astonishment. This was "pretending to do the Doctrine" with a vengeance!

After the meeting the crowd adjourned to No's house for an indignation meeting, and called Sung and Chang and Chin Pai over.

"What is this rot that we hear to-night?" demanded Moon. "It is all right enough to pull the wool over the 'foreign devil's' eyes, and stave off the Homooni men, but I, for one, think that you are running this thing too far, and that it is time to call a halt. Do you really mean that you expect to 'do' the Doctrine in earnest?"

"We do," was the answer.

"Then you get right out of this town at once."

"And let the Homooni men come back?" asked Chang. There was no answer, and Chang went on, "We did get hold of the Doctrine to fool The Pastor, but now the Doctrine has hold of us and we cannot let it go even if we want to. We believe that it is right and true."

"Well," said Won Chooni, "if the other signers of the letter are going to stick, so am I, at least until I see more objection to the Doctrine than I see yet."

"And I, too," said Oon Pang. And the meeting broke up.

The next day the five gathered for more study during the daytime. The Pastor asked if some of the women of the town would not like to come.

"Can women 'do' the Doctrine?" was the surprised answer.

"Certainly," said The Pastor.

"Call your mother," said Sung to Chin Pai; and she came in timidly, and sat down in the corner behind her husband, the first woman in the town to attempt to do the Doctrine.

One of the first things that they studied this day was the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt have no idols."

"What does that mean?" asked Father Sung.

"Any idol whatsoever, devil house, room god, yard god, Buddha, anything to worship."

"Why!" said Chin Pai, "we have any number of them. There is one there," and he pointed to a puffy, envelope-like bit of paper with rice adhering to it, pasted to the ridge beam along the ceiling. "That is our 'Sung Ju,' the guardian spirit of our household. Shall we destroy that?"

“Wait,” said The Pastor, “until you are more sure of your faith.”

“We are sure now,” said Chin Pai. “Let us burn them all.”

“Wait until to-morrow,” said The Pastor, “and pray over it to-night. Sometimes I have seen people burn their idols before they were sure in their faith, and afterwards they became frightened at some little misfortune, and remade all of the idols, and served them again. Sometimes at just the time of the destroying the idols, sickness has come, or other things which they took to be manifestations of the demon’s displeasure. Once you are absolutely sure in the faith, all of the demons in the Universe cannot harm you, but you must not go too fast.”

All day long they studied.

At night only a few people came to the meeting, but those who came listened well. It was evident that the town thought that it had done about all that the situation called for.

Won Chooni told how his father had violently tried to force him to stay away from the meeting, and how, when he had failed in his purpose, he had flung out of the house and gone to the saloon in the next village to seek solace in drink.

The next morning the six Christians, including Chin Pai’s mother, gathered for the burning of the idols. They piled them all up in the court-

yard, first the guest-room gourd spirit, then the rags tied to the ceiling beam in the kitchen and the picture of the kitchen god, then the bunch of old straw shoes under the gate, and the rags and straw rope under the rice hulling room, and the "Sung Ju."

From the yard they took the site god, an earthenware jar covered with a hood of thatch. They smashed the jar and burned the thatch. Under the eaves was another jar containing a full suit of young girl's clothing. It was put there in the time of Chin Pai's grandfather when a young girl of the household died on the eve of her wedding day, and it was intended to appease the spirit of the girl in order that other girls of the clan might not likewise die. They took the "Koollip" also, the spirit host made of all the selvage edges of cloth used in their home for a generation, and added it to the pile.

Last of all they brought out the ancestral tablets, five of them, representing five generations. They were made of a special kind of wood which had always to be searched for by the sorcerers after the death of the person. Each time a whole tree had to be cut down in order to get the wood for a little tablet about eight inches high, two wide and one inch thick.

Chin Pai touched a match to the pile, and, as it burned, they sang one of the newly learned songs of praise.

The Pastor had to leave at noon, so they gathered at ten for a final service.

“I am sorry that I have to go,” said The Pastor, “but I have more than fifty villages like this with work more or less developed, and I must go on. However, I will leave Helper Pak here for a few days to teach you further, and he will visit you hereafter at least two or three times per month. To look after, and be responsible for the work when he is not here, I appoint Father Sung, Chang and Chin Pai as a Committee of Leaders, each with coördinate authority, but one to look particularly after the finances, and the others after the services. Of course, like all of my other churches, you will want to begin paying a part of the Helper’s salary every month.

“I am going to group your village with seven other churches under Mr. Pak’s immediate oversight. On the last Wednesday of every month there will be a circuit Council of War, in one or the other of these eight churches, and you must send one man with your report of progress, and your offering. Mr. Pak will always be there to report where he has been every day of the month, and how the work everywhere is progressing. I, too, will be there as often as possible, and will always attend the semi-annual circuit meeting.

“In addition to meeting you at those meetings, for the next three months I shall be holding Bible Chautauqua Classes of a week each in central

places all over the district. Mr. Pak can give you the list of dates and places. I hope that you can send at least one man to each of the near-by ones, preferably a different man to each Class. When any man returns from a Class, let him do the bulk of the preaching for a time, using the material that he has gotten at the Class. That is my method of multiplying myself, and the experienced teaching helpers, now that we are so few that we cannot visit each church each week. When Helper Pak is not present, every male believer in the group in turn must lead the meetings and preach. It will not be burdensome, since all of you share it, and it will be good for all your souls.

“If any suitable man is too poor to go to a Class in his turn, since he goes as much for the church’s good as his own, let the others help do his farm work while he is away, or even pay a part of his ‘road money.’ Two out of every five of the total adherentage of the Church of Chosen attend one or more of these Classes each year, and, of course, all pay all of their own expense as well as helping pay for the heating and lighting of the church where the Class is held. We want to do as the others do. Most of these district Classes last but one week.

“At the New Year’s time we have the big two weeks’ Class at Seoul, and every man in the church who can possibly manage it must be there,

for we gather in the leaders not only from near here, but from all over the province, and it is the greatest two weeks in the year.

“Helper Pak will report to me in writing every month about you, and I will send you pastoral letters and lesson helps made on my mimeograph from time to time. I want you also to write me every month, and oftener if urgent matters come up. Whenever any of you come to market in Seoul, you must always drop in at my house, and sleep at the church guest-room. If I should happen to be away, you may talk with my translator-helper, who will always be in my study, and he can speak for me, and will transmit your messages to me, and, if urgent matters come up, he will send a courier to call me.

“Although I have mentioned three of you only as the Committee in charge, every one of you must begin at once to tell his neighbour about Jesus, and to study and read the Bible, and pray night and day. Any Committeeman who does not improve his opportunities will, of course, be superseded by any fitter man who develops in the congregation.”

After the lesson and benediction he was ready to leave. His load was on a bull, as the load horse had returned to Seoul. His own horse was saddled and waiting for him.

After a whispered consultation, Father Sung came and said, “Pastor! Before you go, we want

to make a confession. We deceived you when we first asked you to come here. We did not want to 'do' the Doctrine, but to get protection from the men of Homooni Town, who were threatening to rob us."

The Pastor laughed.

"No, you did not deceive me in the least," he said. "I felt sure that there was some ulterior motive somewhere, but I did not care. All that I wanted was a fair opening for the Gospel, under no matter what motive, and I knew that if I got that all would be well. Of course, I hoped that the whole fifty whom I met that first night might become Christians, but I felt pretty sure that a large part of them would go away, and only a remnant stay. It was for you six, the remnant, that I came.

"Let your hearts be at peace. I am praising God that He has called you, the first fruits. Through you we shall win all of the others.

"Still I am glad that you told me, for it is a sign that the Gospel is beginning to grip you. You have only had a taste of it so far. Beyond are riches of which you have little conception as yet.

"Preach, and pray, and study, and may the grace of Him who brought from the dead the great Shepherd of the sheep be with you till we meet again."

VII

PERSECUTION

IT was Chin Pai's bull that was carrying The Pastor's load. Chin Pai had jumped at the chance of going with him, partly because he was eager to show his gratitude and partly because of possible opportunities of learning more about the Doctrine. Leaving at noon, they could not make the full ninety li that day, so they slept at Non Kol, where there was a single inquirer, an old nobleman called "Herald Koo." Of him, Chin Pai was to see much in later days.

They passed that day through a strange town, one owned and peopled entirely by eunuchs. There were generations of them, fathers, sons, and grandsons, of course all by adoption. These eunuchs held many important places in the women's end of the Palace in Seoul, and, often in the past, they had a great deal to do with national affairs, although ostensibly only having the powers and duties of underling attendants. In this town was a large silk factory, and the hillsides and valley near were covered with a dense growth of mulberry trees. Ancient water-wheels creaked by the

side of the stream, lifting the heavy hammers which thumped back into their stone beds, hulling the rice.

Returning home to Utmami three days later, Chin Pai found Helper Pak just leaving, he having spent all of those days in teaching. While he was there, the town's people held aloof. As soon as he was gone, a number of them came around to talk things over.

"I suppose that you are going to quit this nonsense now," said No.

"Certainly not!" said Chang. "It is not nonsense. It is the most important thing in the whole world, far more important than eating."

"Poof! you must be crazy!" said Moon. "Come now, and quit it. We have heard that the Homooni Association has decided to let us alone, so there is no use in pushing the Doctrine further. Once in a while, when the 'foreign devil' comes, we can get together, and keep up appearances, but there is no use in overdoing it."

"But you do not understand," said Chang. "We really believe it. There is no other Name given among men by which we can be saved from sin, and to eternal life."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Hong. "Eternal life! Ho! Ho! So you are not going to die at all now? Ha! Ha! Listen to them!"

"Perhaps not even a physical death," said Chang, "if Jesus comes back soon again; but,

even though we do die a physical death, we know that there is no death for the soul."

"Soul! — 'Souls,' you mean!" said Choi. "Everybody has three souls, one that goes into the ancestral tablet after death, one that stays in the body, and one that goes to King Yumna in the Realm of the Shades. Why! when your own father died, a few years ago, I, myself, saw you put out in front of your house in the road the wicker platter holding three pairs of new straw shoes, and food, and the squash for the three ghostly messengers that always come from King Yumna to escort the third soul to his presence. Do you mean to tell us now that man has but one soul?"

"Certainly!" said Chang. "Whenever one of us vacates one of our houses here in Chosen, it is not very long until it falls to pieces. When the single soul, the body tenant, vacates the body house, that body disintegrates, but the former tenant, in either case, still exists. The liberated soul faces a heaven or a hell. By faith in Jesus, such as we have, we can be confident of forgiveness from sin, and of an entrance into everlasting life in heaven."

"I do believe," said Choi, "that you are 'Sky Learning Scamps' this very minute! I tell you that we will not stand it. We will not have any real 'foreign devil' religionists in this town. Either quit or get out."

"Come!" said Chang. "Let us tell you more

about the Doctrine, and you will see that it is not the bad thing that you think. Even you may want to 'believe.' "

"You scoundrel!" yelled Choi. "Don't you dare talk your 'foreign devil' Doctrine to me, you beggar rascals!"

He went over under the Ginko tree, and pounded on the gong there, which was used for calling together the men of the town. When all were gathered, he brought the question before them. He told what had been said, and, by a unanimous vote of those present, it was ordered to tell the Christians that the "Doctrine" would not be tolerated if it was practised in earnest.

The Christians' answer to the messenger was, "We must obey God rather than man."

When this answer came back, Moon wanted to go right over and beat them all black and blue, but the others restrained him for fear that the magistrate might hear of it and use it as an excuse for mulcting them of a fine. The magistrates were always glad of these little local disturbances, as they had plenty of force to cope with them, and they yielded a good deal of revenue.

Choi suggested a punishment far harder, *i. e.*, ostracism.

"Let us draw a line around their houses," he said, "and have no dealings with them whatsoever, treating them as strangers. Let us draw a line around our wells, forbidding them the use of

them, and make them carry all of their water from the river up the steep rocky bank. Let us refuse to join with them in harvesting and weed pulling."

By acclamation the suggestion was adopted.

Baron Kim heard of it all the next day, and called Chang in.

"What is this rumour that I have been hearing?" he asked.

"Likely that I have come to believe in Jesus," said Chang. "It is such a wonderful experience that I wish that you, also, might believe."

"How dare you talk to me like that? Out of my house, and never let me see your face again! I will appoint a new steward, and you can turn over your accounts at once. I will not have a crazy man for my steward."

Chang came over to Chin Pai's house, and his face was white. "Baron Kim has taken away my livelihood, and I am a pauper," he said.

"Haven't you a thing left?" asked Sung.

"Only a few little fields that might yield a bare subsistence if I worked them with my own hands instead of renting them out on shares. I never in my life have worked with my hands, and it looks like starvation for my mother and wife and five children."

"God will take care of you," said Sung.

After prayer things did not seem so dark.

During the day Pak Ki Soonie came over to see

them, and talk with them. He was a particular friend of Father Sung. He was a skeptic in all things religious. He was not a bad man as far as morals were concerned; in fact, he was almost conspicuously good, but he had no use for Buddha or Christ either.

"What is all of this fuss that you have been getting yourselves into?" he asked. "I have been away on a trip for a month and just got back, and heard of it."

"No fuss," said Father Sung, "only that Chang and Oon Pangi and Won Chooni and I are convinced that the Jesus Doctrine is right and true, and we have decided to 'do' it. The town people do not like it, and they are trying to force us to quit."

"Why don't you quit?" asked Pak.

"We dare not," said Sung. "God has laid it on our hearts, and we dare not refuse to serve Him."

"I know," said Pak, "but, after all, 'Yuk Chun,' rebellion against the heavens is not such a serious matter. You know the old proverb that says that 'Heaven is far away.'"

"It is not 'Yuk Chun,' rebellion against the heavens, that we fear, but 'Yuk Chuk,' rebellion against the Great Personal Hananim God, who knows all things, and is everywhere where men are. Our God is right here in this town, in this very room."

“That is all right,” said Pak. “Believe anything that you like, but why tell anybody about it? Tell them that you have quit the Doctrine, and then go on ‘doing’ it secretly if you must do it.”

“But we cannot,” was the answer. “Our God will not accept service like that. He said, ‘Who-soever is ashamed of Me, of him will I be ashamed when the Judgment comes.’”

“Well, if you positively will not quit believing, just promise not to talk to any one else in town about it, and I will fix it up with the people to have them leave you alone.”

“Thank you, Brother Pak, but even that is impossible. No man can be a Christian and not tell some one else about Jesus. Oh, Pak! you have always been a good man. Cannot we convince you that you ought to ‘do’ the Doctrine with us?”

“Who, me? Certainly not! I do not oppose any doctrine. Buddha is all right, and so is the ‘Old General’ (the devil post). My old lady (*i. e.*, wife) has a houseful of gods, and I have no objection to Christianity, but all of these things are alike. One had better do a little of them all on the chance that some of them may be right, but, as to doing one of them to the exclusion of the others, not any for me. Especially I do not like being reviled well enough to do the Jesus Doctrine, and I think that you are very foolish for getting into it.”

Pak went off shaking his head.

Things settled down into a state of war.

The next morning, Father Sung, stepping out of his front gate, met Old No, and saluted him, "Have you slept in peace?"

No gazed at him blankly without answer, and as if he had never seen him before. It was a direct cut, and oh, how it hurt! for they had grown up together from boyhood, and had never had a quarrel in over fifty years.

Moon passed a little later, and, when greeted, began to swear and revile him:

"E Noma! E Noma! (This Scoundrel! This Scoundrel!) This 'Heaven's Evil Scoundrel!' Out of my way!"

Moon was younger than Sung, and would ordinarily have used high talk to him. It made Father Sung almost sick.

Chin Pai went across the village to call upon Hong Choon Ili, one of his cronies, but found the door closed against him. When he called for some one to open the door, Choon Ili sent his little brother from within to tell him to clear out, and from the inner yard yelled, "Tell that good-for-nothing psalm singer to keep away from here with his Jesus Doctrine tomfoolery."

A crowd of small boys of the town gathered, and, taking up the cry, hooted Chin Pai all the way back home.

As he reached home, he met his mother with

her water jar on her head going down to the river for water. She had tried to go to the village well, but had been driven away by the other women, and, since daylight, had been toiling up the steep, rocky bank of the river with her heavy jar on her head. Chin Pai's lips set for a moment at the outrage of it. Then he remembered, and, with a silent prayer on his lips, he went into the yard.

Water drawing is woman's work in Chosen, and no man in the old days would submit to the indignity of having to draw it himself. Even after childbirth, within three or four days, the woman was expected to rise and bring water, because it was too menial a task for any one but slaves or women. These were new days for Chin Pai, though, and he saw that something had to be done for the little mother or she would break down under her work.

Without a word he got a pole and some pieces of "chic" (a sort of creeping vine used in Chosen for rope), and some straw, and began to make a water pail yoke for his own shoulders. This was something like the "jickie," back saddle used for loads. It had shoulder suspender ropes of straw, and a flat rest of straw and matting that came squarely across the shoulders, and down to the thighs. Across the top of this he put a stout pole making a horizontal yoke four feet long, and, from the ends of it, he let down hook-shaped tree branches, and, upon the hooks, he hung two pails.

When he started down to the river for water, the whole town turned out to watch, and gey him. There are some things harder than death. How glad he would have been to throw down his load, and pitch into his tormentors! But no! The Pastor said that no Christian must fight, and that one must not even revile his enemies.

This day was only a beginning.

The whole town exercised its ingenuity trying to devise means to make the Christians discouraged, but, on their knees, they "prayed it out." Little Sin-Ai, Faith-Love, Chin Pai's wife, was a great comfort to them all during these days. Her eyes were blind, and her body cruelly bent, but, somehow, she seemed to have a greater insight than any of them into the mysteries of God. All day long, as she worked with her needle, she prayed, and, little by little, the Christians, when discouraged, formed the habit of dropping into her room to pray with her. They often said that heaven seemed nearer to that room than to any other place in the town.

Little by little, the town tired of the persecution, or became ashamed of themselves for the very virulence of it, and the pressure of it lessened, but still they would have no fellowship with them.

At first, every Sabbath, they met for worship on the inner porch of Chin Pai's house, outside the door of the women's room, and they prayed and

sang, and read their Bibles there, but several times the villagers gathered, and sent showers of stones over into the courtyard, so that they had to meet indoors in the women's room.

This room was about eight feet by twenty, and the "upper" part of it (*i. e.*, the part farthest from the fire under the floor) was cut off eight by eight by a partition that had a door opening in it. Chin Pai's wife and mother, and later Chang's wife and mother, sat in the upper room, and the men folks and Chang's children in the lower room. Among villagers like this they might with propriety have all met in one room, but Chang's wife was not very old, and they preferred to follow the strictest custom, lest scandal be alleged as well as their other persecutions.

Sometimes other women came secretly at night to meet with them.

Moon's wife came once, and seemed a hopeful inquirer, but her husband found it out, and beat her with a "mokchim" (block of wood used for a pillow) until she was insensible, and could not walk for a week. Even the town thought that he had been a little extreme, but still they felt that it was almost necessary to go to any lengths that man's undoubted supremacy and superiority over mere woman be maintained.

One of the daughters-in-law of No Pong Simi, brother of Old No, came occasionally, pretending to retire for the night, and then rising and slip-

ping out in the darkness through the hole in the brushwood fence at the back where the dog usually went in and out.

Two young boys of the town believed, Kil Pong Suki and An Yoon Pili.

Pong Suki's grandfather at first came with him, but, after a while, stopped, and ordered the boy to stop also. The boy refused, and his father beat him cruelly. The boy tried reading his Bible at home. The father tore it in two pieces, and threw it into the fireplace. The boy rescued a part of it, and hid it among the trees, and each day at the prayer time, as is the custom with many Korean Christians, he went up on the mountain, and hid in the bushes to read and pray. His father traced him one day, and said that he would kill him if he did it again.

The boy asked the church leaders what he should do, and they told him that, the next time that his father beat him, he must preach to his father while being beaten. He took the Spartan advice, and it made his father so frantic that he beat the boy till the blood ran, and then opened the door, and kicked him out, and disowned him, and the little fellow, only fifteen years old, crawled, all bruised and bleeding, to Sung's house, where he was taken in, and became their gate servant.

The other little fellow, Yoon Pili, was younger, only twelve. His father punished him in many ways. Finally, one market day, when the father

came home drunk, he hung the boy by his neck to a beam across the room, and, in his drunkenness, forgot to cut him down until the boy was almost dead. The boy sent word to the church leaders that he would stop attending church for a time, lest his father kill him, and be eternally lost, but that he was praying night and day for his father, and, the next time he came to church, he was going to bring his father with him.

At last harvest time arrived, and the whole village was so busy that they almost forgot about the Christians. Sickles were sharpened, flails repaired, rice mortars made ready, and the threshing floors in front of each house smoothly covered with river-bank mud, and rolled with logs, and then fenced with little sticks and straw rope so as to dry out hard and smooth.

In the actual harvesting in Chosen, all of the work is done by harvesting bands, all of a village, or, at any rate, twenty or thirty men and women combining, and reaping the fields in rotation, as though all belonged to one owner, and then all of the men gathering on one or two threshing floors to work out the grain together.

On the mud threshing floor, a big log, two feet in diameter, or one of the rice mortars is laid on its side. Each man takes a piece of straw rope, and gives it a twist twice around the butt of a sheaf of grain keeping hold of the ends of the rope, one in each hand. It gives a tight hold on the sheaf.

Then he gives the sheaf a swing over his head, and whacks it over the log several times, sending the kernels of grain bouncing to the ground. It is a beautiful sight to see the sheaves swing up, first right-handed, then left, and then right again, two or three men on one log striking, while the others are preparing their bundles, bodies swaying rhythmically.

Through it all they chant. One man with a broom keeps watching the edges of the floor lest too much grain fall outside. He generally, himself half dancing all the time, leads the chant, a weird, minor tune in dancing time, so contagious in its spirit that spectators feel like dancing too.

Great jars of beer are provided all through the harvest, and it is free to all of the workmen, constituting a regular part of their pay. It is all more like a month-long picnic than real work though the work is cruelly hard. Although the days are long, lasting from the first streak of daylight till too dark to see, and the work most taxing, no one feels it particularly. From time to time, the women bring out lunches to the workmen.

Won Chooni and Oon Pangi had heretofore always been in demand at harvest time, and Chin Pai was beginning to prove himself. Chang, as steward of Baron Kim, had always had an important place, though of course not working with his hands. This year, all was changed. All of the village refused to work with them, or to allow the

Christians to join any of their harvesting bands. They also refused them the use of the community threshing floors.

No Occidental can picture to himself what this meant. It left only the five men of the Christians to plan all of the work of their harvest. Of these, Chang had never before worked with his hands. Father Sung was pretty old to swing the bundles effectively, and Chin Pai was almost too young. Again, however, they "prayed it out," and then among themselves arranged their harvest band. The threshing-floor problem was solved by using Chin Pai's inner yard, small though it was.

The cutting of the grain proved less difficult than they feared, though it was pretty lonesome over on the hillside, and it hurt to look down into the village, and see there the great company, frolicking at their work, making play of it all, especially when one knew that the only reason that he could not share in the revelry was because he would not deny his Lord. Without the stimulus of the crowd, there is intense drudgery in the harvest. The grain is all cut with the sickle, a handful at a time, each bundle being bound up, as it is completed, with a string of grass or straw. It is then dried and carried in on the "jickies" to the threshing floors.

When the harvest was about half over, a band of harvest minstrels came strolling into town.

These bands are one of the curiosities of the

harvest time. They are usually composed of about twenty landless young men, with four or five small boys of about ten years of age. They dress themselves in grotesque costumes of red, and blue, and yellow, and wear upon their heads thick, round-topped hats with foot-long white tassels hanging from the peaks of them.

They carry banners bearing the names of the gods of the harvest, and their performances have a semi-religious significance. They carry drums, bells, cymbals, and playing pipes.

The small boys are dressed to represent women, and, in addition, they have long scarfs tied, first around their knees, and then carried down, and tied around their ankles, so that they can be easily grasped, and held, or tossed in the air.

Setting up the banner in a cleared space, the men form a ring around it with the drum in the center, and begin to sound the drum, beat the cymbals, and ring the bells all in regular time. As the rhythm of the thing catches them, they begin to walk around in a circle, and then to dance, all the time keeping their heads vibrating slightly so that the long white tassels on their hats whirl round and round their heads. The combined effect of the performance is most interesting.

As the revelry increases, they move faster. Suddenly four stalwart men seize the young boys, and toss them up on their shoulders into a standing position there, holding them by lightly touch-

ing the scarfs, the whole being done without losing step with the dance or falling out of the moving circle.

The little fellows, who wear long, pendulous sleeves like the dancing girls, stand aloft, swaying, and bowing, with the long sleeves sweeping in graceful curves, keeping time to the tune. From time to time, they jump from the shoulders of one man to another or are thrown, always keeping to the rhythm.

Occasionally a man dances into the middle of the circle with a flag in his hands, and, putting both hands behind his neck, he holds the flag there pointing upwards as though it were a projection of his backbone, while he dances and whirls.

Other antics are performed, too numerous to mention.

From time to time, at a signal, the entire circle stops, faces inwards, and, within two beats of the music, keeping still to the time, they bow to the god of the banner. Instantly they move on again in the circle.

The villagers provide them with money and food, and particularly with plenty of beer.

Few farmers miss the sight if they can possibly see it, for it is an event in their gray, uneventful lives. This pleasure was denied to the Christians because they could not share in the devil worship.

Through it all, they kept up their courage, though, and sang as they worked, using not the

old immoral songs and devil tunes of the harvest, but the new melodies of the Church. There was some objection down in the town at first over this, but most of the neighbours were tired of the war, and insisted upon their being left alone.

More than one of those very neighbours stopped to listen to the songs:

“What can wash away my sin?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.”

Certainly it was queer about those Christians. Old Sung used to be such a mild old fellow, and here he was doing things that required more courage than tiger hunting. Chang used to be a young sport and profligate, interested in all women except his own wife, and here he had quit it all even to his drinking and tobacco, and, although he was a nobleman, and had always lived a nobleman's life, here he was out in old clothes wielding a sickle like a commoner, all because of something that the Jesus Doctrine had done to him, some iron that it had put in his blood.

Perhaps there was something in it after all. Perhaps the “Blue Sky Spirit” was more than merely one of the gods! Perhaps,—perhaps — The Spirit was doing His work through this preaching of action. As yet there were only the first fruits, but the end was not yet.

VIII

THE PLEDGE OF DAYS

IT was some months later that Chin Pai again went up to Seoul, this time to attend the great Central Bible Chautauqua-like Class that was to be held there for all of the leaders of the Province. Father Sung, Chang, Won Chooni and Oon Pangi also went. It was bitter cold. On the river, near the fork, they saw numbers of fishermen out fishing through holes in the ice.

They arrived in Seoul the evening preceding the Oriental New Year's Day, and went direct to the church, where they found the yard swarming with men, and they received a most cordial welcome.

Helper Pak took them in tow, and escorted them to The Pastor's study to greet him, and then he took them around to introduce them to the various group leaders and helpers from other parts of the Province.

After all of their months of ostracism in their home village, the welcome of the brethren was like water poured on thirsty ground to their souls.

"In the grace of the Lord, have you come in peace?"

"Praise Him for bringing you in peace to the Class."

"Welcome in peace, brother in the Lord."

These were a few of the salutations.

Before bedtime, they felt as if they had always known these men, and they wondered how they could ever have doubted as they were tempted to do under the stress at home.

There were a number of partly adapted sleeping rooms here and there on the church compound, and the Class Committee, as far as possible, assigned the country guests there, because, in the non-Christian inns outside, the impressions of the Class might be diluted or dissipated. It was pretty close squeezing in some of the sleeping rooms. Some rooms not over eight feet square had seven men in them.

Poo Tai Yungi, a big eunuch, was in Chin Pai's room, and he was a host in himself as an entertainer. His laugh was most contagious.

"Cuddle up, boys! It's cold outdoors," he cried. "We'll sleep spoon fashion, and, when any one wants to turn over, we'll all get up, and turn over at once! It's cold out-of-doors anyway, so cuddle up, boys, and keep warm!"

He was a colporter in another part of the Province, and he told some of his experiences in selling books.

He said that he used a donkey to carry part of his load of books. Often on the road, when he

tried to sell a Gospel, people would refuse. Then he would offer them a free tract, and often they would refuse that, too, because all of the heathen think that there is an evil spirit in the Christian literature that bewitches its readers, and makes them crazy.

After such a second rebuff, he said that he often handed the scorned sheet tract to his donkey who calmly ate it. Then, calling the man's attention to the donkey, he would say, "Now look at that. Even the dumb beasts know that the Doctrine is good. Why should you refuse it?"

He told how he had forced his way into a certain town in his territory, a town owned and peopled entirely by several families of noblemen with their retainers and slaves. Again and again, he had tried to sell books there, but the men of the town always saw him coming, and drove him away.

On his last trip he beat them.

He bought a half basketful of "doaris," the little, round head pads that women wear on their heads underneath their water jars to keep them level. In the bottom of the basket he spread a lot of Gospels, and over them the "doaris."

Then he disguised himself to look like a pedlar, and boldly entered the town calling his wares, "Doari-Pogum (Gospel), Doari-Pogum!"

The men of the town, taking him for a real pedlar, paid no attention to him.

The women came flocking to buy "doaris." He told them that he could not sell "doaris" separately, but that they must buy them in sets, a "doari" and a "Pogum." The women had not been forbidden by their men folks to buy Gospels, and they did want the "doaris," so they bought all that he had, several of them promising to read them through, and then to quietly drop them in the men's guest-room, where they would almost surely be read in the long winter evenings.

Chin Pai found out afterwards that Tai Yungi had once been a Palace attendant, and was well liked there, and living in luxury, but that he heard the Gospel, and was converted, and gave it all up, taking to the road with a pack on his back selling Gospels.

Chin Pai's informant did not seem to think that Tai Yungi had come down in the world, however, but rather that he had gone up, being now an ambassador of the King of Kings, where before he had only been a retainer of a King.

There was not a great deal of sleeping that night nor during the other thirteen nights of the Class. There was always some one who wanted to talk. A few wanted to talk politics at times, but the older Christians sternly suppressed this. Most often, they discussed knotty points of Biblical interpretation.

Quite often they talked of the various missionaries who were in charge of their churches.

Each man seemed to feel that his "Moksa" (pastor) was high above the others, and endowed with all virtues. Each could find plenty of flaws in the other pastors. Their funny slips in language were mentioned, and laughed over, and their big noses, and tight uncomfortable-looking clothes, but, most of all, their queer, imperious ways, and insistence upon promptness and exactness. The temper sometimes exhibited by one or two of them was commented on with wonder.

Chin Pai took little part in these discussions until some one began to criticize The Pastor, but then he stoutly replied, denying any blemish or imperfection. He knew now that The Pastor was only one of several Pastors, but he always was, and continued to be through all the years, The Pastor to him.

Chin Pai was laughed at and geyed a little by the older men for his idealism, but it was not the kind of guying that hurts.

The next forenoon was matriculation time, and they paid their matriculation fee, and their pro rata share of the expense of carrying on the Class, and arranged for their food for the two weeks.

They found that the Class was arranged in six grades, five carrying a pupil to a sort of graduation, and the sixth, a sort of post-graduate course into which all of the graduates were grouped together.

Each year those who studied the full time were given certificates, and, at the end, they received diplomas which made them eligible to enter the still better organized Bible Institute, where, in a course of six years of three months per year, the whole Bible was covered.

Mainly Bible was taught in all of these courses, but in all there were more or less of "practical" courses on Methods of Soul-winning, Pedagogy, Preaching, Church Government, Catechism, and Confession of Faith. Singing, of course, was taught in every course, as the Koreans value their hymn-books almost as highly as their Bibles, and there were devotional prayer meetings at sunrise, before the morning sessions, and at night.

At noon, the Class was called to order in the big church, and there was a short devotional hour.

As Chin Pai looked around the great building with its throng of over four hundred eager faces, suddenly the thrill of it, the power of it all swept over him, and he felt like shouting, "Hallelujah!"

This was no forlorn little band of four households or parts of households facing an ocean of heathenism, but a mighty host, part of a mightier host, and of that "innumerable company," workers with God. This feeling is one of the great fruits of the Bible Class system. Nearly all of the men felt it more or less. It stiffened the sinews of their faith, and sent them forth year by

year to their home to towns to win for Him. All through the Class the impression grew.

Learn facts? Yes, they learned as only truth-hungry men can learn when they concentrate every power, and He guides, but, above the isolated facts, was the feeling of fellowship with the brethren, the positive conviction that, among the many things of earth, this Gospel was the Great Reality, and the knowledge that they had a right to draw on all of the omnipotence of God.

The last hour of the Class was the greatest of all in many ways.

When they assembled in the church late that night, they found banners and streamers everywhere, giving the names of their towns, and each town gathered under its own banner.

The leader called the roll of the towns to see how many each had sent, and which had done the best,—Koyang Oop, thirty men; Yongdampo, forty; Sai Mal, twenty, and so on down the list until it came to Utmami, five. Chin Pai was ashamed to hear that, and determined that never again would there be so few.

After a short sermon on the “privilege of telling one’s neighbour,” the leader rose and said, “Men, we have now come to the hour upon which we have counted more almost than any other in the Class. We have all been taking in for our souls’ growth. Now it is time to catch the vision of those beyond. We have been upon the

mountain top. What are we going to do for the poor people waiting for us down in the valley? Jesus said that in His time the fields were white already to the harvest. To-day they are far more ripe. What part are you going to take in getting in the grain?

"We have been casting up the total gains of the past year, and we have been so glad to see how great they are, but, men! think of those still outside, the great, sin-hardened, blinded, pitiful multitude! Every man of you has been doing a little to win them, recommending the Gospel to your neighbours and friends. You have done double work in that you have paid nearly the full expense of the more than sixty paid workers in the Province. Those workers have done good service, and we missionaries have done our best, but brothers! we are only touching the borders of the need and of the opportunity, we are only playing at winning souls.

"Jesus has no other plan than that you and I should do this work. He is calling us this year to a new campaign for souls, and to-night we are going to call for volunteers for the service. If we unitedly go out this year, we shall have the greatest harvest that Chosen has ever seen.

"Who is there here to-night who, in addition to all that he has been doing, will pledge that he himself, some time in the coming year, will go out personally away from his home to some non-

Christian village, and there at his own charges give one or five or fifty days to preaching Christ, and distributing leaflets, and saving men for the kingdom? We have neither the funds nor the desire to use more salaried workers. How many days will you pledge in this new campaign for souls?"

In the middle of the room, one man rose and said, "I will pledge five days." Another man over at the side pledged ten, another one month, another a week, and so on.

Tai Yungi, the eunuch colporter, rose, and said, "I am drawing salary so that my work is already laid out for me and I cannot desert it, but I promise to go without my salary for one month and preach that month at my own charges letting the money go elsewhere." "So will I," "And I," echoed several of the helpers.

The Secretary of the Class Committee took down all of the names and pledges, so as later to hand them to the respective pastors concerned that they might use the pledged days to the best advantage. When the total was made up, it was found to be 2,417 days, the equivalent of almost seven years of a paid helper as to time, but worth seventy helpers, as it meant four hundred men each getting a deeper taste of soul-winning.

They sang the Doxology, and, with the Benediction, the Class broke up.

Until late that night, Chin Pai lay awake in his

room seeing the vision that had been brought before them. For the first time he realized to the full that Christianity's message is not merely for one's self, but even more for one's neighbour, that one is not "saved to an ecstatic experience," but "saved to serve." He and the other Utmami men had each pledged ten days. The leader had said at the close that at next year's Class all were to report as to how they had paid their pledge.

The urgency of it all oppressed him so that he felt almost like rising and starting for home and the work at once. Best of all he realized that message which the Class as a whole had given him, that he as a worker with God had a right to call upon all of the omnipotence of God. The bad dream of those days of persecution at home was all gone. He felt that nothing could stop him now, a worker with his God.

IX

SACRIFICES AND BONDS

LITTLE by little the Utmami church was growing. Oon Pangi's wife and children were attending now. Even Won Chooni's father occasionally came, though he was generally so drunk that they almost wished that he would stay away. Pak Ki Sooni came once in a while, though he always maintained his incredulous attitude towards it all. Uncle Leatherstocking attended, never saying a word, but sitting back in the farthest corner seeking to be inconspicuous.

During the winter, the Christians were not so pressed with work at home, and spent most of their time out preaching, paying not merely the ten days of their Class pledge, but many times ten days.

Near by were several villages of tobacco shavers and straw-shoe makers, the latter being tradesmen who made shoes not only for their own use, as all thrifty farmers did, but also for sale.

These men dug pits in the earth in the fall, and roofed them in with thatch, and, all winter long, they smoked and worked at their vocations there.

Many of the boatmen from the river, who could not travel at that time of the year, also congregated there to gossip. It cost little to heat such a cave after it was once warmed up by a brazier of charcoal, for it was hermetically sealed above and banked with snow, ten feet deep, and egress was only by a door in the thatch perhaps three feet square.

The air, of course, was terribly bad, especially where the tobacco cutters worked, but a Korean does not mind bad air, especially if it is warm.

Into these dug-outs, the Christians went by twos and preached. Most of the people near by did not fight back very hard. The very virulence of the early persecution had made the people half ashamed of themselves so that they listened anyway.

Down the river three miles at Tokkol, there were a few inquirers, and, at Chiptu, an old man named Yi Hwa Chin believed and began attending at Utmami. His wife was afflicted with a terrible loathsome disease and he said he would attend in the hope that she might be healed. A medicine seller named Yang Keum Ik from up the river near the New Saloon Town came a few times, and a couple of Father Sung's relatives from across the river.

At last the crowd in Utmami got so big that the room in which they were meeting became too small to hold them. Then some one broached the

question of building a church. At first, all held up their hands, and said that it was impossible, but, as the numbers grew, it became evident that it was imperative.

When the question of site was looked into, the way seemed blocked. All of the churches that they had seen were built upon high ground. There were several beautiful sites upon the hill-tops round about, but all of them belonged to the village nobleman, Baron Kim.

They sent a deputation in to see him, and try to arrange to buy a site. They found him as usual sousing himself in liquor. His guest-room smelt worse than most saloons. His face was bleary. He did not rise to greet them nor take his pipe out of his mouth.

"What do you want?" he demanded crossly.

The Committee stated their errand.

He flew into a passion at once, reviling them. "How dare you ask ground of me for building a Doctrine house!" he shouted. "Out of my house! I forbid you to build a church anywhere in my town. If you dare to build a church here, I will ruin every man of you, or drive you away."

The Committee came back soberly. Every one was more or less frightened as they felt that Baron Kim could likely do as he said that he would.

Before they talked about it much, Father Sung suggested that they pray about it, which they did.

After prayer, things did not seem so dark. Still there did not seem to be much else to do. Every high site belonged to Baron Kim.

Suddenly Father Sung said, "I wonder if my lower paddy field could be made usable as a site!"

"Your lower paddy field!" exclaimed every one at once. "Why, it is the very best piece of ground that you have!"

"Well, if it is suitable, nothing is too good to give to Him. The site is low, but we could build it up by carrying stones and earth to it."

It seemed the only thing to do, so they began work at once, bringing to it material to fill it. Part of the site they dug deeper to get the extra earth, so that there was a deep pit right beside the building. They made that into a lotus pond with a little stone island in the middle. The site problem was solved.

Baron Kim found out about it, and was frantic.

"How dare they plan a Doctrine house in my town against my order," he said, "and it is right opposite my front windows, too. I will not have it. I forbid it."

He sent his new steward several times to order the work stopped, but Father Sung sent back word that it was his land, and that he would continue the work. Baron Kim raged, but, for the moment, he was helpless.

At last the site was ready, and the Christians met to plan ways and means for the building.

Ordinarily when any new building is erected in Chosen, the whole male population gives its services gratis, and, if it be a young couple just setting up housekeeping, much lumber is also contributed, but this was different. They could not expect help from the non-Christians. They could count themselves lucky if they got no hindrance from them. Their own little band of thirty adults must foot the entire bill.

One by one, they made their pledges. They added up the total, and it was not half what they absolutely must have, and yet it seemed that it was the last cent that they could possibly raise, they were all so poor. Father Sung suggested that they adjourn and "pray it out" separately.

The next night they met again, and prayed for a long time. Then they brought up the question, but the way seemed absolutely blocked.

"I wonder if The Pastor could not help," said Pak.

"No, sir!" said Chang. "We are not going to ask help of any one. I read to-day of David when he wanted to erect his tabernacle, and Araunah wanted to give him the site. David said, 'I will not offer to Jehovah a sacrifice that costs me nothing.' Whatever we do, we must do ourselves without help from any one."

"Besides," said Oon Pangi, "I heard at the Class that in Chosen the missionaries have never assisted in the erection of churches, that, of all the

more than thousand Presbyterian church buildings in the country, missionary funds have gone into only five or six, and those only in the large cities where they are used as workshops of the missionaries as well as for services."

From the upper room suddenly Chin Pai's mother spoke. "Here is one more offering," she said. "Sin-Ai (Faith-Love) says that she wants to give the only valuable things that she has in the world, her silver wedding rings and her silver hair pin. She has been praying all night to be made willing to give them up, the only pretty things that she has, and she wants to give them for Jesus and His Church, and I want to give mine, too."

There was a moment's silence, and Oon Pangi's wife spoke, "And I will give mine, too." "And I," said one and another of the women. In a moment there was a little pile of silver in the middle of the floor, almost every pretty ornament owned by any woman in the church. These ornaments are given to brides at their weddings, either by the bridegroom, or the family, or the village. Far over and above their intrinsic value was their value because of association. If a woman ever parted with them there was not a chance in a thousand that she would ever get any "pretties" like them again.

The men sat fairly dazed at the magnitude of the offering. They knew what it meant. It

shamed them to see a woman's consecration so much greater than their own.

At last Father Sung spoke. "I thought that I had given every bit that I possibly could," he said, "but I see that I have only begun to give as I ought. If I only had the money that I wasted on the Buddhist priest-rascals, it would not be hard. I have no more money now that I can give, but I will give my only ox to be sold that God's house may be built."

It was with a great cry of thankfulness that Chang led in prayer. "We thank Thee, the Father of all good things, for making that sacrifice of Thy Son which has begotten this sacrifice in the lives of Thy people."

The next morning some of the men started off to the mountains to cut timber, some to market to buy thin flat stones for the floor, and to sell the ox. Others began to bring big square stones upon which the corner posts of the building would rest.

Chang's youngest son, Sang Yuni, was a little, black-eyed fellow, very droll usually and slow speaking.

In the course of the morning, the little fellow came to his mother, and said, "Mother! last night when all of the others were giving to Jesus, I had nothing to give, but I did so want to give, too. I thought of all of the things that I own, and none of them had any money value. I 'prayed it out' last night and this morning, and now I want to

know if I cannot give my dinner one day every week for this house of Jesus, for I love Jesus, too."

Word went around among the workers of the little fellow's offer, and it strengthened every heart.

"Hallelujah!" said Father Sung. "God surely wants this house to go up when the very babies begin to sacrifice to get it."

Spring work was approaching, so that they had to hurry. From early morning until late at night, they worked, men, women, and children. Even some of their non-Christian neighbours caught the contagion, and helped a little.

The village Headman met Won Chooni's little nine-year-old daughter coming down off the mountain with a big load of brushwood on her head. He knew that she was not accustomed to doing such work, and asked her what she was doing.

"This is wood for the lattice work under the mud of the walls of our new church, sir," she said.

The Headman, who was not a Christian, commented on it to some of his cronies, and the whole village wondered.

At last the house was done, and they sent for The Pastor to come and dedicate it.

Meanwhile, Baron Kim had worked himself nearly into nervous prostration over the church. He had tried to buy the site, but, after the work

was under way, they refused to sell. He tried in various ways to frighten them, but they kept at work.

Finally he sent word to the magistrate at the County Seat seven miles away asking him over to spend a day with him and his dancing girls and concubines. The magistrate consented, and along in the afternoon Baron Kim called the magistrate out on his porch, and pointed out the church building, and told how he had tried to stop the erection of it and had failed.

Instantly the magistrate shouted for his underling attendants, and ordered them to seize Father Sung, and bring him bound to the place. It was done to the accompaniment of much yelling and excitement. The whole village turned out to see what was happening, and assembled at Baron Kim's porch.

The magistrate was so drunk that he could hardly sit up straight, but he fiercely questioned Sung as to why he dared to build a church in that county without his permission.

"We did not know that permission was necessary," was the answer.

"You lie! you rascal!" said the magistrate, "you and your other foreign religion crowd! I will not have any of you in my county. I have been thinking a lot about this lately, and have about decided to kill all of the Christians in the county. Here, you!" he called to his underlings.



The Utmami and Chin Yongi churches and a few of the first fruits

"Tie this man up to the roots of that Ginko tree over there until morning, when I will send men from the County Seat, and put a quietus on him and all his ilk."

It was done to the amazement of the Christians, and the jubilation of Baron Kim and some of the other non-Christians.

Just before sundown, the magistrate came out to embark in his boat for home, and he ordered Sung released, but announced in loud tones that all might hear that he was going to send his jailers the next day to attend to all of these Christians, not only in this town, but all through the county.

Less than an hour after the magistrate left, The Pastor arrived for the dedication. The Christians swarmed around him, all talking at once, telling him of their trouble, and the danger of the jailers coming the next day to kill or imprison them.

The Pastor listened until he got all of the facts, and then asked where the magistrate had gone.

"To the County Seat," was the answer.

"Good-bye, then," he said; "if Chin Pai can go with me, I, too, will go right on to the County Seat," and he remounted his horse and started.

They reached the County Seat just twenty minutes after the magistrate as the boat moved slowly up-stream. Leaving the horse in the town, they went at once across to the magistracy, and called for the attendants. After a long delay one appeared, and asked what was wanted.

"We wish to call upon the magistrate," said The Pastor.

"He is not at home," said the doorkeeper.

"Oh, yes he is at home," said The Pastor, "for he just came in a few minutes ago, and a number of people saw him."

"He is sick," was the next excuse given without even going back to report.

"No, he cannot be very sick," said The Pastor, "for a number of people saw him walk from the boat, and he has been having a gay time all day at Utmami. I will not bother him but a moment, but must see him."

"He says that he will not see you," said the man, again without going in to report.

"I am sorry for that," said The Pastor, "but if you will put that statement in writing, I will not bother him further. I will go to his superior officers."

The underling went inside to report, and returning motioned The Pastor to follow him in through the servants' little side opening in the fence instead of through the big gate.

"I go in by the big gate of ceremony," said The Pastor, "and quickly, too, or not at all. I am the magistrate's guest, and I will not enter by the underling's gate."

The gatekeeper, with a more respectful manner than he had yet had, threw open the big gate, and ushered them across the courtyard to the large

audience room where an elderly man was sitting in the magistrate's seat.

He motioned The Pastor to a seat beside him, but The Pastor said, "I am very glad to meet you, sir, but I came to see the magistrate."

"I am acting for the magistrate," said the man. "How did you know that I was not he?"

"I know," was the answer, "and, unless the magistrate comes at once with no more foolery, I shall withdraw, and make my call elsewhere where it will be more appreciated."

In a little while, the magistrate himself came out, pretty drunk, but more scared than drunk. The Pastor greeted him pleasantly as though there had been no discussion at all, and made a few general remarks. The magistrate fidgeted and fidgeted, but The Pastor would only make general remarks about the weather and the magistrate's health and the like. At last the magistrate asked bluntly what The Pastor came for.

"Oh, nothing very urgent," said The Pastor. "I happened to pass by Utmami this afternoon on my way here, and, as I had never made a courtesy call upon you, I thought that I would drop in and call on you."

Again the magistrate fidgeted a while.

Suddenly he burst out, "That was a most unfortunate affair at Utmami to-day. I do not know what is the matter with those Utmami people."

"Why, what was it?" asked The Pastor.

“Well, you see, those people showed disrespect for my office and for me. I asked them a question or two, and they were absolutely discourteous in their answers.”

“What were the questions?” asked The Pastor.

The magistrate fidgeted some more. His brain was so befuddled with drink that he could not think up a good lie so he told the truth. “I asked them why they had built that church without my permission, and they said that they did not know that a request for permission was necessary.”

“Well, is it necessary?” asked The Pastor.

“Certainly!” said the magistrate.

“By what law?” asked The Pastor. “His Majesty has proclaimed religious liberty all over the land. Is that Proclamation abrogated in this county?”

“Well, no,” said the magistrate, “but still I am magistrate, and, when I speak to a commoner, he dare not answer back in that way.”

“In what way? What else could he have said? And furthermore,” said The Pastor, “I hear that you have announced that to-morrow you are going to send your jailers to imprison or kill all of the Christians. What of that?”

“Oh, nonsense! nonsense!” said the magistrate. “I never said any such thing.”

“Very good,” said The Pastor. “I am delighted to hear it. I, too, could hardly believe that

you could have said such a thing, but all of the people of Utmami, Christian and non-Christian, understood you to say that, and so, to correct their erroneous impression, you will no doubt want to send some official communication to that effect to Utmami and all of the villages near there."

"Oh, certainly," said the magistrate. "Even if you had not spoken of it, since I have heard of their mistake, I had decided in my mind to send such a communication. Thank you for mentioning it also. Thank you most kindly."

"You will surely not overlook sending it?"

"Certainly not! and, when opportunity occurs, I will speak a good word for the Doctrine, too."

"I am glad," said The Pastor. "Here is a little book, a copy of our sacred Book, that I would like to present you with, and I hope that you will take time to read it, and see what the Doctrine really is."

"Thank you, thank you!" said the magistrate, and he followed The Pastor clear out to the big gate, protesting his good will and intentions.

The next morning, from three different near-by churches messengers came to The Pastor saying that, because of the magistrate's announcement at Utmami that day of his future attitude towards the Christians of the county, great persecutions had broken out in their towns. Their men had been beaten, and their goods taken away. All felt that they could do this with impunity because the

magistrate had practically declared all of the Christians outlaws.

The Pastor heard all of these stories, and then ordered out his horse.

"Are you going again to the County Seat?" some one asked.

"No, that would be useless," said The Pastor. "I am going to the magistrate's superior officer, the Minister of the Interior in Seoul."

Chin Pai accompanied The Pastor to be a witness if required. When they arrived in Seoul, before going to the building of the Department, they had a little prayer-meeting in the church there. Then they crossed over, but found that the Minister had sent down word that day that he was not well, and would not be at the office. They went to his house, and sent in cards, and, to their delight, were invited in.

The Minister listened to their story.

"Why, that man must be crazy," he said, "for he has no such authority. He is practically recalling His Majesty's order."

"Will you give me a written statement to that effect?" asked The Pastor.

"Certainly!" said the Minister, "and send a letter to the man censuring him also. I am ashamed that one of our magistrates should have caused you such bother. I was not going to the office to-day, but will go now, and see that this is looked after."

After a few hours of waiting, the precious document was ready, and The Pastor gave it to Chin Pai, and lent him his horse that he, as messenger of His Majesty, might go in state to the front door of the magistracy, and impress, not only upon the magistrate, but upon the people of the place also, and so counteract the effects of the magistrate's acts.

Chin Pai discharged the commission to the best of his ability, not forgetting to exhibit the document with its many seals at Utmami and at other places along the road wherever it would do good.

On his way back to Seoul to return The Pastor's horse, Chin Pai made a detour to deliver another letter, and stopped at Kol Mak in another county for the night. There was a little church there recently established. The leader was Sin Chul Su.

Chin Pai told the Christians of his mission, and of its triumphant success, and how the persecution near the County Seat had already collapsed. Suddenly Sin smote his knee.

"The very thing!" he said. "Here in our town we are having a terrible time over Hong Yung Paiki, one of our Christians. His family has lived in this town for generations, and, for over a hundred years, his family has owned that burial mountain just behind the town.

"Twenty years ago his father died, and was buried on the mountain. Now, a short time ago,

his mother also died. Just before she passed away she asked particularly that she be laid beside her husband. That was all as usual, except that ten years ago a certain nobleman near here had decided that he would like to use that mountain as his burial place, and had simply notified Hong that the mountain henceforth was his, and that Hong must at once dig up and move all of the graves of his fathers on the hill, and particularly his father's grave, as that was the most recent.

"Hong has all of the deeds to the mountain running back for a hundred years, so, of course, he refused to obey, but since then he has been seized and beaten again and again by the county magistrates. Several times magistrates have accepted his deeds as valid, but the next new magistrate has reopened the case and, under the persuasion of the nobleman, has beaten or imprisoned Hong.

"The nobleman has forged deeds to the mountain, and on the basis of them makes his claim. Some years ago, to settle the trouble, Hong bought the nobleman's deeds, but the nobleman promptly made others, and claimed that the set that he sold only concerned one little useless spur of the mountain.

"A year ago the magistrate said that Hong must never use the mountain for burial again. Then, last month, when Hong's mother died, like a good son, he fulfilled her last wish, burying her beside her husband. Immediately underlings came

from the magistracy, and arrested him, and he is now in prison being tortured daily.

"Already his feet are so crushed that it is doubtful if he will ever walk again. They are demanding that he pay \$100 to the nobleman for his equity in the hill, and as a fine for disobeying the magistrate's order. To pay such a fine will take every cent that he has in the world and more. Surely if The Pastor would interfere on behalf of Utmami, he will help us here."

"Certainly!" said Chin Pai. "Come up with me to Seoul to-morrow and we will speak to him about it."

The next day they got in early, and, after putting up The Pastor's horse, went up to his study, and laid the matter before him. He listened clear through carefully, and then said, "Just one question—did Hong's being a Christian or not have anything to do with his arrest or persecution?"

"Not that I know of," said Sin.

"Then I cannot interfere," said The Pastor. "It is a matter solely between you and your constituted authorities, and I cannot touch it. It is horrible. It makes my blood boil to hear it, but I dare not interfere between you and your Government in matters that do not concern your right to believe and establish churches."

"But just think!" said Sin pleadingly, "just a word from you, and he would be released, or at least treated more leniently."

"Yes, I know," said The Pastor. "Likely they would give me some consideration, but in the long run would it pay? In the first place, the Government would have a just claim against us for interfering in Governmental matters, and, when in the future, we go to them with rightful claims, we shall have little consideration. Then, too, in this case it is difficult to interfere for another reason. Your faith and Hong's now is based on spiritual things. If I interfered, you and all your neighbours would get the idea that the main thing to be gotten out of believing was help in things like this, *i. e.*, you would become 'rice Christians.' We dare not risk that."

"But you helped at Utmami," said Sin.

"Yes, but that was different in that the alleged crime was that of having built a church, and practically it was I who was the criminal, and ought to have been punished if any one was punished. The law was that I had a right to erect churches, or to cause them to be built, and the magistrate was trying to break the law and kill my churches. I was forced to speak.

"Anything that Hong or his friends can do as individuals I give my heartiest approval to, but, looking ahead into the future, I say that neither I personally, nor the Church as an organization, can touch it."

X

“CHAGUN NOM”

EVER since Chin Pai's eleventh year, through intervals of farming in the winter months, he had studied the Chinese characters, but the teacher of those days could teach nothing else, and he had learned little else.

Shortly after the erection of the church, the old teacher died, and, in looking around for a new one, the idea occurred to some that they ought to try to get a man who could teach something more modern also, at least elementary arithmetic and geography. Many were the discussions over the matter.

Helper Pak, passing by, injected a new element into the discussion. “You ought surely to add the Bible to the course,” he said, “for no man, Christian nor non-Christian, in this modern world can call himself at all educated unless he knows about the Bible's contents.”

Moon and Old No vigorously opposed any such idea, and the village Headman said that they could not use the village tax money for that purpose.

“Very well, sir,” the Christians said, “we will make the school wholly a Christian one supported by the church,” and preparations began to that end.

Chang and Chin Pai were sent to Seoul to see The Pastor and secure a suitable teacher. They had to wait a day in Seoul, as The Pastor was away in the country. When they met, and told of their need, The Pastor exclaimed for joy.

“It is just the thing that I have been looking for,” he said; “a place for Old Herald Koo of Non Kol. You, Chin Pai, will remember the night that we spent at his house several years ago. Ever since that time he has been preaching in his town until he has gotten together about sixty people, but until recently, he himself has not been able to bring himself to do away with his ancestral tablets.

“His situation was peculiar. He was adopted by his clan twenty-two years ago to be the son of the head of the clan who had died childless. The ancestral records and tablets of the entire clan, running back for two hundred years, were all delivered to him, and all these years, as a sort of high priest for the clan, he has regularly worshipped month by month.

“Before his adoption he had made quite a mark for himself at Court. At Government expense, he was sent to tutors of French, and was looking forward to a diplomatic position when such work

should be initiated, but some political change occurred, and he was dropped from the promotion roll. The highest rank that he ever really received was that of Herald of the King. Since his adoption he has lived quietly in the country.

"Three months ago, after much prayer, he decided that he could no longer bow before the tablets, and he sent word to the head of the clan saying that they must come and take them away.

"They sent word back that he must quit his nonsense.

"He sent word again that if they did not remove the tablets he must burn them. They replied that if he did they would kill him.

"He waited a reasonable time, and then burned the tablets, and all of the paraphernalia of worship. The next day the clan leaders assembled at his house and said that they were going to kill him.

"They seized him and jerked him out of his house, tied his hands behind his back, and then took him up on the hill near the house where the graves of his ancestors were, saying that they would kill him upon the graves, and so wipe out the disgrace that he had brought upon them.

"Their courage failed them when it came to using the knife, so they took him back to the clan house, and said that they would kill him there. Again their courage failed them, and, after beating him and kicking him, gentle-bred old man that he is, they read him out of the clan forever, and

ordered him to vacate at once the house in which he with his feeble old wife had lived all these years. He has no other property.

“Not satisfied with this, the clan men got hold of his adopted son, a boy whom he took in childhood and for whom he has done everything. They persuaded him to leave the old couple so that they would have to go out empty-handed to face the world alone. I saw the old gentleman yesterday, and expected to see him somewhat downcast, but his face was radiant. ‘Oh, Pastor!’ he said to me, ‘I had no money to advertise in the newspapers about Jesus, but now the clan, to make my ejection more effective, have proclaimed it in the newspapers all over the land, giving the reasons, and every one will know of Jesus!’

“I have been wishing that there might be a school that he might teach. So far as the old learning is concerned, he is eminently fitted for the place, and, having few wants, it ought not to cost a great deal to get him. I can put another man in charge of his church so that that will not suffer.

“As to the new learning, there is a young man here who has just been converted out in one of my far counties. His name is Kim Tuk Kyungi, and he came originally from Chulla Province. He, too, is of noble family, but years ago he became disgusted with the way that things were going with his country materially, so he turned over all

of his property and his wife and children to his parents, and since then has been going around the country from place to place.

"At first he was engaged in various patriotic projects, but latterly, realizing the futility of that, he has been teaching school wherever he could, receiving as compensation only his board and clothing. During these latter years he has thus lived only to help his country by helping educate the children. He has been in Siberia and has travelled extensively in China, and is a fine up-standing fellow. He has kept himself clean, too, morally, through all these years of wandering.

"Now the Gospel has gripped him, and he is on fire for souls. He is not yet ready for a preaching appointment, but would be ideal for your school, and would no doubt, while ripening spiritually, teach for you as he has for the others very cheaply. Likely both he and Koo together would not cost you more than the single teacher that you hoped to get."

They sent down to the church guest-room, and called Tuk Kyungi, and he came up at once.

They liked him the moment that they saw him; tall, clean-cut, square built, with a square jaw, and eyes that looked you fearlessly in the eye. His face was that of a leader of men. His voice was deep, and had tremendous carrying power, and he clipped his words with a snap that inspired confidence.

A moment's conference settled financial matters, and he was ready to go at once.

Home again at Utmami, they reported their success, and preparations were made for a school building. They did not want to use the church building, as it was newly papered, and Korean schoolboys are notorious for the way in which they spill ink from their inkstones.

Down on the river bank was a long thatched shed used for storing boat supplies during the winter. It was seldom used of late years, so they put a floor in it and paper windows and a partition and all was ready.

At first only the Christian boys came, Chang's three sons, Sang Yooni, Sang Sooni and Sang Chuni, Kil Pong Suk, Hong Nami, Chin Pai, and a few others. Later, as the quality of the school was demonstrated, others came, including even a few non-Christian boys, who, however, did not stay non-Christian long in the militant atmosphere of that school. In all, about fifty were finally enrolled.

Gentle old Koo was a most fitting mate to iron-gripped Tuk Kyungi. Each unreservedly respected the other. Tuk Kyungi had a knowledge of the Classics, too, but nothing to compare with the comprehensive grasp that old Koo had. Tuk Kyungi's knowledge of the new learning seemed immeasurable to the older man.

Chin Pai had not expected to attend, as he was

now twenty years old, but Father Sung said that he must get at least a smattering of the new learning. He was a year older than any other boy in the school. The years had matured him, too, together with responsibility and the persecutions in connection, until he seemed more like a grown man than his years would indicate.

From the first he and Tuk Kyungi were like David and Jonathan in their friendship. Tuk Kyungi could teach him the new learning, but in Bible and spiritual attainment, Chin Pai was far his superior, so that there was a fair exchange.

Koreans usually go to bed soon after dark, and then rise at daylight, but these two boys often went off on long strolls in the evening, talking as they went of the strange things that Tuk Kyungi had seen in Shanghai or Vladivostock or Manchuria, or of the still more wonderful things that Chin Pai had found in his Bible study.

One night, as they were coming home from a stroll in the dark, and were crossing a high bridge on the main road near home, Chin Pai heard a baby cry. He looked all around, but could see no one, and there were no houses near. He jumped down beside the bridge, and there, partly in and partly out of the water, he found a baby entirely naked.

Chin Pai stripped off his coat, wrapped the baby in it, and together the boys started on a run for home. By torch-light they examined the child,

and found it terribly emaciated. As nothing could be done for him that night, they fed him a little, wrapped him warmly, and put him to sleep on the hottest place in the room on the heated floor.

In the morning, when he awakened, they were again shocked at his emaciation. He was almost too weak to make a sound, but just lay quietly, crying from time to time. Gradually in the following days they nursed him back to life. He seemed to be about two years old. They tried to find out whence he came, but, though after getting stronger, he was found to know a few words, he could tell them nothing. No one in the near-by villages had ever seen him.

At last one man said that he had seen a young boy, perhaps twelve years old, with a scrawny child on his back, go by on the main road at early dusk, and the supposition arrived at was that he was likely the older brother of the baby, that they were both homeless, and, after carrying the baby a long way, the older boy had either accidentally or purposely dropped the baby and run away. It seemed particularly strange, as infanticide is no more common in Chosen than it is in England or America.

At any rate no one ever came to claim the child.

In a few weeks, under good feeding and care, he was plump and well and playing around the village as though he had been born there. They called him "Chagun Nom," "Little Scamp." He

always called Chin Pai “Father,” and Father Sung “Grandpa.” Before many months the whole town came to take him for granted as the adopted son of the household.

Many of Chin Pai’s boy friends were already real fathers of children as old as Chagun Nom. Because of his little crippled wife, Chin Pai had given up the thought of ever having a son of his own. Now the Father had sent him one, and in a few months he became so precious that Chin Pai wondered how they had ever lived without him before.

The little fellow played around the yard, helped or hindered Sin-Ai at her work, as his mood suggested, demanded and got a “pickaback” from his “Grandma” or “Grandpa” whenever he wanted it. At night he would snuggle up to Chin Pai and sleep as only a tired small boy can sleep. It was just one more evidence of the Father’s love and care.

The school lessons went on day by day. Little by little the Sunday preaching passed into the hands of Chin Pai and Tuk Kyungi, although Father Sung or Chang usually presided, and every active Christian man in the congregation was expected to occasionally lead one of the Sunday evening or mid-week services, partly for his own soul’s good, and partly to make variety in the meetings. It was now three years since the first visit of The Pastor.

Soon after this The Pastor came again, and held Session examinations for new catechumens and for baptisms. The church law required that one be a church attendant at least six months before being admitted to the catechumenate and a year after that before being baptized, and the examinations in each case were very searching and severe. A single lapse into known sin was enough to force a man to wait an additional year for his baptism or to put him under suspension even after he had been admitted to the church.

When this second set of baptisms took place (the original six believers having been baptized the previous year), Father Sung and Chang were promoted to be "Yungsoos," or unordained "Elders," and Chin Pai, Oon Pang, Won Chooni and Tuk Kyungi were appointed Deacons. Hong and Yong of Utmami and Yi of Chiptu and two of the women were appointed "quenchals," or scouts, to go out and round up inquirers and bring them into the church.

As yet there was no separate church in the County Seat nor at Tokkol, so arrangements were made that two men were to go each Sunday to each of these places to hold meetings and give out leaflets.

Up until now, as is the custom in all of the Presbyterian churches of Chosen, the church had been paying towards the salary of the Helper on the circuit all that it felt that it could—about one-

fourth of the total. In recognition of its status as a better organized congregation, it now took a step forward and agreed to assume one-half of the Helper's support. Since they could not take the full support, Helper Pak would continue to give a large part of his time to other churches and, in his absence, the Yungsoos would have to do or cause to be done the work of the local church.

The County Seat was one of the hardest places of all in which to preach, especially on market day, for the pedlars there followed the Christians around and guyed them so that, at times, they could not do a thing. Still, men were assigned by lot to attend every market each fifth day, and do everything that they could to spread the Good News to those who came to the market-place.

XI

SORROW

SHORTLY after this, Chin Pai met the first great sorrow of his life in the death of his mother.

She was a little colourless woman anyway, so quiet and unobtrusive that one scarcely ever realized that she was around. Koreans are never demonstrative in showing their affections. Since he was a baby, she had seldom petted him or shown any sign of affection, except that which showed in her eyes sometimes when she looked at him preaching from her place on the women's side of the dividing curtain at the church.

She had never seemed prominent, yet was always doing the necessary thing, and not making any fuss about it. She was taken with a pain in her side, and lay on the floor in her room for parts of two days. She was so quiet that no one thought her very ill. Suddenly she passed away.

For a while Chin Pai was just stunned. Then the realization of his loss came, and he cried as though he would die of grief.

Koreans consider it the proper thing to show grief at a mother's funeral, so the whole town

spoke approvingly of Chin Pai's evident love for his mother. Of course, Father Sung was not expected to show grief, as she was only his wife. One can get a new wife. He cannot get a new mother.

To the surprise of all, Sung made no secret of the fact that he, too, was sincerely mourning, and, in answering to friends who tried to comfort him by saying that it would be all right as he could get another wife in a few days, he said that he would never marry again. The whole town shook their heads at the queerness of these Jesus Doctrine people.

Little Sin-Ai, Faith-Love, was Chin Pai's greatest comforter at this time. She, too, had reason to mourn. Mothers-in-law in Chosen are proverbially tyrants, ruling their daughters-in-law with a rod of iron, but this mother-in-law had not only forgiven the cruel disappointment of Chin Pai's wedding day, but she had been both real mother and elder sister to the little cripple. No one could take her place.

Chin Pai's maternal uncle from Nopheun Yaool came to help in the funeral arrangements and, being a masterful sort of man, he took things pretty much in his own hands. He was not a Christian.

The first thing that he did, unknown to Chin Pai, was to make and paste up the little ancestral tablet of paper that is used the first few months while a suitable tree for making the permanent tab-

let is being sought. Later he got a burial plank, a piece of wood four inches thick, fifteen inches wide and six feet long, and bought bolts of winding cloth to wrap the body tightly on the board.

Chin Pai came in as these arrangements were being made and said, "Uncle, I want to place the body in a coffin such as they are beginning to use in Seoul instead of on the board. It seems to me that that custom is nicer and prettier." The uncle growled a little at changing, but, after a time, consented.

The messenger who had been sent by the uncle to market to buy Chin Pai's mourning clothes returned as they were talking, bringing, in addition to the sackcloth, the big mourner's hat with scalloped edges and the little screen to hold in front of his face. Chin Pai accepted the sackcloth and passed it over to the women to be made into a suit, but he refused absolutely to wear the hat or to use the screen.

His uncle asked why that was.

"Because it would be acting a lie," said Chin Pai. "That hat and screen before the face mean that the mourner considers himself a murderer, and announces that it is because of his sins that his mother has died. I did not kill my mother. I taught her about Jesus, and helped to make her alive to eternal life. She is not dead anyway. She is alive in Gloryland, and I am going to meet her again. I will not wear the hat and screen."

“Well! of all the unfilial offspring!” said his uncle. “I suppose that the next thing will be your refusal to bow to your mother’s tablet that I have put up over there.”

Chin Pai had not seen it before. He quietly walked across the room, ripped it off the wall, tore it into bits and scattered the fragments into the fireplace. Then he answered, “My mother’s God, and my God, says that man shall bow to none but Him, whether of the things in the heavens, angels; or the things on the earth, men living or dead; or things under the earth, devils.”

His uncle began to swear and revile him, and the neighbours came running to see what was the matter. Most of the neighbours sided with the uncle, who presently, having used all of the vituperation at his command, washed his hands of the whole household for all time to come and departed.

The neighbours, who had so lately been praising Chin Pai for his filial piety, pronounced him a degenerate and renounced all dealings with him. Even the women who were helping make his mourning suit, several of them threw down their work and left, but their places were taken by some of the older Christian women, and the work went on to completion.

At funerals, as at weddings, it is the custom for the whole village to contribute to the expenses. The whole town usually attends, and the funeral

feast lasts from one to eleven days, according to the wealth of the household. Only the older Christians contributed to this funeral, and barely a handful of the people attended. Even some of the newer Christians said that they were going to renounce Christ because they would not associate with such a person as Chin Pai.

They said that it was all right for the older men to burn or bury their tablets of long standing, but for a son not even to set up the first year's tablet to his own mother was the act of a monster, and they would have nothing to do with him. A persecution equal to that of four years before seemed impending. Chin Pai kept right on, praying much, but standing firm.

They made a rude coffin of pine boards, and dressed the little mother in her best dress, and laid her in her "windowless palace of rest." Every one commented on how much nicer it seemed than to have the body bound to a board as tightly as two strong men could bind it.

Usually at funerals, unlimited beer is furnished both at the house and at the grave site, the grave being dug after the arrival of the party there, to the accompaniment of much drinking and chanting. They dig down about four feet a hole six feet in diameter, and then half a dozen men get into the hole and stamp down the ground, chanting all the while a drinking song or incantation to keep the devils away.

Chin Pai and Tuk Kyungi slipped away in the darkness the night before, and dug the grave in advance. In the morning there was a quiet service at the house, at which Chang presided.

As the sun rose, the little procession filed out singing, "Jerusalem, My Happy Home." None but Christians had come. Singing they came to the grave site to find it all prepared. The coffin was lowered without confusion. Chang read the burial service from the Book of Forms, and, after prayer and the Doxology, they came away.

The town had refused to attend the funeral, but most of them had watched it from the distance, and, as they heard the joyous songs, and saw the beauty and decorum of it all, they said among themselves, "These Jesus Doctrine people are certainly queer people,—no beer, no smoking, quiet and peaceable, and yet immovable when asked to do something that they do not believe is right. Can it be that they have something that we do not have?"

The next Sunday there were a half dozen new faces in the church, and most of those men who said that they were going to apostatize were there too, looking a little sheepish, but ready for worship. The threatened persecution did not come off, and, not only so, but almost a revival sprang up among those who had been loudest in condemning Chin Pai.

Among those who came was Old Moon. The

whole church was amazed when he walked in the second Sunday after the funeral. For a moment they feared that he had come to make trouble, but he sat quietly and respectfully through the service.

That afternoon he came over to Chin Pai's house, and, when they were alone, he came out bluntly with the question, "Boy, I've come over to ask what you meant by saying that you are going to meet your mother again. You know that my two children were both girls, and I almost worshipped them. They were almost the only things that I have ever in my life cared for intensely.

"One of them died six years ago, and the other last summer, as you know. When this last one died, I cursed the Blue Sky Spirit, and your 'Hananim,' and all other spirits, and I have blasphemed them all ever since. But, oh! I do get so hungry to see my babies again, and I want to know what you meant that day."

Chin Pai opened his Bible and read, "In My Father's house are many mansions. I am the Resurrection and the Life. I saw an innumerable host —— I saw the new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven. Whosoever believeth, *hath* everlasting life."

He did not look at the old man as he read, but he put his soul into the reading. When he finished, he looked up and saw that the man had his hands over his face and was crying.

"Oh, boy!" he said. "I have blasphemed your 'Hananim' and persecuted His followers for years. Would there be any chance of His hearing me now?"

Chin Pai read on, "He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

"Yes, yes!" said Moon, "but I have hated and opposed Him."

"God commendeth His love to us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died."

"I will believe," said the old man. "Pray for me," and they went down on their faces and prayed.

That night Moon stood up in the church and confessed his sins. The whole countryside was electrified. "Old Moon of Utmami a Christian! Why, he would rather fight than eat, and hated Christians worse than poison!" Many thought that it must be all a joke, and they came to church to see with their own eyes.

The next week the old man brought his wife also. "The last time my wife tried to come to church I pounded her with a 'mokchim' (wooden pillow)," he said, "but, praise Him! She is alive yet, and I can make it up to her by bringing her into the kingdom."

They sent the old man with Chin Pai to preach in the County Seat Sundays. As luck would have it, the first trip came on a market day, and the pedlars swarmed around them to annoy them.

Chin Pai, knowing from past experience how difficult it was to do anything against their guying, was of a mind to quit, but not so Old Moon. Obstacles were things to be overcome to him, and opposition always found him at his best when fighting for the fun of it, or fighting for his Lord.

He faced their tormentors, and began to talk. They guyed him for a few moments, and then the passionate earnestness of the old man began to get hold of them, and they listened to what he was saying. The grins died out of their faces. Some slunk away, but the majority stayed and heard him out.

When he finished he invited the crowd around to his brother's house on a back street, and, to Chin Pai's amazement, a number of prominent men of the town, some of whom had annoyed them exceedingly before, followed them. That was the beginning of the County Seat church.

Moon got his brother to promise the use of his house for meetings, and for many months, rain or shine, every Sunday the old man was there. The distractions of the market-place were disconcerting, and it was hard to make headway against them, but a little handful stayed and kept alive the Name.

Another surprise of this revival was the conversion of Won Chooni's father, Old No. None had known of it, but for a long time the old gentleman had been agonizing to God for strength to over-

come his passion for drink. He won out at this time, and came out confessing his sins. His shining face was proof of the reality of his conversion.

Two more women of Baron Kim's household believed and began to attend, and he did not forbid it.

One sad thing came at this time. Moon Pang Taiki, the ferryman whose boat was on the river in front of the town, had been greatly worried over the keeping of the Sabbath. He asked The Pastor what he should do, as he could not refuse to run his boat on Sunday. The Pastor suggested that although he ran it on Sunday, on that day he set up in the boat a church flag, and, instead of taking ferry money that day, he give to each passer-by a Christian leaflet and a word of exhortation.

He did this for a while, but the losing of money was too much for him. He dropped off in his attendance at church. Then suddenly he opened a beer shop on the far side of the river where his ferry-boat was tied. They plead with him, but he had made his choice. There was nothing to do for the time at least but to recognize that he had elected to make a shipwreck of his life.

XII

THE FIELD DAY

THE year that Chin Pai was twenty-one a new magistrate came to the county, a man of advanced ideas, especially along school lines. He immediately began to encourage schools of every sort. In some places he diverted a part of the market taxes to their support. In some cases river taxes were taken, or the revenue from Government lands.

In all, sixteen schools of one sort or another were established, but of course the magistrate's pet school was that of the County Seat. That school was uniformed, and an effort made to make it a model for all of the others. The Utmami school was the only one that did not get some public funds.

After the schools were well started, the magistrate announced that at a certain time in the spring a Field Day would be held at the County Seat at which he would preside, and prizes would be given for archery, wrestling, and literary events.

Immediately education took on a new glamour. Every one was talking schools.

The Homooni school had been very weakly supported up until this time, but, as the news got out that the Utmami boys were going in for the prizes, the school took a boom, and, in addition to the day school for little boys, a night school for young men was opened.

Among the night-school pupils, who numbered in all about twenty, Hong Pong Sami was the leading spirit. He was a born leader, but unfortunately his leading was mostly in the line of deviltry. He was twenty-four years old, tall, athletic and strong. His father had been the village inn-keeper, and, therefore, the saloon-keeper, but had died a few years before. Pong Sami and his mother were carrying on the saloon still, making it more and more the social center of the town for all the young men.

Kim Tai Suni was Pong Sami's nearest satellite. He was twenty-two years old, and of a good family, but he was not a very valuable member of society, his main aspirations being to get all possible liquor, avoid all possible work, and imitate Pong Sami in everything.

There were many sinister rumours abroad about this band of young men, of hold-ups and the like, but they were always repeated with bated breath, because Pong Sami was afraid of nothing, and it was believed that he would stop at nothing if he were stirred up against any one.

The progress of these young men in the arts

and sciences in the night school was not such as to stir a teacher to enthusiasm, but the athletic end of it left nothing to be desired.

All winter long they practised with the bow and arrows. They worked daily at the wrestling. Hearing that the Utmami boys especially excelled in the latter, they sent to Seoul and hired a teacher of wrestling who showed them many tricks that hardly came within the domain of honest sport.

Meanwhile the Utmami boys were working too. Old Herald Koo taught his "Heaven character, sounded 'chun'; earth character, sounded 'chi'; man character, sounded 'in'; father character, sounded 'poo,'" with a new enthusiasm.

The athletic training of the boys, except in archery, fell to Tuk Kyungi.

In archery, no better teacher could have been found than Herald Koo. He belonged to an older generation when archery was an art, and he had shot with honour among the picked young men of the King's Court in other days. He could not have explained the mathematics of those long, lazy curves that his arrows took, but somehow they seemed always to hit. He almost seemed to grow young again as he showed the boys how to hold their bows, and how to release the arrow and get the last ounce of power out of the cord.

For the wrestling, Tuk Kyungi selected Chin Pai and nine others of the largest boys only.

The first day he lined them all up, and gave

them a talk. "Boys," he said, "I am going to begin to-day to teach you one of the oldest sports of Chosen. In days gone by, great wrestlers have ranked with great generals. It is one of the noblest of sports if rightly and fairly played, but of late years a lot of foul tricks have been coming into use in connection with it, and people do not care for it as they used to because of that.

"I know many of the tricks that would help you to win by playing foul, but I will not teach them to you. I had rather see you beaten than win by playing foul. No matter what the other man does, we, as Christian boys, must play the game and play it absolutely on the square."

That was the watchword of all those months of preparation.

Chin Pai used to come home from school sometimes with sore spots all over him and aching muscles. Tuk Kyungi seemed to have no mercy on them. For a solid hour every day he drove them, each winner being forced to compete again and again without intermediate rest, or time to care for bumps.

Sometimes the boys got so exhausted that they would fall in a heap, neither having the breath left to tip the other over, but always it was, "Up and at them. Endurance is the thing that counts in wrestling."

At night there were no more frolics. "Early

to bed, and long sleep," was the order, and it was obeyed.

Little by little, among the boys, Chin Pai began to stand out. The Spartan training that Father Sung had given him in the furrow and under the "jickie" (back saddle) was showing its value.

As it became evident, Tuk Kyungi particularly concentrated on him. Every day, after all of the other contests were over, he hurled every man of the nine at him in quick succession.

At first Chin Pai could not care for more than two or three of them without getting winded, but, little by little, he mastered the trick. Every time he threw a man he dropped flat on his back and relaxed every muscle for just a second, breathing deeply and long. A mere second of this relaxation, when he had learned how to do it, was enough to put him in trim for the next man.

For the archery, Chin Pai did not prepare, as Hong Nami, Soon Ili and Na Hyuni seemed to have a special knack for it, but for the tug-of-war he trained.

As some of the schools of the county were small, this contest was to be limited to ten men on a side, and play for the prize by elimination.

Chin Pai was made end man and Captain. As end man, he had the rope tied around his waist, and, as Captain, he gave the signals. Tuk Kyungi tried various ways to make them pull together. At last he made them sing, "Onward, Christian

Soldiers," at first aloud, then in whispers, and then finally he ordered them to carry the tune in their minds after Chin Pai had sung the first bar. By this, they saved precious breath. It was wonderful to see the line stiffen to the rhythm of it.

At evening the fathers would come out upon the green to watch them. One night, when the signals had been perfected, the team challenged the fathers to a pull, and, to the amazement of the fathers, and the amusement of the spectators, they pulled them over the line in a heap.

The great day arrived.

A big field on the bank of the river just outside of the County Seat was prepared, and a small stand erected for the magistrate, where he could sit and overlook all of the field. The magistracy runners and jailers were detailed for police duty, and marked with large badges.

By ten o'clock it seemed as though the entire population of the county was gathered there, so dense was the crowd. Each school was assembled apart under its school banner, the County Seat boys near the stand resplendent in their uniforms. As to numbers, the three largest were the County Seat, Homooni and Utmami in that order.

There was much shouting and directing, as there always is in a Korean crowd.

A big gong at the magistrate's stand was rung, and it was announced that from ten to eleven the Archery Contest would be held for any one desir-

ing to compete, two targets being set up at 120 and 150 yards respectively, so that the smaller boys could compete. At eleven a gong would be sounded, and the winners at that time would compete in the finals with but one shot apiece.

After that would be a relay race, and recess for dinner. From one to two o'clock would be contests for little children, and then the tug-of-war, and finally the wrestling.

The targets were set up, eight feet wide by ten high. Equally spaced down the front in the center were four Chinese characters. The second character from the top was like a circle about a foot in diameter, and the aim was to hit that. The character below it counted second best, and the one above it third.

Usually in contests, any number of shots are given, and contests last all day, but, as the time was limited here, all who failed on the first shot to even hit the target were dropped.

Gradually the contest narrowed down to six boys, two from the County Seat, Kim Tai Suni of Homooni, and the three Utmami boys, Soon Ili, Hong Nami and Na Hyuni. Several of the Homooni boys, who had confidently counted on being in on the finals, were swearing and acting in a very unsportsmanlike manner over where their school banner was.

Especially were they angry at the Utmami boys. Every shot by Tai Suni or a County Seat boy

was wildly applauded. When the Utmami boys tried to shoot, there were yells and jibes and all sorts of efforts made to disconcert them and shake their aim. They especially concentrated upon Na Hyuni, who was a little fellow, so short that his bow barely escaped the ground.

Lots were cast for the final shots. A County Seat boy led, followed by Soon Ili, then a second County Seat boy followed by Hong Nami, and lastly Tai Suni followed by Na Hyuni.

The first County Seat boy stepped to the mound and shot somewhat hastily, and, because of his over-eagerness, he shot high, and hit the top character. Still it was a good shot, and well applauded.

Soon Ili shot, but did not allow for the wind, so that his arrow struck to one side and was thrown out. The second County Seat boy, seeing Soon Ili's mistake, and fearful of repeating it, allowed too much for the wind, and hit on the other side of the line, and was thrown out also.

Hong Nami, who was by far the best of the Utmami boys usually, then came up. The Homooni men shouted and did all that they could to confuse him. He took careful aim, but just as he was about to release his arrow he was disconcerted by a flash of light from a shiny bit of brass held in the hands of a boy on the hill almost behind the target. Flustered as he was by the crowd, it was too much. He tried to hold his arrow, but it

slipped from the string, flew a few feet, and fell to the ground. A roar went up from the crowd. He looked carefully, and saw that it was a Homooni boy that had held the brass.

He turned to protest, but in an instant Tuk Kyungi was beside him. "What was it?" he asked.

Hong Nami pointed out the boy and told what had happened.

"Never mind, Hong Nami," said Tuk Kyungi. "It was a mean trick, and hard luck for us, but it is not sportsmanlike to protest. Play the game fairly, no matter what the other man does. We have one shot left, and we may beat them yet."

The next shot was Tai Suni's.

He came to the mound evidently badly flustered. He took a long time getting ready to shoot, but all was still.

At last his bow sung, and the arrow was off, speeding through the air, and landing fairly on the third character from the top, the second best possible shot, beating the County Seat boy, and so far winning the match.

The Homooni boys went wild with delight.

As Na Hyuni came to the mound he looked so little and insignificant that the Homooni boys mocked and laughed in derision. They asked him whose bow he was carrying, where his mama was, how he got so far from home, and other things like that.

Even the officials of the contests, seeing his small size, and taking pity on him, tried to get him to shoot at the nearer target, but he refused, and took his place where the others had shot.

He was terribly nervous, but carried himself like a veteran. He selected an arrow and fitted it to his string as unconcernedly as though he were shooting with old Teacher Koo in front of the school at home. They tried every noise possible to shake his aim, but, except that his lips were silently moving, perhaps in prayer to the God who loves fair play, he made no sign that he heard.

At last his bow snapped, and up went the arrow, slowly, lazily. It did not look as if it would go half-way. The crowd was breathless with suspense. On it went with that deceptive, lazy motion, and then down, down, and hit squarely in the center of the circle, a perfect shot.

With one swoop of his arms, Old Koo gathered the little fellow to him and hugged him, bow and all, and then he was passed around among the boys and petted.

The next contest was called a "relay race," and was a novelty introduced by the magistrate. A square course was laid out, and four boys from each school made a team, each boy in turn to run one side of the square, sit down and write ten difficult Chinese characters of which the names only were given, and hand the slate to his next man.

Being a novelty, this did not take very well in this land of precedent. It was won by a County Seat boy.

After that was a similar race where mathematical problems were substituted for the Chinese characters. This was won by the boys of the Nophun Yaool school at the other end of the county.

For the sake of the boys who wanted to be in the tug-of-war and wrestling also, the order of the afternoon was changed and the tug-of-war announced to come first.

The tug-of-war as practised in Chosen is more popular than in most lands. It is practised everywhere. Sometimes whole villages compete with other villages, using for a rope a great cable so large that it cannot be gripped by the hand, and little rope tails have to be worked into it to hold by. Often all of the men pull against all of the women and the children. Contests of this magnitude often last for hours before one side decisively wins.

In this contest but ten men on a side were to be allowed to enter, and when they assembled again after dinner, they found that there were but four teams entered, the County Seat, Nophun Yaool, Homooni and Utmami. Two pulls out of three were required for victory.

Drawing opponents by lot, the Homooni team got the Nophun Yaool team, whom they beat

easily. The Utmami boys also beat the County Seat team, though with difficulty.

Then they were ready for the finals.

Any casual observer, comparing the Homooni and Utmami teams, would have said that the Utmami boys did not have a chance, for every man on the Homooni team was from the night school, while not a man on the Utmami team was over twenty-one years old.

However, they set the battle in array.

As he tied the rope around his waist, Chin Pai was softly whistling their battle song, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," in order to fix it in their minds. He could see the boys' muscles tighten and loosen to the rhythm of it.

At the first pull, the extra weight of the Homooni men almost won in a jerk. The middle knot went two feet over the line. Then it held, and held, and then gradually crawled back as the Utmami boys swung to their battle song. The Homooni men fought desperately, but they were taken by surprise. They had not expected such opposition. Suddenly they began to slip and slip, and then over the line they came with one pull lost.

The crowd, taking their cue from the treatment that the Homooni men had accorded others in the Archery Contest, drove them to desperation by their jeers, so that they won the second pull.

Before the third pull several of them slipped

over to the booths and got glasses of liquor. Chin Pai called his boys together, and once again emphasized the necessity of the calm, steady, united pull.

As they settled for the last pull, it was evident that there was dissension in the ranks of the Homooni men. Each was accusing the other of not pulling his share. Chin Pai called his men's attention to it, and it gave them courage.

At the first jerk, again the knot went over the line, and it seemed that it would never come back, but gradually it came, inch by inch. Once or twice the Homooni men got it again, but at last their liquor-soaked muscles began to tire, and the steady pull did the work. All at once they came over the line pell-mell, mad clear through, but unable to help themselves. The victory was complete.

Contests for little children took the next hour. Among these were high swinging on ropes, bouncing on the "teeter boards," and shuttle-cock.

At three o'clock the gong sounded for the greatest event of the day, the wrestling.

Wrestling in Chosen is not like that of other lands. Two cloth rings, as thick as a man's wrist and a foot in diameter, are made. Each contestant slips one of these over his left leg, bringing it closely up against his thigh. The contestants kneel, facing one another, and each runs his right arm from underneath through the ring on his op-

ponent's leg. It gives a tremendous, almost unbreakable, hold.

After each contestant says, "Ready!" at a given signal, they rise together. In nine cases out of ten, one or the other is thrown upon the instant, the stronger man usually lifting the other bodily off the ground.

When one contestant has been thrown, the winner must at once take on another, and then another, without pause or rest. Often after throwing five or six strong men, the wrestler comes exhausted to the next man, some puny little fellow that he could usually handle with ease, and is himself thrown. It does not look fair, but it is the custom.

The magistrate announced that for this day, since so many wanted to compete and the time was so short, that he was going to ask eight men to come out and act as challengers. Each challenger who was able to throw five men would be allowed in the finals.

Pong Sami, Tai Suni, Chin Pai, two County Seat boys and three others came forward as challengers, and the contests began, eight going on simultaneously in various parts of the field.

From the beginning it was evident that there was an organized effort to put Utmami out of the running, and to save Pong Sami and Tai Suni for the finals. Chin Pai's opponents were nearly all big men, most of them from Homooni. By some

good fortune, both Pong Sami and Tai Suni got only young boys whom it took little strength to throw. After the third exchange of opponents it became so evident that the crowd began to mock them for robbing cradles to get opponents, and perforce they had to take on some one more worthy.

Pong Suki, Utmami's second best man, coming to Pong Sami as his fifth man, almost upset all of their calculations when he barely failed of a clean throw. Only Pong Sami's weight saved him.

One or two of the challengers went down to defeat, but their places were taken by others who made good, so that at last they stood, eight men, each with a record of five clean throws.

The eight were divided by lot into four pairs, the winners to be again matched, and the last two men to try for the prize.

By the first lot, Chin Pai got a big Nophun Yaool boy, whom he threw. Pong Sami and Tai Suni also threw their opponents, and one County Seat boy was left standing.

On the next lot, Chin Pai faced Tai Suni.

Before they came together, he saw some communication pass between Pong Sami and Tai Suni. Pong Sami seemed to be giving an order. Chin Pai had a foreboding that some trick was going to be played, but went about the trial as before. As they rose from their knees, Tai Suni suddenly

loosed his left hand and struck him a terrible blow on the side just below the shoulder blade.

The pain of it almost sickened him, and for a second his senses reeled. His whole arm got numb. Then habit reasserted itself just in time to escape a throw.

For a moment he barely held his own, and then, realizing that a foul blow had been struck on purpose, and remembering the trick played on Hong Nami in the Archery Contest, his blood got hot. Putting forth every ounce of his strength, he heaved Tai Suni from his feet and hurled him to the ground, where he lay still, half insensible.

Chin Pai dropped flat on his back in his old position, and, as the attendants ministered to Tai Suni, he gained a few precious seconds. Little by little, the strength and feeling came back into his arm.

Pong Sami, evidently knowing what had happened, was already in position calling for the final contest.

As Chin Pai faced him, his heart sank. Pong Sami was taller and broader than he, and his shoulders told of tremendous power. Worst of all, his face was white with hate, and a determination to win at any cost.

Chin Pai was frankly afraid, but he remembered what Tuk Kyungi had said, "Play the game, win or lose, but play it fair and square," and he set himself for the contest.

A deathly stillness came over the crowd. They got their hold, and then suddenly were on their feet in a paroxysm of effort. On the first turn Chin Pai nearly went over, but recovered and reciprocated.

Other contests had closed in one or two turns, but here was a battle of past masters. Twist, leap, dodge, turn,—neither could get an advantage. Breath came in gasps. Things got black before their eyes.

At last they came to a stop, locked in one another's arms, firm on their feet, but unable to exert any more power because of acute exhaustion.

As they stood there just an instant, Chin Pai felt Pong Sami's hand creeping up towards the place where Tai Suni had struck him, and he realized that it meant another foul effort. The unfairness of it made him "see red" for a second, and with a mighty effort, he lifted Pong Sami free of the ground, and fell over him, winner of the match.

A yell of rage went up from the Homooni school. Some one hurled a stone from that direction at Chin Pai.

Quick as a flash, the magistrate leaped from his stand and faced in the direction from which the stone had come. "Stop that," he thundered. "The next man that throws a stone I will have paddled half to death. I will not have this day

marred by any such actions. I have been watching you Homooni men all day, and have seen a great deal more than you think of what has been going on. Let me see one more bit of it, and I will call you to account."

His only answer was in the form of sullen scowls. Presently the whole Homooni delegation rose and, without waiting for the distribution of the prizes, started for home.

One by one the magistrate gave out the prizes. At last he came to the silken banner to be given to the school that captured the greatest total of events.

He held this up, and said, "I am keenly disappointed that my County Seat school did not capture this banner. We felt sure that it would. I am amazed that this one Christian school should have surpassed all of the other fifteen schools of the county. One cannot help but think that something out of the ordinary brought about this result—their God had a good deal to do with it.

"We here in the County Seat had promised the spirits of the shrines here that we would rebuild the shrines if we won. Evidently the God of the Christians is greater than they. I feel sure that their cleanness from all taint of tobacco and liquor and other things forbidden by their belief has been a big factor.

"Up till now I have had little thought about Christianity, but henceforth I intend to study it,

and find out what its teachings are, and I advise you to do the same.

"And now I ask you to give three 'Manseis' ('thousand year' cheers) for this Utmami school which has so fairly and honestly won this prize." They were given with a will.

Chin Pai suddenly had an inspiration. Springing upon a bench, he called out, "And three 'Manseis' for our good magistrate for his fair dealing always!" They were given.

"And now three more for our beloved Emperor!" Young and old joined in this last, and the crowd broke up.

Every one was talking about the Christians, and the magistrate's advice concerning them, and saying, "Surely there must be something in it all."

As the Utmami boys walked home, Tuk Kyungi and the fathers walked apart. They, too, felt happy over the victory, but were anxious over the attitude of the Homooni men. That town had always been more or less at enmity with them. Would the old feud be renewed?

XIII

THE STONE FIGHT

THEY did not have long to wait for their answer. Hardly had they gotten home before a messenger came over the mountain with a letter to the village Headman.

It read as follows:

"To the Utmami Townspeople:

"We, the men of the Village of Homooni, do hereby challenge you to a stone fight on the top of the mountain between our towns. All down the years, your town has persistently made trouble for us, but for several years now we have borne your insults in quiet. After to-day's events we will endure no longer.

"At ten o'clock to-morrow morning, we will meet you on the old battle ground.

"For the four men who in padded armour with clubs will lead the van for us, we have chosen Pong Sami, Tai Suni, and two others of the men whom you have so deeply wronged to-day.

"We ask you to put in armour Chin Pai, Tuk Kyungi, and any other two of to-day's contestants.

"Your God may have been powerful enough under the unfair decisions of the magistrate to give you the victory to-day. Let us see what He can do to-morrow on the mountain top.

“You place your faith in the Jesus spirit. We know no god but the dragon under this mountain, the spirit that our fathers always served. Let us see which will win.

(Signed)

“THE MEN OF HOMOONI.”

The old Headman called a meeting of the leaders of the church at once and laid the matter before them.

Immediately Chin Pai answered for them, “We are sorry, but we cannot accept that challenge nor fight.”

“Cannot fight!” said the Headman. “What sort of talk is that? We must fight. There is no other custom when one is challenged.”

“No!” said Chin Pai. “We cannot fight for two different reasons, first, to-morrow is our Christian Sabbath, sacred to God, and second, because we are Christians, and Christians must not disgrace their Lord by fighting. Nearly every year in these stone fights men are killed. Our Lord has taught us that we must do no murder.

“If we went into a stone fight, and one of the Homooni men was killed, every man of us Christians would be a murderer in the sight of Jesus, and it is written that no deliberate murderer can enter the Kingdom of God.”

“But,” objected the Headman, “the little company of Utmami folks who are not Christian cannot meet them alone. Surely you will not desert

your neighbours like this, especially when you yourselves are responsible for the challenge. I, too, do not want to fight, but there is no way of escaping it without becoming the laughing stocks of the whole county.

"As for anybody being killed in a stone fight, the Government never takes any cognizance of that even if it be an innocent bystander, for every one knows how dangerous it all is, and, if any one goes near it, he does so at his own risk.

"Killing in a stone fight is not like killing elsewhere. No moral element attaches to it since no one can know in advance who is likely to be hit.

"And besides, people are not killed every year, and, even if they are, their whole town turns out, and gives them such a grand funeral that some people would almost rather die that way than a natural death."

"Yes, we know all that," said Chin Pai. "Before we became Christians, we, too, thought like that, but now it is different. God is everywhere. He is here in this room, and knows what we are talking about. He has ruled that we must do no murder, that we must love our enemies, and must submit to any indignity rather than dishonour Him.

"Our fathers fought in many a stone fight, and gave back blow for blow, proving their courage. We have stood up against persecution enough since we began to believe to prove ours, but a new

era has opened in our lives now, and we dare not fight, not because we fear the Homooni men, but because we fear to disobey God."

"But," persisted the Headman, "if not to-morrow, it being Sunday, could not you say some other day soon?"

"No! we never intend to fight, so it would be only acting a lie to postpone it."

"Still it would be no lie to say that a number of men are away from town now, so that it must be postponed. Perhaps if we postpone it, they may get over wanting it, or you may be willing later to share in it."

"No! the answer must be the whole truth if we are to share in it."

"Well, then," said the Headman, "if that is your answer, you must write it yourselves. It has been disgusting enough all these years to have a lot of psalm singing Jesus Doctrine rascals in town spoiling all of the old revels without having this disgrace brought upon us. I will not write the letter."

"Very well," said Chin Pai. "We will write it, and simply send it to you to be forwarded."

After prayer, the letter was written, and was as follows:

"To the Men of Homooni:

"Peace be with you! Our Headman has just brought to us at our church meeting your challenge to a stone fight to-morrow. We regret

very much that we must reply that we cannot accept.

“Nearly all of Utmami is Christian now. Tomorrow is our Christian Sabbath. We must not desecrate it.

“However, even though it were not our holy day, we could not meet you, for it is against the central teaching of our religion which says that we must love all men.

“If we have wronged you in any way, it has been unintentional, and, if you will let us know what it was, we will make all proper reparation in our power.

“We are sorry that anything may even have seemed to be wrong, and ask you to forgive us.

(Signed)

“ELDERS OF THE UTMAMI CHURCH.

“Letter forwarded by the Headman.”

Within an hour, the messenger was back with the answer showing that he had not come from Homooni Town itself, but that likely the young men, who had been at the Field Day Exercises, had stopped somewhere near, and were sending the messages.

The reply read as follows:

“To the Utmami Jesus Doctrine Rascals!

“We knew that you were cowards, and that you dare not stand up like men in a fair fight. Your town always was full of cowards and weaklings, and never did accomplish anything except as it hung to the apron strings of the magistrate.

“We know that your God is nothing at all, and

your religion all a lie that takes out of your blood what little iron there ever was, and makes you into a lot of snivelling old women.

"Be it known to you that we will be on the old battle ground at ten o'clock to-morrow, and, if you do not come up, we will go down into your town, and tear down your houses, and drive you out of the county.

(Signed)

"THE MEN OF HOMOONI."

Once again the Headman and other leading non-Christians of the town came, and plead with them to fight just this once. They said that if the Christians were afraid they would lead the battle, and let the Christians keep to the rear. "Only do not bring this disgrace upon us," they pleaded.

Chin Pai answered, "No! It is not a question of fear of men. It is a matter of fear of God. As for their threat that they will come down into the town if we do not go up, that is nonsense, for there is no such custom. If they did that, and any harm came to any one, the law would treat them as brigands."

The men withdrew, and the Christians gave themselves to prayer, first unitedly, and later alone in their homes.

Chin Pai, especially feeling the burden of it perhaps more than the others because the hatred of the men had centered more largely about him, prayed nearly all night long. In the early hours of the morning he attained to peace. The Lord

seemed to come very near to him, and with the assurance that He was guiding in it all, he fell asleep.

Over in a near-by village, the young men of Homooni spent the night in carousing.

The next day opened bright and clear.

Early in the morning word was circulated that men were gathering on the mountain top. From far and near men of other villages came for the "sight-see." The Christians ignored it all.

A little before ten the church bell rang, and the Christians, hymn-book and Bible in hand, gathered for worship.

The village was in Sabbath quiet, but there was a tense feeling in the air. Great prayer was going up from the hearts of the Christians that they might be carried through this another trial in safety.

Up on the mountains the Homooni men awaited their coming.

The non-Christian boys of the town reported that it was, as they had suspected the night before, just the Field Day delegation of young men who had issued the challenge, and not the whole town of Homooni.

The service in the church went on as usual, first the Sunday school at which the entire church, old and young, attended as they do in all the churches all over Chosen. Then came the preaching service.

Chin Pai was preaching that day.

Up on the hills the crowd began to melt away, complaining of the false alarm, and reviling the Christians for cowardice. At last only the challengers were left on the hill.

It was nearly twelve, and the service was drawing to a close when suddenly stones began to rain against the doors and windows of the church. Some came into the windows, and flew skipping across to the pulpit. The people retreated to the corners of the room, and huddled there.

Outside there rose shouts of drunken laughter.

The two doors were shattered. Outside voices clamoured for the Christians to come out and fight.

Suddenly Chagun Nom, "Little Scamp," Chin Pai's baby, frightened at the tumult, ran to the broken door, got through, and started across the village homewards to his usual refuge in Sin-Ai's room.

A yell greeted his appearance. Then they heard Pong Sami's voice calling, "See me kill the Jesus Doctrine offspring."

A stone flew down the hillside from the direction from which the voice came. Several voices shouted warning, but it was too late. The stone caught the little fellow on the side of the body, and he fell as though he had been shot. There was a sound of running feet as the attacking party scattered, and then all was still.

Before even the stone was thrown, as Chagun Nom passed the door, Chin Pai leaped to follow him, but it was a long way from the pulpit, and, before he could reach him, the blow had fallen.

Chin Pai gathered up the little crumpled body, and carried him home, but it was evident to all that the little fellow was terribly injured, and that he would likely be most terribly crippled for life, even if he did not die, which seemed more probable.

Chin Pai sat in the room beside him after his hurts were dressed, dazed and almost stunned by the suddenness of the blow. He could not realize that this was Chagun Nom, his baby, whom he loved as though he were his own flesh.

Once or twice a wave of anger swept over him, and he felt like starting over the mountain to confront the murderer, and rend him with his bare hands. Each time the Presence, that had been with him in the long night of prayer before, stood by, and restrained him.

At last the tears came, and he found that he could pray. "God forgive them," he prayed, "for they did not know what they were doing. It was the liquor in them that did the crime. God forgive the men of Homooni for Jesus' sake."

Towards evening, one of the old men of Homooni Town came over the mountain. He was a good man, conspicuously so for Homooni. He

strolled casually over to the Headman's house. After greetings, he sat down, and beat about the bush talking of one thing or another.

At length he said hesitatingly, "A rumour came over the mountain just now that our young men came to your town to-day, and did some bad work. Was it in any way serious?"

"Somewhat," said the Headman, "for they maimed Chin Pai's baby so that he will likely die, and in any event will be a cripple for life."

"What!" gasped the old man with horror. "I thought that the stone fight was called off."

"I did not say that there was any stone fight. He was hurt right here in the town beside the church building."

"But surely your young men must have been engaged in throwing stones also."

"No! They were in their church quietly with their wives and children harming no one when they were attacked."

"Surely that could not be," said the old man, "for that would have been brigandage and murder."

"So it was," was the uncompromising reply, "and it means that the life of one or more of your young men is in our hands. If the child dies, according to our ancient Chosen custom, the father may take the child and place the body on the murderer's door-step, and demand that the child be made alive. If it is not restored, the father may

kill the murderer. The code calls for a life for a life."

The old man had risen as if to go, but he sat down feebly again. "Surely you would not demand that penalty now," he said.

"It is not for me to settle," said the Headman. "It rests with those Jesus Doctrine people, and particularly with the father of the child. If he asks vengeance, there is no escape."

The old man made his way tremblingly to Chin Pai's house, where he found the leaders of the church gathered in conference.

"I have just heard of this terrible occurrence," he said, "and cannot tell you how dismayed I am. The Headman tells me that decision as to vengeance rests with you. Are you going to exact the full penalty of the law?"

"What would you do in a like case?" asked Chin Pai.

"I am afraid that I cannot answer," was the reply.

"Well, neither will we answer you to-day," said Chin Pai. "To-morrow morning at ten o'clock gather all of the men of your village in your village square, and we will come over, and deliver our answer. Please see to it that they are all there. For to-day, we will say no more."

XIV

THE REVIVAL AT HOMOONI

LONG before ten the next morning, an anxious throng was gathered in the square of Homooni Town. Nearly every man in town was there. It was noted that Pong Sami was not present, but Tai Suni said that he had seen him, and that he would be there.

At last the hour arrived, and a moment later Chin Pai appeared with Tuk Kyungi, Chang, Father Sung and Oon Pangi. Without announcement, Chin Pai seemed to take the leadership of the Utmami men, and, as it was upon his decision that their fate rested, the Homooni young men had eyes for no one else.

The old men of Homooni saluted the visitors, and the salute was acknowledged in a formal, unsmiling manner that struck terror to the hearts of the boys.

"What is the answer?" asked the old selectman who had been at Utmami the day before.

"Chin Pai will deliver it," was the answer, "but first he wants to speak a word to your people, and he wants you to listen carefully."

Chin Pai stood up on a big stone at the side of

the square where he could see all of their faces, and began to speak:

“Nineteen hundred years ago, in an Oriental land, a babe was born in the home of a poor man. That night the angels came, and sang hallelujahs, but most men knew nothing of it or disregarded it. When the King of that land knew of it, he tried to kill the babe.

“That child grew to manhood, living the life of the poor and unknown.

“Suddenly He, without being taught of men, began to teach, and from His lips came such words as have never been heard on earth elsewhere. People of many lands testified that no man had ever so spoken.

“He healed the sick at a word or a touch. He opened the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf. Three times He raised the dead. The men of that Eastern land hated Him because their deeds were evil, and He was good.

“He claimed to be more than a man, that He was the only Son of God, and that all creation and devils were under His power. He proved it by stopping a cyclone, and driving out devils by a look, and by many other miracles.

“At length He gave a strange prophecy that His time was come, and that He must lay down His life for men to acquire the power to save men. Those who heard it did not understand, but it came to pass just as He said.

“The men of that land took Him, guiltless as He was, and nailed Him to a Cross. As He hung there, He prayed for His enemies and murderers, ‘Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’

“He was buried, but three days later there was an earthquake and many other terrible signs, and He rose again from the dead, and through forty days, more than ten times, He showed Himself to an aggregate of over five hundred people of those who had known Him before.

“Then He went up to His place in Heaven again, there to intercede for us until the Judgment Day.

“To-day, by the power which He then attained, He is moving the hearts of men, changing them. The violent are made gentle, the selfish, unselfish, and the dead in sin alive through Him.

“‘There is no other Name given among men whereby we can be saved.’

“He has gripped us at Utmami, and saved us, and it is only because of Him that we bring the answer that we do to-day. We wanted this opportunity of explaining this to you, and felt that you at least owed to us the giving of one fair hearing to the Message, that you might know that our decision was arrived at solely because we know that it is His will.

“The Utmami men in the old days never

flinched before physical danger in stone fights or elsewhere. Personally, from a fleshly standpoint, when I picked up my baby yesterday, I could with pleasure have come over here, and torn his murderer limb from limb. I know who he is though I do not intend to tell.

"We have come to tell you that we forgive your young men as we hope to be forgiven of Him, and we ask you to forgive even our momentary hatred of yesterday. We are ashamed that we who have received so much from Him should have been able even for a moment to feel hatred.

"Oh! men of Homooni! By the suffering of this innocent baby, and for the love of Him who gave His blood to win all men, cannot we put aside to-day all of the old feud forever, and be friends? We forgive the wrong. The man who sinned will not be prosecuted. He is free."

"No! He is not free," cried a voice from the hill behind the crowd. Every one turned to see who had spoken, and Pong Sami came pushing through the crowd. It was Pong Sami, but a very different Pong Sami from the one that the villagers knew.

His face was no longer flushed, but white and drawn. His eyes and whole appearance showed that he had been up all night. In particular, his face was different. It shone with a strange, new light such as they had never seen.

"No! He is not free!" he repeated, as he

turned, and faced the crowd. "I am the guilty man, and I am ready to bear the penalty of my sin, but first I want to make a statement.

"You all know who and what I am. My fathers before me have all been butchers and saloon-keepers. I think that you will all admit that I have gone as far as any of them in wickedness. One thing I never did before, however, and that was to strike a child. I have always wanted a son of my own. Perhaps if I had had one, it might have kept me a good man.

"Saturday, when we started from the Field Day grounds, I was just crazy with hate. I thought of going alone to Utmami, and killing Chin Pai, but decided that the stone fight was safer.

"Then they would not come out, and the liquor in me urged me down the hill into the town, and I dragged the boys after me.

"When Chin Pai's baby ran out of the door, all of the accumulated wickedness of the years rose in me, and a wave of blind passion swept over me. It blinded me for an instant, and I threw the stone.

"The instant that it was done, I awoke, but it was too late.

"I went up on the mountain top and hid. All day I lay there, and just loathed myself. I thought of suicide, but something held me back. I wanted to cry, but the tears would not come. All

I could do was to writhe in agony of self-abasement and shame. I thought of all these past months and years of uselessness, and realized how utterly worthless I was.

“Night came down on me, but I could not move. I had no fear of men’s punishment. It would have been joy as compared with the punishment that I was receiving from my own self-castigation.

“After hours of agony, I fell asleep, or into a sort of stupor. When I awoke it seemed that some One was bending over me in the darkness. He called me, ‘Pong Sami!’

“‘Yes, Lord!’ I answered.

“‘I want you for service,’ He said.

“‘But, Master!’ I said, ‘I am Pong Sami, the murderer, the worthless. I have killed Chin Pai’s baby.’

“‘Yes,’ He answered, ‘but you have repented, have you not, Pong Sami?’

“‘Repented! Oh, Master! I could not repent for that in a million years,’ I said.

“‘Yes, Pong Sami,’ He said. ‘I know all about it, and now I want you for service. I want you to go down into Homooni, and save your neighbours for me!’

“He went away, and after a time it was daylight, and I came down, and now, men! I want to witness at least this once that Chin Pai’s religion is true. *Jesus is living.* He has made me over.

I was afraid to die yesterday. To-day I am saved, and I know it.

"I knew a little of the Doctrine from things that I have heard on the streets in Seoul, but I never dreamed that it could be like this.

"I only pray that Chin Pai can really in his heart forgive me for the wrong that I have done him."

Chin Pai's face was ample answer to that as he extended his hands to meet him.

Pong Sami turned again to the crowd. "Boys!" he said, "I have led you into all sorts of badness, and you have followed me everywhere. Won't you let me lead you into these good things?"

"I'm for it!" said Tai Suni. "I do not know much about the Doctrine, but whatever is good enough for Pong Sami is good enough for me."

"For me, too," "And me," answered several of the other boys. Pong Sami's hold on them had been strong.

"Praise the Lord!" said Pong Sami. "It was not too late after all. And now, friends!" he said, "I want to tell you something. From to-day my saloon is closed, and will be at once reopened as a church. I decided that as I was coming down off the mountain. The boys and I are going down there now to pour out all of the liquor, and smash the vessels in which it was made.

"If Chin Pai will stay and teach us, from to-

night we will begin studying the Doctrine, and keeping the Sabbath."

The crowd moved down to the river bank, and watched the work of destruction. Some looked regretful as the good beer was poured out into the ditch, but it was evident that Pong Sami was in earnest, and things had been occurring so fast that every one was too dazed to interrupt.

When it was over, Pong Sami asked the Christians to hold a little impromptu service of dedication setting the house apart to its new uses.

The other men had to go back to Utmami that night, but Chin Pai stayed, and spoke to the crowd.

A messenger was sent up to Seoul to The Pastor to carry the news, and bring back Gospels and leaflets and hymn-books.

For a whole week, Chin Pai stayed, talking most all of the time during the daytime with one or another of the boys, or with all of them at once. Their questions were legion. Some Chin Pai himself could not answer, so he wrote them down, and promised to ask The Pastor about them.

Every evening there was a meeting.

The next Monday morning was the time set for him to return home, as he felt that he could not be away from his work any longer. He promised that either he or some other of the Utmami leaders would be over every Sunday to lead the meetings. There was no Helper

travelling in the North River Valley, as it was virgin territory.

The last Sabbath together was a great day, almost one continuous session all day long. Up until this time, Chin Pai had spoken each time upon the great foundation doctrines, as those were what the boys most needed for their own souls' growth.

On this last afternoon, he spoke on reaching out to save others and it seemed to catch the fancy of the young men greatly. Active and full of life as they were, now that they had no saloon to loaf in, they needed an outlet for their energy. Pong Sami, born leader that he was, had been anxious about this, and wondering what they could devise to keep the boys going forward.

After Chin Pai finished, he sprang up and addressed them. "Fellows! I say that Chin Pai is absolutely right again," he said. "We are saved now, and it is up to us to save some one else. The Utmami men have made quite an impression up and down the South River. Why should we not work the North River Valley?"

"We had our North River Association a few years ago to do evil work. Let us form a North River Association for winning souls. There is Moorangi, and Nagami, and Tang San up the river, and Chin Yongi down the river, all big villages, not counting innumerable ones back in the hills.

"I move that we elect Chin Pai Chairman of the new North River Association, and immediately go to work."

There was a unanimous cry of assent.

Tai Suni nominated Pong Sami for Vice-Chairman, and that, too, was carried by acclamation. Then Tai Suni was elected Secretary, and the three boys withdrew for conference.

Pong Sami, knowing his boys, urged immediate action while their enthusiasm was high, and insisted that Chin Pai could not leave for at least another week, and Chin Pai reluctantly consented.

"Now!" said Pong Sami. "To-morrow we must divide the crowd into three bands, and start one for Moorangi, one for Tang San and one for Chin Yongi. There will be about six boys in each band besides the older men that may go. Each of us can head one band. We have three kinds of leaflets for free distribution.

"Each band will work its field for two days, and then we can rotate, and, after two more days, rotate again. In that way, each town will be hit three times successively, each time with a new leaflet. Surely by next Sunday there will be results."

The next morning they started, and all the week they toiled. Rumours had already gone out, and there was no lack of interested listeners who came to wonder that it was possible to make such a change in Pong Sami's lawless gang.

The boys made some ridiculous mistakes. Sometimes they lost their tempers when they were baited by those to whom they were preaching, but, in general, the river had not had such a stirring since the days of the Imjin War.

Saturday night, they all gathered back home to report. Moorangi reported two inquirers, Tang San five, and Chin Yongi topped the list with twenty. All of the inquirers had promised to come to Homooni to church the next day. Some had already come with the bands so as to sleep there, and be ready the next morning.

Late that night, as they were getting ready to sleep, dogs began to bark in the village, and the sound of horses was heard, and presently some one shouted that The Pastor was coming over the hill from Utmami. In a moment he was there amid a hubbub of dogs, scurrying small boys, and jingling horses.

The next day was a wonderful one.

The house and yard were packed with people. The inner rooms were prepared so that women who cared to come might sit there. The Pastor and the men sat on grain mats in the yard.

The next morning, as Chin Pai was preparing to leave, The Pastor called him in to the room, and said, "I am sorry that you cannot stay longer, but, as I can spend a part of the week here now in Bible study, perhaps it is the most convenient time for you to go and come, as I want you to do.

"I want to tell you that I am proud of the way in which you have handled this situation here. No one could have done it better. Now I am a little puzzled as to the looking after the work in the future.

"Helper Pak has all that he can do on the South Branch now, so that I cannot ask him to assume this.

"You have shown that you can handle this situation as well as any one possibly could. I cannot pay much of a salary now, and the work is too new to have the people pay much, but if you will take the appointment as 'Chuntoin' (local preacher) here, I will pay what I can, and the Christians say that they will gladly entertain you whenever you come. Will you take the regular appointment?

"You will, of course, report to me regularly once a month in writing, as all of the other workers do, and oftener if any one from here is coming up to Seoul. If anything unusual occurs, you will call me at once by courier.

"You will drop your work on the South Branch, and concentrate here. Of course you will counsel as to the work here with your father and Chang, but the responsibility and honour will all be yours. Will you take the position?"

Chin Pai was amazed at the offer, and said that he must first consult his father, as his father needed him badly at home, and he was not yet

through by several months of the schooling that they had planned that he should have.

The next day he came back after consultation with his father and the Utmami leaders and said, "We are sorry, Pastor, but both Father and I think that I ought not to accept the appointment yet, for I am too young, and I am needed at home, and ought not to be so morally bound to be over here if things at home required my presence there.

"However, as to the work, I shall be more than happy to give all of my Sundays and all other time that I can spare to that, and the other Utmami leaders are willing with me to assume the responsibility of the work, filling out what I may lack in looking after that."

That was the final arrangement.

All through the summer and early fall, up and down the river they worked. Some of the boys got tired and quit. The new believers at Moorangi all fell away, but, at Chin Yongi and Tang San, the work steadily grew, and Homooni in numbers almost outstripped the mother church at Utmami.

They tried to get a start in the big eunuch village back in the mountains, but the owner of the village refused to let any one there believe upon pain of instant expulsion from the town so that they could not even get a start by colonizing in a family. The eunuchs owned all of the land, and would not sell it.

At Malchang, up in the hills ten miles away, a

little church started, and a little building was erected for worship.

Big Chung, the mason who worked on buildings all over the county, was one of the leaders there, and Choi, the silkworm man, and Hu, the gentleman farmer.

There were many rebuffs all along the line, but the tide was sweeping in, and into the Kingdom were born such as could be saved.

Chagun Nom did not die after all, at least not at that time. His spine was hurt, though, and his resistance to disease weakened. In the early fall, an epidemic of scarlet fever swept over the town, and he was one of the first of the children to go.

They laid him away by the side of the "Grandma" that he loved, many coming all the ten miles from Homooni to attend the funeral. Like his Lord's, his life was given that others might not die.

XV

THE WAR

WHEN Chin Pai went up to the next big Class in Seoul, he piloted about thirty men from the North River Association.

Pong Sami was there, and Tai Suni, Boatmen Yi of Chin Yongi, Hu, Chung, and the others. They were joyfully welcomed by the men of the Class, but found things in a very upset condition in the city, and not a very good prospect for a good Class.

Politically, the months preceding had been months of great turmoil in Seoul. There were plots and counterplots in the Palace, rumours and counter rumours. The city was full of soldiers, Russian and Japanese. All of the Legations were guarded by bands of their national marines.

The night that they got in, fire broke out in New Palace where the Emperor was living, and the Audience Chamber, a magnificent building, sixty by one hundred feet long, with an enormous roof of tile carried upon great wooden pillars two and a half feet in diameter, was burned.

The doors of the Palace were guarded that night

by Korean soldiers. The local Chinese and Japanese fire companies with their primitive, yet more or less effective, machines came to the Palace, and offered to help extinguish the fire, but the guards would not let them in for fear of danger to the Emperor's person.

A rumour spread through the city that the fire was set purposely by some one who wanted to assassinate the Emperor. Another rumour said, what proved to be true, that he had gone for refuge during the fire to the American Legation Compound.

Yet another rumour, that sent the crowd scurrying back to their homes, was that the fire was set by robbers as a prelude to looting the city.

The long night passed without further incident, and once more the people breathed freely.

The next day there were rumours that the Cabinet was demanding the deposition and beheading of Yi Yong Ik, Minister of the Household, who was claimed to have used his power unscrupulously to get money, and to give the nation into the hands of the Russians. This proved to be partly true.

The Emperor tried hard to save his favourite, but towards evening he signed the decree. Instantly soldiers were dispatched to arrest him, but his house was found empty. There was more than a suspicion that His Majesty had arranged for the man's safety before he signed the decree.

As dark came, all of the Korean soldiers in the

city, six thousand in all, were sent out upon the man hunt. Every alley and street corner was guarded, and the whole city searched.

The city gates, which for several years, since the laying of the single track electric car line, had not been closed, were particularly guarded, and no Korean allowed to pass.

The big bell of the city boomed occasionally as a signal to the watchers, but it was all in vain. The hunted man was already upon a Russian battleship in Chemulpo, safely on his way to asylum in China.

Word came of negotiations between the Russians and Japanese over the integrity of Chosen.

Russia had been for years steadily creeping down glacier-like from the North, seeking an ice-free port terminus for her Siberian railroad. Chosen had many places just filling her needs.

Russia had already grabbed one port in Northwest Korea, and insolently seized millions of feet of lumber along the Yalu claiming that it was hers by some alleged royal grant.

Now word came that she was acquiring land in Masampo, a harbour in Southeast Chosen, facing out across a narrow strip of water upon the shores of Japan.

The Japanese in the diplomatic negotiations threatened and argued. The representative of the White Czar smiled sluggishly, and paid no attention.

In the midst of the Class one day, word came that war was declared.

Twenty-five thousand Japanese soldiers, trim little men, well dressed, and with beautiful accoutrements, poured into the city. Every house was forced to entertain its quota, but payment was liberal and on the spot.

The next morning word came that two Russian boats were in the harbour of Chemulpo, twenty-three miles away, and that a Japanese fleet on its way to Port Arthur was outside the harbour, and had sent in word to the Russian Commanders that if they did not come outside the harbour to fight before twelve o'clock noon, they, the Japanese, would come into the harbour after them.

Thousands of people from Seoul poured into the railway trains to go down and see the battle. Chin Pai and several of the other men went, partly to see the battle and partly to have the novelty of the railroad ride.

There had been little use staying in the city, as the American Minister had ordered all of his nationals to pack up and be ready to come to the Legation for protection, and to be ready to be sent by ship to Shanghai if hostilities should begin in the city of Seoul itself.

Connected study under such conditions was impossible.

Down at Chemulpo, they found the harbour in a state of intense excitement. Noon was drawing

near. Little merchant boats were being taken far up into the corners of the harbour to get out of the range of the guns.

The American, British, and French war vessels which were in the harbour along with the Russians were all cleared for action ready for battle, for this was a neutral harbour, and the question of the right of the Japanese to enter it for battle was a debatable one. At least, the neutral ships were going to be in a position to talk back if shots came their way in a neutral harbour.

By international law, the Russians did not need to go out. They could have dismantled their ships and taken their parole, or, at least, could have claimed twenty-four hours notice instead of a scant eight.

The Russian Commanders, however, did not put the question of law to the test. The larger Russian boat was only an armoured cruiser, the *Variag*, with six-inch guns, and the smaller boat, the *Koreytz*, was only a dispatch boat, but, a little before the time set, both boats pulled up anchor, and started for the outer harbour, to certain defeat, and almost sure death for the honour of the flag.

A cheer went up from the dense multitude on the hills, and from the other ships in the harbour. Then all was still.

Two of the larger vessels in the fleet far outside were seen to separate themselves from the

rest and come in. The rest of the fleet spread out widely to cover all of the many exits of the harbour.

For four or five miles as they went out, all was still. It seemed impossible that this was anything more than play, impossible that it was a duel in which many men would be killed.

Suddenly the big guns spoke, and the battle was on. The roar was terrific. The vibrations shook the windows in the city of Seoul twenty-three miles across the mountains so that they rattled.

The Japanese marksmanship was superb.

Almost one of the first shots caught the *Variag* at her water line, and she sagged down on one side so that her guns could not be fully trained. She kept firing what guns she could, however, for a time, and then slowly withdrew to the inner harbour, the Japanese ships following, and firing steadily.

As she reached the inner harbour, she suddenly sank.

Boats put out from other ships in the harbour, and picked up the men floating in the water, and took them to asylum on the neutral ships.

The *Koreytz* was unharmed, but the crew arranged her magazine so that it would explode, and withdrew to the French battleship.

Before the Japanese got clear in, it, too, blew up, and sank beside the *Variag*.

The *Variag*, as after examination proved, was

peppered as full of holes as a sieve. It was a wonder that there was a live man on it when it reached the inner harbour.

So began the Japanese-Russian War.

Back in Seoul, the marines at the Russian Legation were paroled, put on a special train with all of their Consular officers and sent to Chemulpo, and thence via the French battleship to Shanghai.

The first army of twenty-five thousand men were already moving north when the men returned to Seoul.

It was a beautiful sight to see them go, every bit of their accoutrements new and in perfect condition, field cannon, field telephone, long rows of briskly marching, silent infantry.

All of the Korean coolies and packhorses that were used, and there were hundreds of them, were paid high prices and cash on the spot.

Scarcely was the first twenty-five thousand over the Peking Pass near the northwest corner of Seoul before others poured into the city, and then others, swarming in for a day or two, and then on, on to the north. A little later, they began disembarking farther up the coast, and the stream was interrupted.

The Bible Class closed, and the men scattered, but, down in the country, word came from day to day through passers-by.

Port Arthur was besieged by the Japanese, and the Japanese residents of Seoul built great

triumphal arches in the streets to celebrate its fall, but the arches themselves withered to pieces before the great event arrived.

Every Westerner and Korean was wishing well to the little David, who had dared to attack his big Goliath.

The Japanese began to lay a railroad from South Korea right up through the heart of the country. Up till then, the only railroad in the country was the one to Chemulpo from Seoul built by an American Company under a concession.

For this new railroad, all surveys had long since been secretly made for just such an emergency as this, and materials were piled in the yards in Japan, everything in perfect order, numbered and marked to cut out every superfluous move.

Simultaneously building was begun at several different points wherever supplies could be delivered. Railroading technique was disregarded. Everything was subordinated to time. Detours were made to save bridges, and switchbacks to save tunnels. Thousands of coolies were employed, and driven at breathless speed.

It was in the building of this railroad that there came the first signs of friction with the Koreans. In some places, so rumour says, instead of paying the Korean workers directly, their money was paid in bulk to Korean magistrates or interpreters or others, and, in transit, a great deal of it was said

to have stuck to the wrong fingers. It was too much for the Korean middleman.

The coolies not getting their money became mutinous, and did not want to work.

The life of the Island Empire depended upon that railroad, and there was nothing to do in some places but to force labour, of course paying for it after service was rendered, however unwillingly.

Fear was expressed that a Russian force might pour down upon Seoul from the northeast from Vladivostock.

All sorts of rumours of Cossack raids were heard, but they turned out to be only rumours.

The Japanese were weakest of all in cavalry, but it was not particularly noticeable in Chosen.

One band of Cossack scouts did get as far south as Pyeng Yang, but at the first sign of resistance from the city, they retreated northward.

In Anju, a plucky garrison of about twenty Japanese played a clever trick upon an overwhelming force of Cossacks.

The city was a walled one, squarely on the line of march north of the Japanese army, and might have caused the Japanese a great deal of trouble if the Russians had seized and fortified it, it being behind their line cutting their communications.

By some oversight, only this handful of Japanese soldiers were there, but luckily they had a large supply of guns and ammunition.

They shut the city gates, ran up the flag, and

then served out guns and cartridges to a lot of Korean coolies. These coolies they established out of sight behind the wall with orders to shoot and shout whenever told to do so.

The Japanese kept showing themselves here and there along the walls, shooting and hiding, until the Russians thought that there must be a tremendous force inside. The Koreans yelled and fired their guns at intervals, having a fine time.

At last the bluff worked, and the Russians withdrew northward, and never came so far southward again.

Japanese troops pouring into Wonsan stopped all fear of Russians coming to Seoul from Vladivostock.

One severe skirmish was fought in Northwest Chosen, but, after that, all fighting was beyond the border.

Troops passing through, more or less had their inevitable accompaniment of camp followers, who did many reprehensible things, but, in the main, things settled down to comparative quiet, through all of that year and the next.

Diplomatically things were happening daily in the Palace.

The Korean Emperor (he had assumed that title after the Chinese-Japanese War) made a treaty with Japan in which Japan upon her honour guaranteed the permanency of the Chosen Royal Family, and the integrity of its Government as a

sovereign, independent state, and, in return, certain privileges were given to Japan.

Internal affairs, however, were in a chaotic state.

The currency in particular was impossible. Formerly the archaic "cash" piece of China was the circulating medium. In the late nineties, a silver dollar was coined to represent one thousand "cash," but as it was not guaranteed by any reserve, it speedily fell to about its value as bullion.

Then a nickel coinage was introduced, and, for a time, it was good, but the cost of producing the nickels was small, and the Government, rejoiced at being able, as it thought, to create values with their fiat money, began to grind out nickels by the carloads. They even sold to private individuals the right to make the nickels and circulate them.

Counterfeiters made bushels more. Every ship brought quantities from Japan and China, and the utmost vigilance of the Customs Service, which was largely manned by Westerners, could not stop the flow.

The usual result followed.

The nickels fell in value. Many were so poorly made that they would not be accepted at any price. Exchange fluctuated from one hundred and seventy Korean cents for a Japanese dollar to two hundred and fifty cents, often making the jump in a single day according as the speculators were loaded up or sold out.

Under these circumstances, business was all a gamble. Many people went back to using the "cash," but there were too few of those in circulation. Some even resorted to barter.

The only stable money was the Japanese yen, and that was not accepted in the back country districts.

Venality among officials was exasperating to the Japanese officials. Evasion, vacillation, procrastination whenever they presented a request, drove them about crazy, and there was more than a suspicion that the Court was in communication with Russia even during the war.

As the Japanese won successes in Manchuria, and became more sure of themselves, they stiffened in their demands for reforms in Chosen. They got little response until they frightened the Court into concessions.

Japanese "Advisors" began to appear in the various Departments of State, "Advisors" in name, but practically rulers, for it was not well for any official "advised" not to take the advice.

The Advisor of the Finance Department accomplished a good work, and the currency began to have fewer of those fantastic gyrations. Other Advisors also secured needed reforms.

Among the things tried out at this time were some that were foolish, and some ludicrous, as when the Court, so rumour stated, was advised by some one to order that all of the national topknots

be cut off. Certainly His Majesty did cut his hair.

Another order suggesting that all clothes of the people be dyed black instead of the national white was sent out by some of the police on their own initiative. This order was never carried out, and the similar order that the long silk "turamagi" overcoat be cut off short like a Western sack coat also was observed by only a few.

These foolish things were evanescent, and merely symptomatic like "growing pains" in a child.

The "Hermit Nation" was certainly growing, trying valiantly to "Orient" itself into its rightful place in the family of nations.

It was during this time that Korea had the greatest opportunity of all its history. If the Court had awakened to the real situation, and played fair to all concerned, there is far more than a possibility that she might have remained a sovereign State.

It was too much to hope, though, for the men who were surrounding His Majesty, keeping him from knowing anything that might thwart their personal ambitions. They must have their selfish plans carried out even though it meant the loss of their national independence.

XVI

LENGTHENING THE CORDS

THE North River Association during these days was thriving and growing. Pong Sami especially was developing wonderfully.

Financially, these were hard days for him. He tried to continue selling food for a living in the inn part of his house without the beer, but Homooni was off the main road, and travellers were few, and, what did come, insisted upon having their beer. Other inns selling liquor were opened, so that he was cut out.

He had only a couple of little fields, having drunk up all of his profits in the happy-go-lucky days of sin. He earned a little with his "jickie" (back saddle) carrying loads of wood from the mountains to the river boats, but that was a more or less precarious living.

The glamour and thrill of his self-surrender was off now, and he was facing the stern reality.

At first he was in demand on the river as an extra hand in rowing down or towing up-stream. His big body was just fitted for such work, especially after he had worked the alcohol out of his system, but the boatmen complained that he would

not talk of anything but his "foreign devil religion" nonsense, and they would not stand it. Besides, he would not work on Sundays, and that was against him.

It was pretty hard at home, especially when occasionally they began to actually lack for food. His mother was still unconverted, and, as living became harder, she began to besiege him to quit his Jesus Doctrine nonsense, and go back to selling beer.

She herself had learned to drink in the old days, and she would drink now whenever she could get liquor, and, when she could not get it, she was almost unbearably cross.

In the old days, Pong Sami would have stopped her complaining on the instant with a fierce command or even a blow, but things were different now. He could only bow his head before the storm, and listen without reply.

Sometimes she raged and reviled all day long, and cried and swore all night. It was almost more than he could bear.

The neighbours took it up also, at first timidly for fear of there being some of the old Pong Sami left, and later, finding that he did not resent it, reproaching him openly for his unfilial conduct.

The mother liked Chin Pai, so he often went over to try to comfort her, and turn her fury. To Pong Sami, his visits were lucid intervals in what was like one long terrible dream.

One day she disappeared entirely, and word came back through a man who met her on the road that she was going to Seoul to beg for her living, as she was no longer going to live with such an unregenerate son, that she would rather beg than be where she could see him longer.

Word got out in the town, and the whole town rose up in arms, and besieged Pong Sami's house. Casting out one's mother in her old age was the sin that they accused him of, the ultimate possible degree of unfilial conduct.

In vain he protested that she had gone of her own accord, and that he was starting at once to bring her back. They refused to listen. Doing the Doctrine was what she objected to, and, if he was any decent kind of a son, he would quit it to please her. His duty in the matter was not a debatable question to them. They reviled and cursed him. His patience was tried to the limit. They called up all of his old sins, and ridiculed him as a hypocrite.

There was no one to help him, as several of his most intimate friends among the boys were away.

His anger, the old blind anger of pre-Christian days, was beginning to rise. The crowd jeered him, thinking that nothing could make him break loose. His control was going fast.

Just in the nick of time, Chin Pai arrived. Pong Sami fairly clung to him, as he told what was happening. The reaction had come, and he felt

again almost like the murderer that he might easily have been if the interruption had not come.

Chin Pai stepped out in front of the house, and talked to the crowd, shaming them for the way in which they had acted. He reminded them of the days when Pong Sami had led the whole valley in everything that was bad, and asked them if he was not a better neighbour in every way now than then.

He called to their minds how Pong Sami's mother had been acting all of these months, and how, in all of the time, Pong Sami had never answered her back except in kindness even though it must have been terrible to endure night and day. He told them what they already knew, that Pong Sami had gone without food himself that she might eat. Then he appealed to their sense of justice to have them give Pong Sami a chance to work out his problem without interference.

Most of the people liked Chin Pai in every way except for his doing the Doctrine, so they stopped their uproar, and went away.

Chin Pai went into the house, and found Pong Sami on his face crying and praying, evidently crushed at the thought of his narrow escape from himself. Heretofore Pong Sami had always been the one to hearten up the others of the church. Now he himself needed heartening, and needed it badly.

Chin Pai comforted him, and then got him to hustling around getting things ready for an immediate trip to Seoul to overtake his mother. Action was what Pong Sami needed, and it helped him wonderfully.

Till late that night they walked, hoping to catch up with the mother before she got to Seoul, and lost herself in its mazes. The next morning, just outside of the city, they came on her where she sat on the porch of a saloon resting. Chin Pai told Pong Sami to keep out of sight until he had talked with her, and then walked on to where she sat.

She was smoking her long-stemmed pipe, and fiercely reciting to a crowd of loafers the story of her wrongs. She had evidently been drinking heavily.

It made Chin Pai's heart sick to see her so, but he went up to her, and spoke to her. She stopped her tirade long enough to give him a grunt of recognition, and then went on to the end.

"Where are you going, Mother?" asked Chin Pai as soon as she came to a pause.

"Anywhere to get away from that scoundrelly offspring of mine," she said.

"Won't you come with me?" asked Chin Pai.

"No! I won't. I am going to beg from house to house until that forsaken rascal loses 'face' till all generations."

Chin Pai talked quietly with her, and gradually

drew her away from the crowd. "Come along with me for a little while, and get rested," he said.

For a time she resisted, but gradually, quietly, he drew her along the road towards home. He could see Pong Sami following a little way behind, but did not call her attention to him. When they came to the fork of the road, he turned off towards Utmami.

At noon they stopped at an inn, and he bought her the best meal that the inn afforded. Luckily the inn was out of beer.

They were almost home, when suddenly the old lady remembered. "Say!" she said, "you, too, are one of those miserable Doctrine rascals, and one of the worst of them, too, for you were the one that bewitched Pong Sami. I am not going another step with you."

"Now! Now!" said Chin Pai. "What sort of talk is that? After all these years of friendship, is that the way to talk to a friend? Here it is getting dark, too. You need not stay at my house any longer than you want to, but at any rate there is no such custom as not coming in after coming this far. Rest over night here, and tomorrow, if you want to start begging, you may do as you like."

Reluctantly, and still protesting, the old lady went the rest of the way. She had always had a soft place in her heart for Chin Pai, and she found it hard to oppose him now.

Father Sung and Sin-Ai gave her a cordial welcome, but made no great fuss over her, seeming to take it for granted that she had just come over the hill. Pong Sami had made a detour, and gotten in ahead of them, and let the family know what was coming.

The old lady had never seen Sin-Ai, though she had heard of her. Sin-Ai's sweet peaceful face seemed to just fascinate her, for there was on it that look of peaceful assurance that comes only from intimate fellowship with the Eternal.

"Is she really blind?" the old lady whispered to Chin Pai.

"Yes!" was the answer.

"And she cannot walk or stand?"

"No!"

"And yet she does not revile 'Hananim' for it?"

"Certainly not!" said Chin Pai. "She loves Heaven's Lord. That is why she is so happy."

The wonder of it seemed to grow upon the old lady. The next morning, as Chin Pai was passing the inner porch, he saw the two of them sitting there, and, as he looked, the old lady opened the door at the back of the porch, and dropped her pipe outside in the yard. Somehow a pipe did not seem to be just the thing to be bringing into the presence of that shiny-faced, little, paralyzed wife.

Every minute the little cripple's fingers flew in and out of her needlework, and she handled the

garments on which she was working in such a way that one could hardly believe that she was not seeing them.

The old lady, ashamed of her own inactivity, asked to be allowed to help, and was given a bit of sewing to do.

Chin Pai and his father kept away from them, and left them alone. The "over night stay" that she was going to make lengthened into more than two weeks.

Every night and morning the little household gathered, as do all Korean Christian households, for family worship. At first the old lady fidgeted a lot, but she did not dare to object in Sin-Ai's presence to attending, so held her peace.

Sometimes, when they were alone together, Sin-Ai spoke of the Lord and His goodness as they worked. The old lady listened in awe and wonder. There was no question as to Jesus being a reality to Sin-Ai.

When the second Sunday came, and all of the household were preparing for church, the old lady surprised them by saying that she was going, too. After the sermon, when the call was made for new believers to stand up, to the astonishment even of Chin Pai, she stood up and said that she wanted to be a Christian.

A couple of days later Pong Sami came to take her home. She received him nicely, and asked forgiveness for her actions, but refused to go home

yet. The quiet and peace of that household, and especially of the little cripple's sewing room, was getting into her heart, and she could not bear to leave it.

There was no further disturbance over the matter in Homooni. Pong Sami gradually became more skillful at the wood carrying and learned to make straw shoes in his spare moments, so that living was not so hard.

More and more he took the work of the North River Association out of Chin Pai's hands, the latter giving himself to that along the South River.

The County Seat church was needing oversight. Chiptu was beginning to grow. Three groups, one at Tokkol, one at Patang and one at Unkol, were becoming hopeful prospects. Father Sung was finding it harder to visit the farther places, and Moon had done about all that he could at the County Seat.

The work in Tokkol was among the Ko Clan, who owned the whole town. They were of the nobility, and members of the clan in times past had held some of the highest offices in the kingdom.

The head of the clan, Ko Min Sil, had five or six sons or nephews, all in the twenties. His aged mother was a lady of the old school, and insisted upon keeping all of the proprieties not only for herself, but also for her daughters-in-law and all of the family.

The head of the clan was about two-thirds converted, but his mother sternly forbade the destruction of the ancestral tablets, so the starting of the church hung fire.

Meantime the men of the town began meeting more or less regularly on the Sabbath. Chin Pai went pretty regularly to lead, and used every possible argument to get them to come to a complete decision.

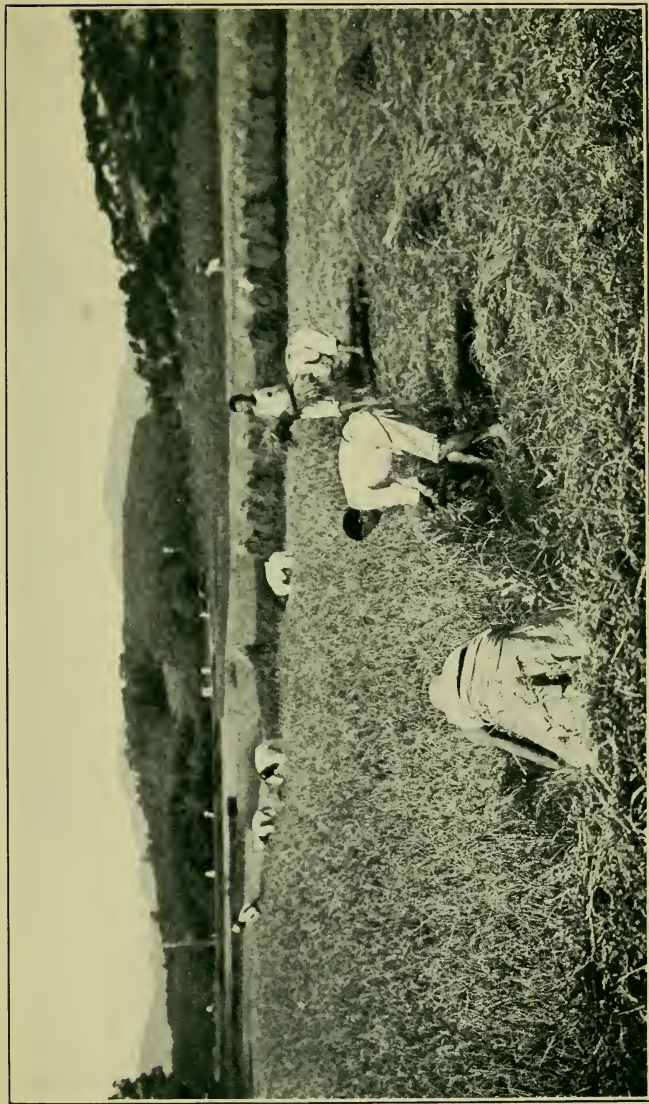
At length his persistence was partly rewarded. The head of the clan said that all of his young men might cease bowing to the tablets, and give themselves heart and soul to Christ. Only he and his mother would keep the ceremonial law for the clan. Beyond that he said that he dared not go, lest all of his friends ostracize them.

Glad of a partial surrender, and sure of ultimate complete success, the church was regularly established, and a Committee put in charge.

After a time, some of the women began attending at night, always sitting in the darkness in an upper room while the men sang and took part in the lighted lower room.

The old Grandmother came a few times in that way. For a year she and her son continued worshipping the tablets alone, and then suddenly they surrendered at discretion. The tablets were all taken out on the hillside, and buried, each in front of the grave that it represented.

Chin Pai met Ko Min Sil, the head of the clan,



The main business of the Utmami Christians is soul harvesting. They do this other harvesting to pay expenses. Both are hand work

a few days later and asked him, "How has it all come out?"

"I haven't a friend on earth outside of the church," he said. "All of my friends have combined to ostracize me. Many have written that they never want to see my face again."

Not until The Pastor had come and baptized the old Grandmother, which he did as she sat in the dim candle-light of the upper room, did she allow any of the men of the church to see her, or any of the women of her household.

After that, the old lady took to Chin Pai at once, and always his first visit in the town when he arrived was made to Grandmother Ko's room to salute her. She was seventy years old, stately and precise in her manner, a patrician of the patricians, but, when one came to know her, it was easy to love her.

At Chiptu, one band of young men made trouble for the Christians for quite a while, but the Spirit got hold of some of them, and the band broke up.

At Unkol, there was a hard problem to solve. It was a town of wealthy men. At least three of them were estimated to possess as much as \$100,000 apiece which would in buying power mean what a million would in the Occident.

There were about twenty clan houses represented in it, and no more, although the population was about a thousand. Each house had throngs of servants and slaves and hangers-on.

Baron Yi Min Koon, the wealthiest man in the town, was bitterly opposed to Christianity. The whole town was laid out, and managed on the feudal plan. Each great house was built some distance away from its nearest neighbour of equal quality, but clustered around each were numbers of the homes of the servants and slaves so that the whole space was compactly built over.

The whole village was in a plain between steep mountains, and it was surrounded by a stockade of tree branches bound together with creeper rope, and tightly interwoven. At the lane ends leading into the town were large gates that were closed at night for fear of robbers.

It seemed impossible at first to get a foothold in the town until some one suggested colonizing a family in. Won Myung Chuli was chosen. For a time he came back every Sabbath morning to Utmami for services, and, in the afternoon, Chin Pai or some of the other leaders went back with him in the afternoon to distribute leaflets and preach as they could.

When the Unkol people waked up to the fact that a Christian was actually living in their town, they wanted to drive him out, but, in the meantime, Won had secured a position as steward for one of the wealthy men of the town, and had proved himself so useful that his employer would not let him go.

The first converts in the town were from among

the slaves and freedmen of that employer's household, and later some of the members of his immediate family came in, as well as other free people.

Yum Si, the sorceress, fought them tooth and nail as they worked, following them wherever they went, and, when possible, gathering up and destroying the books and leaflets that they placed. Many of the people were afraid of her demoniac power and, when she demanded the papers, dared not refuse to give them.

She was very old now, but had ripened too in wickedness until she seemed almost a demoniac herself. Against Chin Pai and Father Sung particularly, she could not go far enough in her venomous hatred and opposition.

In spite of all opposition, at last the numbers grew to thirty, and they got together money for a church. They could not buy land within the stockade at any price, so they bought a field opposite, just at the opening of a recess in the hill.

Just back of this site, deeper in the recess, was the old deserted "Haing Kyo," the Confucian Temple. This was a relic of the time when Unkol was the County Seat. When they moved the County Seat out to the bank of the river, they left this.

It was a great tiled building with whitened combs on the hips and ridge. Inside it was one great wood-floored room with a row of chair-like stands all around against the wall. On each chair

was a tablet much like the tablet used by private families in worship, each bearing a single name. Each tablet was covered with its wooden cover except on ceremonial days.

The central chair, opposite the door, was slightly larger than the others, and on it was Confucius' name. With the exception of these chairs, and a single brass incense burner in front of Confucius' chair, the room was empty. The smaller tablets were for Confucius' disciples. There were a few mottoes pasted on the wall, all written in beautiful Chinese script.

The ceiling and the outside projecting parts of the eaves were beautifully carved and stained. As usual, the main building was surrounded by a number of smaller buildings in which the caretakers lived.

In olden days incense was offered here by the command of the King as *the* official religious observance of the year, and great fields of Government land were attached to these "Haing Kyo" to pay for the cost of the ceremonies.

Because the preceding dynasty of Songdo was preëminently Buddhist, this Yi Dynasty ostensibly frowned upon Buddhism and would not allow a Buddhist priest within the walls of Seoul on pain of death, though, as a matter of fact, they secretly subsidized most of the monasteries. Confucianism, they loudly proclaimed, was the religion of the State.

For years before this, before the Christians began to build their church, no one had gone near the "Haing Kyo," but, when the Christians began to build in front of it, albeit a quarter of a mile away, there was a tremendous hubbub in the town.

Baron Yo Min Koon positively forbade the building of the church, and sent a band of his slaves to stop the work. As the deed of the land was theirs, the Christians thought that they had a right to go ahead, but, for fear of making a mistake, they sent a courier up to The Pastor to get his advice.

He sent back word to stop pushing for the site for a while, and worry along as best they could in their old quarters, lest by winning out they might antagonize the people, and close the door of preaching.

Before the messenger returned, the townspeople had voluntarily given in exchange a better site on the creek bank, around the corner out of sight from the "Haing Kyo," and all was well.

When the building was ready, The Pastor came to dedicate it.

That evening, after the service, The Pastor called Chin Pai into his room, and said, "You remember how about two years ago over there at Homooni, I asked you to take charge of the circuit there, and you felt that you could not do it, but would prefer to do the work without salary, earning your living meanwhile on the farm.

“The result has proved that you were right, and I was wrong, and your last two years have been well spent, but the work is growing faster than I can care for it and I want to ask you now if you will not help me in the hardest field that I have in all my territory, over at the east, on the shores of the Japan Sea. There are great stretches of territory there, nearly six counties in all, with over one hundred thousand people who have never heard the name of Jesus. They do not even know enough about it to revile it.

“One man has been over there prospecting for a few months, and, in Nung Chuk County, there is already a hopeful band of inquirers, but the man who goes out there must be capable of managing an independent command. He will have to carry a heavy pack of books on his back, and the mountains are terribly high. There are robbers and wild beasts.

“The man must go alone, and stay at least a year at a time, and more if possible, as it is too far to come back often. It is two hundred miles from Seoul, so that I cannot visit it at most more than twice a year.

“I have studied the problem from every possible angle, and you are the only man that I have that is fitted, physically and otherwise, for the work.

“I know that you will be anxious about the North River Association. I expect to provide for

that by making Pong Sami a local preacher. He has lived as a layman long enough now since his conversion, so that calling him to the work now will not be called by any one a giving of a bonus for believing. With the help of the Helper in the far circuit, he can measurably cover that work.

“Here on your home circuit, Helper Pak, and your father and Chang, now that they have become ordained elders, can do the work fairly well. There is no one who can cover that far field, and I believe that the Lord wants you.

“Go home to-night to your father, and ‘pray it out’ together, and let me know to-morrow when I pass on my way to Seoul.

“It means physical and mental hardship, but no more than our Master bore. It means separation from your father, but you know that our Master, too, left His Father’s house for thirty-three long years to come down here for us, and He, too, was an only Son.

“Try to help me out, for I believe that it is His will.”

XVII

PIONEERING

ONCE again Chin Pai and his father were face to face with a great decision. Since the little mother had died, they had been all in all to one another, more than merely father and son, comrades in everything, and fellow soldiers of the King.

The father caught his breath once or twice quickly when Chin Pai took him the message, but he did not say anything for a time. When Chin Pai finished, he said, "Let us go in and tell Sin-Ai, and we can 'pray it out' together."

Together they went into her room, and told her. They feared that it might upset her terribly. She did get very white, and quickly reached out her hand to touch Chin Pai's. Then she said, "If it is His will, it must be. It will be so hard to have you go, but we must do His will."

As Chin Pai looked at her he realized for the first time how he really loved the little unfortunate. She had always been so bright and cheery under her misfortunes, even when she was racked with pain as she often was. He had never consciously

thought of her much, but he realized that he was going to miss her terribly when he was far out there on the Coast.

Koreans never show affection towards one another in outward acts, and he, too, was bound by convention, but he gripped the thin little hand which he held, and he felt sure that she understood.

They prayed about it, but there could be but one conclusion. It might be hard, but it was evidently His will, and there was no debating that.

When The Pastor passed the next day, Chin Pai gave him his answer. The Pastor thanked him and said that he would at once send down books and road money from Seoul. He explained how he wanted Chin Pai to work his way slowly out to the Coast, touching at a number of points where there were prospects for churches, and, when he arrived at Nung Chuk, he was to make that his headquarters, and work from there in all directions until The Pastor came in the spring.

The next week was a busy one. New clothes had to be made and old ones repaired. Accounts had to be settled, and final visits made to the churches.

At last the day of departure came, and, with the prayers of the church following him, Chin Pai started on his journey.

On account of his pack, he had decided not to try to make more than twenty miles per day. Besides, he wanted to stop at several places to preach.

His father asked him particularly to stop at the Buddhist Monastery and talk to the old Abbot, Kim. Father Sung had been up there many times in the last year to see him. When Father Sung was there doing the Hundred Day Prayer so many years ago, he had been attracted by the sincerity of Kim through all the days, and especially in that last little interview, when Kim came to his cell and opened his heart to him.

Sung knew him to be a sincere seeker after Truth, hungry after real things, a mystic, and, as far as his knowledge went, a saint, and he yearned to help the old man to a knowledge of the only thing that could ever satisfy him. They had had many talks up in the monastery, for Kim never left it nowadays. He was very old.

The other priests of the temple, led or sent by Kang, not satisfied with their legitimate revenue, went down into the villages with their tambourines, singing and begging from house to house, invoking blessings when they received gifts, and curses when they failed.

Old Kim had refused to lower himself in this way even in his younger days, and, by so much, his reputation was better than theirs. All the lowlands round about stood in awe of him as one who was in touch with great mysteries.

Kim did not knowingly deceive any one. He, himself, was passionately seeking the Ultimate Truth. Through all of the years he had felt that

it was just before him, just beyond, almost within reach, but never grasped.

Father Sung had tried to show him that the thing that he sought was not to be found in Buddha, the adumbration, but in Jesus, the Reality.

Many of the priests, when preached to, refused to listen, saying that they would lose their livelihoods if they became Christians. Kim was not so. If once convinced that the Gospel was true, he would accept Christ no matter what it cost.

The last time that Father Sung had climbed the mountain, Kang, unknown to Kim, had refused to let Sung in, as he feared that Kim might become a Christian, and he knew that if Kim once left the temple, half or more of its devotees would fall away, and his fat living with them, for most of the people had only contempt for him and the underpriests. Kim was the temple's principal asset. He must not be contaminated with the Jesus Doctrine.

Luckily Kang was away when Chin Pai reached the monastery. He had left his pack down in the village below and had brought with him only a handful of books.

He was admitted at once to Kim's cell, and prostrated himself before the old gentleman. Then he introduced himself as the son of Father Sung, and was given a doubly cordial welcome.

After a few polite questions, Chin Pai plunged at once into the matter for which he had come, for

Kang might come up at any time and forcibly drive him away.

"Father says that you have been studying the Doctrine," he said, "and he feels that you are near to the Kingdom, and wanted me to see you, and see if I could help you fight through."

"Yes," said Kim, "I have been reading the books that he left with me, and there are some wonderful things in them, but I am not yet convinced."

"Perhaps I can help you," said Chin Pai. "I will explain the difficulties if I can."

"Thank you," said Kim, "but before you begin, would you mind if I send for Kyung Yuli, one of the younger priests of the temple? He has been studying the Doctrine with me, and we have talked it over somewhat, and I think that he understands it more clearly than I do."

"Most gladly," said Chin Pai.

The man came and was introduced. He proved to be of middle age or more, although Kim, from his great age, treated him as though he were still the boy that joined the temple thirty years before.

Then Chin Pai asked, "Now what are the difficulties?"

"Well," said Kim, "I have come to believe that Jesus is the God and Saviour of the Westerners, but you know that in our 'Way' we have the Amida Buddha, whom we also know as the Saviour

of all men of the East, who leads men to the Western Paradise. Why cannot we have him as our Saviour? Why need we take the one that the foreigners have?"

"I do not know all of the doctrines of the Amida Buddha," said Chin Pai, "but there are scholars who say that those elements in the doctrine of the Amida Buddha which resemble the teachings of the Gospel, were really stolen from the Gospel story. You, yourselves, know that there are two distinct types of Buddhism in the East, the Southern and the Northern, the 'So Seung' and the 'Tai Seung,' the Hinyana and the Mahayana.

"The Buddhism of Ceylon and Burmah is the Buddhism of Sakalyia (Gautama) the 'So Seung.' The Northern Buddhism bears to this hardly a family likeness.

"The Northern Buddhism (Tai Seung) has absorbed into itself all sorts of gods of the nations in the lands to which it has gone, and all sorts of heterogeneous beliefs in spirit worship, ancestor worship, nature worship, and many like things. It is reasonable to suppose that if in early times it had come in contact with Christianity, it would have absorbed something also from that.

"There is no Amida Buddha in Southern Buddhism.

"It is believed by many that when the stream of Buddhist teaching crossed over the mountains

into South China from the southwest, it met there a stream of Judaistic or Christian teaching from the far West, from Persia, or Syria, or Arabia, and Buddhism absorbed what it cared for of the Christian teaching. Amida Buddha may be like Christ, but, if he be so, he is still only a likeness, a shadow, a perversion of the real Christ, whom we preach.

“Why be satisfied with a perversion when the true Christ Himself is here?”

“But Buddhism has moved multitudes of men,” said Kim.

“Certainly,” said Chin Pai, “and that in itself is an argument for the Gospel, for it may be the small grain of borrowed Christian truth that has done it. If so little could accomplish so much, is not the basal deposit of truth still more to be desired?”

“Furthermore, one must judge any doctrine by its fruits. For sixty years you have faithfully followed Buddha’s ‘Way,’ seeking peace, and you have not found it. My father, who studied beside you, has found his peace in Jesus.”

All the afternoon they talked, and then separated for thought and prayer. Kang did not return that night, so providentially they were not interrupted. At bedtime they separated to “pray it out,” each for himself alone.

Kim’s face the next morning showed that he had not slept much, but it also had a new look that was

not there the day before. The old wistfulness was gone. He, too, had come to peace.

"Well, it is settled at last," was Kim's salutation. "Kyung Yuli and I have given ourselves to Jesus, and for myself I can say that by His grace the long search is over. It came to me last night as I prayed. Jesus is what I have always sought. I did not know it.

"We are going to leave the temple this morning and forever. Kyung Yuli owns a field or two down in the valley, and we are going to go there to live together. We have no one but each other. I am afraid that I will be a burden to Kyung Yuli, but he refuses to let me go, so it is settled, and we are so happy."

Going down the steep path into the open, they hoped that they might not meet Kang on the road, but were unfortunately disappointed. Half-way down they encountered him coming up with a company of the other priests, all laden with the spoils of their begging. Kang saw them, and immediately guessed what had happened.

"Where are you going?" he fiercely demanded.

"Down in the valley to live," said Kim. "I find that all of these years I have followed a will-o'-the-wisp, but, by God's grace, now I have found the Great Reality in Jesus. It is all a mistake, Kang, that we have been teaching. Won't you stop it, and be a Christian with us?"

Kang turned upon Chin Pai with a perfect tor-

rent of oaths and reviling. "You are responsible for this," he said. "You cannot deny it. I will get even with you for this before I die!"

He looked as though he would leap at Chin Pai's throat, but his companions came between them, and edged him away. Long after they lost sight of him up the path, they could hear him shouting out curses and threats of vengeance.

Chin Pai said "Good-bye" to the two priests in the valley below, giving them a couple of books to use in preaching to their neighbours, and then he took up his pack, and went on his way with their farewell benedictions following him.

That night he came to the "Gambler's Town," where he knew that Captain Hwang of the Pedlars' Guild lived. He found Hwang at home, and received a warm welcome. They were old friends from Chin Pai's boyhood in addition to being relatives through Chin Pai's mother.

Chin Pai at once opened up the old question of Calvary, and was delighted to get an immediate response.

"Yes," said Hwang, "I have already decided to do the Doctrine, although I do not know very clearly about it yet. I used to listen around at Utmami a great deal more than you folks had any idea of, and now, as I travel about, I am recommending the Doctrine to everybody.

"Kwang Sili, the Sieve Pedlar at Pyung Chon, has believed at my preaching, and two innkeepers

at Dragon's Head ten li from here, and a number of men at Lofty Pine also are studying the books."

Besides Hwang's own household, there was already one believing family in the town. At night they held a little service, just the two households, and Chin Pai arranged to send back word to The Pastor, who had not heard of these prospects, and to the people at Utmami, that some one might be sent to care for and teach them occasionally.

The next stop was at the Hong Chang County Seat, where rumour said the magistrate had once been a member of a church in the Capital. When Chin Pai reached the place, he found upon inquiry that if ever the magistrate had been a Christian, he certainly was not an exemplary one now, for he had taken a couple of concubines since he came to the place, and was said to be drinking heavily.

Chin Pai called upon him, however, and was well received. When asked about his faithfulness in witnessing for Christ, the man squirmed and acted very uncomfortable, and said that, for a man in his official position, it was very difficult to be a consistent Christian, but that he was returning to Seoul soon, and intended to repent then. Like many a Westerner wandering in the East, he had left his religion at home.

At An Choon, sixty li beyond the County Seat, Chin Pai found a little body of inquirers, and spent a couple of days with them. All of these people were very ignorant except two, a young married

woman and her young brother fourteen years old.

This boy particularly interested Chin Pai. The family was terribly poor, living in most abject poverty. The older brother was a mere yokel, Millet's "Man with the Hoe." Na Kyoo was most wonderfully different.

Ten li away was a school for the teaching of Chinese characters. Three years before, without consulting any one, Na Kyoo had gone down there, and gotten permission to attend school in consideration of his gathering the fire-wood for the school. There was little to do at home in the winter, so every morning after breakfast the boy disappeared from home, and did not return until night.

At noon at the school, when the other boys went off to dinner, Na Kyoo also went away, and hid in the bushes until the other boys returned, when he also came back, and studied all the afternoon with an empty stomach. After a time they found out at home what he was doing, and tolerated it, but no one at home helped him.

The discipline had put a new look on the boy's face, of maturity and character. He seemed an alien in his own father's house.

In Chin Pai's next letter to The Pastor, he wrote of the boy with the result that The Pastor on one of his trips took the boy up to Seoul with him, and got him a place in the Medical College as a student.

From An Choon to the Coast was wild country. Houses were few and far between. The mountains were sky high, and covered with enormous forests of trees forty to eighty feet high. Most of the trees were evergreens, but there were occasional mountainsides of chestnut trees.

At An Choon, Chin Pai got his first taste of the fumes of the burning chestnut wood. The stone floors out there are very poorly laid so that they do not heat very well, and the people depend for heat mainly upon hot coals put in a brazier and brought right into the room. The village people were accustomed to the fumes, and did not mind them, but Chin Pai, after a few minutes of warming himself by the brazier, became desperately sick. Blood pounded in his ears, and everything got black before his eyes. He lay for thirty-six hours unable to move and thought he was going to die. Even then, he escaped easily, for people often do die of the fumes.

From An Choon to the Coast, he saw no houses thatched with straw. Many were covered with thick sticks of hemp cane from which the hemp had been stripped. Perhaps more were roofed with great slabs of wood, each slab held in place by a stone laid upon it. None could be called wind proof. Many houses, as he got further into the mountains, were of logs, not only the walls but the roof under the shingles, and the windows were very narrow.

Chin Pai asked why this was, and was told that it was because of the tigers.

Chin Pai asked his informant if he had ever seen a tiger. The man rolled up his trousers, and showed a long glancing scar. "I never saw one, but I have felt one," he said. "I was sleeping one summer night just inside that narrow window, and a tiger came along outside. He could not get in at the window because it was too narrow, but he reached in and gouged me."

The poverty all along the road was something such as Chin Pai had never seen before. Most of the people lived on boiled potatoes and salt with absolutely nothing else. Meat was almost a curiosity, it was so rare.

The isolation, however, was the worst thing.

Often away up near the peak of a mountain, or away down, it seemed miles below the road in the valley, one could see little groups of two or three houses standing all alone. Chin Pai's heart went out to those lonely exiles. They were the people that he had come to serve.

The last day they slept seventy li from Nung Chuk, and the next morning were on the road at daylight. For hours they travelled steadily upward until there were few peaks in the distance above them.

Chin Pai had fallen in with a company of mapus (horse boys), and at the cost of a few cents, had put his pack upon one of the horses.

From the surrounding country they could not tell how far it was to their destination, but they knew that it was about forty li.

Suddenly they turned a corner and came out upon the top of the "Palace" Pass, one of the highest in all Chosen. One moment they were in the mountains, the next they stood perched, as it were, upon the very lip of a cliff 4,000 feet high, with the whole seacoast country spread out below them, the sea itself seemingly almost at their feet.

The day was dazzlingly bright and clear, and the view was simply exquisite, first straight down about 1,000 feet on a switchback path, then green foothills running out like fingers, then a strip of black fields with villages, beyond that the white sands and the azure of the deep sea, dotted here and there with the sails of fisher boats.

Even the unsentimental horse boys exclaimed, "Aigoo-oo!"

To Chin Pai's mind flashed the thought, "This is the way that heaven will appear when we first go through the gates."

Four hours more, and they reached Nung Chuk, which was to be Chin Pai's center of work for the next two years or more.

He found the Christians without difficulty, and began work at once. They were abysmally ignorant of the rudiments of the Bible, so before trying to do anything at all for outsiders, he sat down for a whole month with the church people in the city,

teaching them day or night whenever he could get one or more to listen. Every evening there were preaching services. The leaders were Ko Chai Pum and Nam Si Yung, both prominent merchants in the market-place.

The church grew rapidly. Before long, two hundred people were attending, and they adapted a large storehouse for their worshipping house. Other little groups outside were beginning to send in inquiries, and he worked out little by little to them.

All winter, however, he stayed not far from his base, hoping to make that strong before trying to build too much upon it. Every fifth day was market day in several near-by towns, and he tried to attend all of those markets when possible. By so doing, he became known all up and down the Coast.

During the spring the road over the Pass was blocked by a tiger who took up his abode near the top, and made forays down into the villages to carry off dogs or calves or other things. Those who could, put off their visits to Seoul, and others made long detours rather than face His Highness, Lord of the Pass.

There were few guns on the Coast, and fewer people who knew how to use them on large game. A heavy log trap was set for him, but a little child got into it and was killed. The beast was finally gotten rid of with poison.

At the end of the Winter Class of special Bible

study, the townspeople gave a feast in Chin Pai's honour. In inviting him, Nam told him confidentially that they were going to have one great delicacy for him, *i. e.*, dog meat. Although not objecting to the dog meat as food, Chin Pai was very much distressed at the news, for dogs were always strangled, and his Bible said that he must "refrain from things strangled."

With as much tact as possible, he let Nam know his feeling in the matter, and, to his relief, it was taken off the menu.

All of the following summer they worked in widening circles.

There was little persecution in the work until about the middle of that summer. It was very dry. Almost no rain had fallen. Seed lay dry in the ground, and leaves were turning brown long before the time. Even the rice paddy fields dried up and cracked, exposing the germinating seed.

Some of the sorcerers in the town spread a rumour that the reason for the drought was that the guardian spirit of the Palace Pass was angry because of the coming of the Jesus Doctrine teacher, and there would be no rain until he was expelled.

On market day, after the buying is over, a goodly part of the men get drunk.

On one of these days, which happened to be Sunday, matters came to a head. A mob besieged the church, yelling and throwing stones, and demanding that the Christians make it rain, or they

would tear down the church, as the Doctrine was responsible for the drought.

Luckily Chin Pai was at home that day. He went out and faced the mob. It was a critical time for the church. There was as yet not even one regularly enrolled catechumen, as he had not the power to take them in and The Pastor had not been able to come in the spring. If a battle arose, it might mean the scattering of the flock and the loss of all that had been done.

As Chin Pai prayed in his heart, the conviction came that God would send rain if he asked for it. He faced the mob calmly, and, talking quietly to them, brought them to partial reason.

Then he said, "Our God is not one to be coerced by any man or number of men. He works according to His sovereign will. But if you will go quietly away, I will gather the Christians together for three days and pray for the rain which you so much need. If in His goodness He will hear us, the rain will come. I believe that it is His will."

The crowd, moved by the earnestness of his manner, broke up and scattered. The Christians gave themselves to prayer. On the evening of the third day the rain came. The star of the Jesus Doctrine went to its zenith that day in the town, and that of the wizards and witch doctors went into an eclipse.

Twice in the following months The Pastor came and went.

Some months after the second visit, there came a letter from Father Sung saying that Sin-Ai, little Faith-Love, was dead.

The date of the letter showed that it was more than a month old. Couriers were expensive, and they had not felt justified in sending one, as he could not return anyway. The letter had come from hand to hand by horse boys and travellers on the road.

One bright spot there was in the letter.

It said, "Just before she died, Sin-Ai said, 'Tell Chin Pai that I was sorry not to see him again before going, but I would not have him come home for me. Tell him that during all of these days of separation, I have prayed for him with all of my heart and soul, and that up There I will be praying for him still.'"

It is against Korean custom to show sorrow for the death of a wife, for, as they cynically say, "One can get another wife," but for days Chin Pai spent more hours than usual on his knees. He knew now whence had come the success that had been his all of these months. It was that little crippled wife, agonizing for him at home, that had done it.

A great wave of homesickness swept over him, and he could hardly fight it down.

As if in answer to his unformulated wish, came a letter from The Pastor saying that the various Missions in the country had agreed to divide the

whole territory of Chosen into mutually exclusive territories so that there might be no waste of evangelizing power, and that, in the various transfers, that far field was all to be given to another Mission.

"As soon as your substitute is sent," ran the letter, "come back home at once."

There was almost a rebellion in the church when word was given out. Many declared that they simply would not let him go. Some said that they would stop attending church if he left. His substitute, however, proved to be a winsome man, and, by their united efforts, the transfer was effected.

On the day of his departure the whole County Seat church accompanied him to the foot of the Pass, and, as he went up, from time to time, he could still see them far below, until the twistings of the switchback path shut them from view.

XVIII

THE GREAT REVIVAL

THERE were many changes in Utmami during the two years since Chin Pai had left. Tuk Kyungi was gone as a preacher in a difficult field in an adjacent county. Elder Chang also had been drafted off as a Helper in another county.

Moon and No had passed on to their reward. Uncle Leatherstocking had moved in to live with Father Sung, for the two old men needed one another, now that Sin-Ai, little Faith-Love, was gone.

Every one exclaimed at Chin Pai's changed appearance. The two years of travelling over the hills, and the heavy responsibility for the larger work, had matured him more than ten years at home would have done. He went away little more than a boy. He came back a man of poise and self-reliance.

He was a man to all but Father Sung. To him he was still "Oori ahi," "My little boy." The old gentleman was far past his seventieth birthday now, but so peaceful was his face, hardly marked with a line, and such a dignity was there, the

dignity that comes from intimate fellowship with the Eternities, that no one ever thought of him as old.

During the first days their talk was all of Sin-Ai. The house seemed so lonely without her. The work of the house and the fields was done well enough by Pong Suki, who was nearly grown now, and his wife, but they missed Sin-Ai's personality, especially at the prayer hours.

After a few days at home, Chin Pai again took the road for Seoul to see The Pastor.

Father Sung went with him, and on the way they picked up Elder Chang. Chang and Father Sung were going as delegates to the great Presbytery of the Church of all Chosen, which was to be organized in a few days at Pyeng Yang. Into this body were to be gathered all of the converts of all of the Presbyterian Missions that had been working so many years in Chosen, and it was to be cut loose from the control of the churches of Western lands, and made a separate entity in the world family of Presbyterian bodies.

Chin Pai, not being an "Elder," was not a delegate, but The Pastor insisted upon his attending, so he went as a spectator.

Seven ordained pastors and forty "Elders" who had been ordained under the old temporary, Mission régime constituted, with the missionaries, the membership of the Presbytery.

At first, a single Presbytery only for the whole

country was to be established. Later, after the members had mastered Presbytery procedure, a General Assembly with several Presbyteries was to be formed.

Great crowds of people from all over the country gathered to see the ceremony.

The ordination of the seven pastors came first, these men having just graduated from the Theological Seminary.

Letters from the Western Churches resigning all of their rights in the control of the national church were presented. The rolls of the accredited delegates were made up, and, with the coming to the chair of the Moderator, the Presbytery of Chosen was born.

As the Church was conceived and born out of prayer, the first hour was given to prayer. Then routine business was taken up.

In one of the first sessions reports came in from all over the land of special thank offerings that had been gathered in honour of the great event, for the purpose of establishing some sort of Foreign Mission, and sending out the Gospel to the regions beyond. The total given was enough to support the Mission.

Committees working on the matter had already chosen as a field the big island of Quelpart in the Yellow Sea, off the south coast of Korea.

From the seven new pastors, one had volunteered to go there. By unanimous consent, his

selection and the general plan was approved, and the Church pledged itself to carry on the work. It was curious to note that this man chosen was one who fifteen years before had taken part with a mob in stoning the first Western missionary who entered his home town.

Coming back to Seoul, The Pastor asked Chin Pai to remain in town for a time to assist him personally, and with the city church, and to have time for personal study. The past two years had been taken up in continually giving out. It was time to take in again.

After the tense strain of the circuit work, and the unceasing responsibility of it, it was refreshing to sit down in quiet to study, knowing that no duty was being neglected. Literature of all sorts was now available in the "national character" as well as in Chinese. For a time it was one great feast of reading.

In the city church or in the street preaching, he was busy a part of every day. More and more he became acceptable to the city congregation.

He found the city church unlike any that he had had to do with. It was continually changing as the population shifted like the rise and fall of the tide. It was much harder to keep the Sabbath, and harder for the people to get time for the Bible Classes, yet, after all, he found there the same nucleus of faithful ones that he had found in every church.

During the fall that nucleus met often for secret prayer. There seemed to have come upon all of them simultaneously a great hunger for more of God's power. As they prayed, the hunger grew. Often these meetings continued until midnight. Sometimes some of the people came to the church long before daylight to pray before going to their work for the day.

Suddenly, almost without warning, the Spirit began His work in the public meetings. Conversions began to occur among men who had formerly persecuted the Church and blasphemed God. Christians of long standing found themselves under conviction of sin that made them lie and writhe on the floor. There was no attempt at excitement. Everything was absolutely spontaneous and under the Spirit's will.

Only one thing in the order of service was changed. Instead of the leader only leading in prayer and the congregation mentally joining, the whole congregation was asked to pray, each person for himself out loud but quietly, no one listening to what his neighbour was saying. This was because of the feeling that often, when the leader prayed, a large part of the congregation allowed their minds to wander, and did not join with him. Each person now talked with his Lord as though they two were the only persons in the room.

The effect was simply indescribable. Back and

forth over the room went the murmur of prayer, rising and falling. Chin Pai several times stepped down and listened to men praying. It gave almost a feeling of awe to see their concentration. There was no praying to be heard of men.

Suddenly confessions began.

Old Christians, who back in their pre-Christian days had sinned, and who, after believing, had not yet made restitution, poured out their souls in confession and tears, and, like Zacchæus, pledged repayment fourfold. Others confessed to secret jealousies, hatreds and ambitions. A few, a very few, old Christians confessed to sins committed since becoming Christians.

Deeper and deeper went the plow, tearing open hearts and baring inmost thoughts.

There was no possibility of resisting the impulse to confess. There was no bravado or "playing to the galleries." Men were in a hell of conviction of sin, and had to confess or die. Every effort was made to keep down excitement. Often meetings were opened, and before the first hymn was sung, men were on their feet begging a chance to confess.

In one church such methods as clapping the hands and shouting were attempted, but were sternly suppressed.

Prayer went on day and night. Long before daylight men crowded the churches for prayer. Far into the night the meetings were continued.

Old quarrels were broken up, and new friendships cemented with tears.

A few church members withstood the movement to the end. In most cases it was found out later that these were people cherishing secret sins which they were unwilling to give up.

In one church the pastor withstood the whole thing for days, declaring that it was an unnatural movement, and not of God. His church alone remained cold and without conversions until suddenly the revival swept into his own soul and he confessed with tears that his opposition was largely because of jealousy of those heading the movement. In a moment almost his church also was the scene of a great outpouring.

Two weeks, four weeks the work went on. Then the leaders tried from time to time to stop it, feeling that it might become a matter of mere excitement, and hinder the future normal growth of the people, but again and again they were rebuked by some new revealing of the Spirit's will.

Restitution and confession were the order of the day.

School children brought and restored trifles that they had pilfered. Older Christians made greater reparations. The conscience of the whole Church became very tender, and sin, no matter how insignificant, became a terrible thing. The whole Church was raised to a higher spiritual plane.

Few of the leaders themselves were unmoved.

One summed up the feeling of all when he said, "How can we ever lead this Church now purified as it has been by the Spirit's visitation? It was a responsibility before. Only Spirit-filled men dare presume to lead this Spirit-filled Church."

From time to time there came rumours of similar manifestations breaking out here and there in the country in isolated places. At last the city leaders decided that, for the city Christians' good, they had better begin reaching out beyond the walls. Bands of volunteers were organized, and sent in all directions to near-by towns.

It was at about this time that The Pastor called Chin Pai into his study one day, and asked him if he were ready again to take the field. He said, "I needed you in the city these months, and you needed the opportunity for study, but now out in the farthest part of the territory left me by the division, in the Dragon Gate Mountains near Captain Hwang's village, there is a field that is just crying for workers.

"Helpers from near-by fields have made flying trips in there, but no really permanent work has been done. I want you to go out this time with the full rank of Helper to have full charge of all the work from Utmami to the border of the province. Can you go at once?"

"Certainly," said Chin Pai, "and gladly."

Thirty li out in the country, he stopped at a little church over night, and they had a meeting. He

made no special effort to make the meeting like the meetings in Seoul, but hardly had he begun, when the spirit of prayer fell upon the meeting and confessions began.

One self-righteous mother of three grown sons was particularly jarred out of ten years' complacency as the Spirit brought her face to face with her responsibility for her boys. The leader, a good, sincere man, confessed a sin of years before of which no one had had even a suspicion.

This meeting was a sample of his progress down the field. Sometimes meetings were in progress when he arrived at churches. Sometimes a couple of meetings were held before anything occurred, but, sooner or later in every church, the Spirit showed Himself, and wrought His will.

Sometimes, for one reason or another, there were one or more men who opposed His working. In nearly every case, in a matter of hours, the Spirit revealed Himself and swept away the opposition.

Always the work began with the Christians, but it always extended beyond resulting in an ingathering among the sightseers who came to look and wonder.

In the town of Dragon Gate Place, where the old Abbot Kim and Kyung Yuli had gone to live, it resulted in the conversion of about forty people, and the securing and adapting of a building for a church.

In the town of Lofty Pine, Chin Pai found the group of believers that Captain Hwang had told him about two years before. It had meanwhile grown to a church of about one hundred people, all men, and they had a nice building for the meetings.

From overpress of work and the difficulty of access of this church, none of the transient Helpers sent in by The Pastor had visited this place, and Chin Pai found a curious state of affairs.

Instead of meeting on Sunday, every seventh day, to worship, they had gradually come to worship on market day, every fifth day, as they said that it was more convenient for them. On market days, after the bartering was all over, they got a firkin of beer and placed it in the "church" and gathered for worship. No one had told them that this was not the way to do things. They had no Bibles and few song-books. Taking what song-books they had, they sang *ad libitum*, each man making his own tune and time as he went along.

The "Chairman," wearing huge goggles and a scholar's crown-like head band, sat in state, smoking his pipe, and in general comporting himself as much like the County Magistrate as his limited imagination could make him. There was no such thing as prayer or a regular program.

Part of the time was taken up by an improvised court. Offenders against the "church" or any of its members were summoned, reprimanded, or

fined, or beaten, according to the sovereign will of the Chairman and a few of his satellites.

Chin Pai at once protested against such a prostitution of the good name of the Church, but for a time they listened in blank amazement. They could see nothing wrong in anything that they were doing. Such things had been done from time immemorial.

At last Chin Pai, exasperated beyond measure, said, "Either stop these things absolutely, and at once, or stop using the Christian name, and take down your flagpole. If you do not do this, I will appeal to the County Magistrate."

They argued and argued, but he started to chop down the pole, and then they saw that he was in earnest.

The leaders of the movement were not bad men. They had done the only thing that they knew in the way of conducting such associations. Finally they agreed to stop their objectionable practices and conform to church elsewhere. The result was a wholesale exodus of about two-thirds of their members.

Chin Pai stayed in that neighbourhood for several weeks and was rejoiced to see the change come over the men who were left, the whole culminating in a revival of great power and thoroughness.

XIX

THE RESCUE OF SOO OKI

ONE Sabbath evening as Chin Pai was preaching in the County Seat Church, the door far at the back on the women's side of the curtain opened, and a little girl crept in and sat down, huddled in the corner behind the older women. Her clothes were torn and dirty, her hair dishevelled, and she had a look of fear and desperation on her face.

She seemed to be trying to keep out of possible observation from the windows. She was about fifteen years old, but her hair was down her back in a braid, showing that she was not married. Chin Pai could not remember ever having seen her before.

He was preaching on "God's love to the unloved." He pictured poor humanity in all of its need, groping for something, they knew not what. He told of Father Sung praying to the spirit in the devil-house, and on the mountain, and always coming down hungry. He pictured Old Kim, the Abbot, praying to Buddha, hungering but never fed.

He told of Moon, and Pong Sami and the others, and how God had cared for them.

Then he showed the great love of God to all men, His great heart throbbing with love for His people, a love so great that John, the Beloved, after writing in his younger days, "God loves," in his older years he changed it and wrote, "God is love."

As Chin Pai was speaking he was conscious of an intense concentration of attention in that little figure back by the door. She seemed to have forgotten her fear of some one outside the building and was listening with heart and soul.

Occasionally a look of doubt or hopelessness came over her face, but little by little it all gave way to a look of passionate longing.

When the sermon was ended, Chin Pai, in a short prayer, asked the Father to make His love known to any poor stranger there that had not yet known Him as Father..

As the service closed, Chin Pai, since it was not proper for him to go inside the women's curtain to address a stranger, especially one so young, spoke to Grandma Kim, one of the workers of the church, and urged her to hurry back and greet her. A moment later he saw them going down the hill together.

After all of the people had dispersed, some one came to call Chin Pai and the church leaders down to Grandma Kim's house.

When they reached there they found a little group of women gathered in the inner quarters, where a dim light was given from a rag wick hang-

ing over the edge of a saucer of grease. The little stranger was crouching in the corner behind Grandma Kim, apparently crying with fear.

"An awful thing has happened here," said Grandma Kim. "I did not know whether anything could be done or not, but felt that you all ought to hear about it, and perhaps some one could think of something to do.

"It is about this little girl, Soo Oki. She ran away from her home to-night, and is appealing to us to protect her.

"I have known her family before. Her grandfather was a man of Minister rank, and a noted scholar, particularly known for the purity of his moral character. Her father also was a man of education.

"Twenty-five years ago, when the country was all torn up by the strife between the party of the Regent and the party of Queen Min, this grandfather sent in a petition to His Majesty giving a sketch of the existing situation, and of its evil effects upon the country, and asking him to restrain the ex-Regent's activities.

"By so doing, he offended the Regent's party, and they were able to get him exiled to Nyun Byun up in the North, for five years. He spent his time up there in literary labours, and greatly increased his fame as a writer.

"When he came back to Seoul, the Regent, who never forgot an enemy, plotted to get rid of him by

accusing him of treason. They brought false witnesses from Nyun Byun and elsewhere, and tried the case before their own judge, and he was pronounced guilty.

“Not only was he beheaded, but also his son, Soo Oki’s father, and all other near male relatives, as was the custom then. Soo Oki’s grandmother died of the shock. Their property was all confiscated by the State. Soo Oki’s mother, as was the custom, became a ‘Kwanpi,’ a magistracy slave. Soo Oki was then but a few months old.

“Her mother was delicately brought up, and was not of a very strong character. When she heard what her fate was to be, she tried to commit suicide by eating opium, and very nearly succeeded, but was resuscitated.

“They gave her in marriage to the magistracy jailer here, a low, brutish sort of a man. She said that she would not live with him, but was beaten into submission.

“For a time, she went almost insane. The only thing that held her back was the thought of what might happen to Soo Oki. To protect her baby, she was willing to live. Many times she planned that they should die together, but her courage failed. She was always hoping that something might intervene to save Soo Oki for a clean life.

“You know that all female children of magistracy slaves, if they are at all presentable, are

trained to be dancing girls or worse. They are taught to read and sing as well as to converse.

“When Soo Oki was ten years old they began to train her. Her mother tried to prevent it, but failed. However, day by day, she told the girl what was possibly before her, and the hideousness of it all, as she herself had been forced to see it, and she made the girl promise that she would die before she would live the life of a dancing girl.

“She told her how she herself had tried and failed, because she had not the courage, and was bound by Soo Oki. She said that Soo Oki must kill herself if they did not allow her an honourable marriage.

“By purposely learning slowly, the fateful day of decision was put off until she was nearly fifteen where most girls are ready earlier. Just at the critical time, a year ago, her mother died. Her last words were a reiteration that Soo Oki must demand an honourable marriage or die.

“The next day after the funeral her master ordered her to put on her bright coloured clothes and make her appearance at the magistrate’s house. She refused. He tried to force her to do so. She still refused. He put her in a room without fire, and starved her for a couple of days, but she was unmoved, and he did not dare starve her too long lest it affect her beauty, and the amount of money that he hoped to get for her.

“He asked her what she wanted, and she said, ‘An honourable marriage.’

“‘Who would marry you?’ he asked. ‘No one but a commoner would take you as a real wife, and what commoner could pay my price?’

“He had had his own way with the little weak mother, but he found in this slender child a little of the iron courage that dictated that protest letter of her grandfather to the King.

“At last the man gave up in despair, and sold her to be the third concubine of that vile old nobleman, Ham Ik Too, over across town. She got poison, and threatened to take it if he tried to deliver her there, but two months ago he got it away from her by strategy and lying, and brought her bound to Ham’s house.

“You know Ham is over sixty years old, and has sons and grandsons, and in his person is about as attractive as a toad. He already had two wives.

“She pretended to go insane, and they shut her up in a room in the gatequarters, and have kept her there until yesterday. Yesterday when our Christians were out preaching in the market-place, they stopped under the window of her room, and she heard them, and the Message was so wonderful that she stopped her make-believe to listen. She was quiet so long that some underling around the place looked in to see the reason. She called others of the servants to see.

"After the preachers were gone, she heard the women in the adjacent room saying that now they were sure of what they had all along suspected, that her insanity was put on, and that that night old Ham was going to arrange for a supper, and then take her forcibly for his 'little wife,' *i. e.*, his concubine.

"When they let her out to take her to the women's quarters to dress, she broke through them and ran, and, remembering the street preaching, she came here asking us to save her. What can we do? Must we send her back?"

"A thousand times No!" said Chin Pai. "She has suffered enough already. God will never forgive us if we let her be taken. Is not that your judgment, brethren?"

No one answered for a moment. The older men looked at one another. Then Moon, brother of Moon of Utmami, said hesitatingly, "Dare we protect her? The law is clear. She belongs to Ham since he has paid for her, and, as she is a slave, she is like any other piece of property. If the town knew that we had even suggested hiding her, they would mob us and drive us out of the place. It is horrible to think of her going back, but what else can we do?"

The others nodded assent, and said, "We are helpless. We can do nothing. She must be sent back."

Chin Pai rose, and said, "We may be helpless,

but God is not. I am going at once to find The Pastor and ask him."

"How can you?" they asked. "You know that he is in the Class at Pelli now, and that is fully thirty miles away, and it is black dark outside. Who ever heard of travelling thirty miles alone at night in Chosen? Besides, you are not in shape physically to do it, for you have been working hard all day at the church and in the market. Then, too, even if you could walk that distance, you could not get across the big river, for the ferry does not run all night."

"I do not know," said Chin Pai. "I may fail. Possibly The Pastor cannot help either, but I am going to try. If you will simply hide the girl until to-morrow night, I will bring The Pastor then, and we will at least make an effort to save her."

He stepped across to the house where he was staying, took off his outer coat, and wrapped it so that it would go into a light pack on his back. All knelt for a moment's prayer, and then he stepped out into the night. Dogs barked for a little while, and then all was still.

At the big ferry, he feared that he might be stopped, but fortunately, or, as Chin Pai more accurately phrased it, "By the grace of the Lord," the ferryman was there, and came grumblingly across to take him over.

Over the big Pass, and among the rocks on the

river bank, through sleeping villages,—he never forgot that walk. On the river bank, in a few places, he saw fishermen sitting on their stands out in the water still-fishing, but they were so far away that they only accentuated his isolation.

Along the river bank back from the water were fields of cucumber and muskmelons, and in every field was a rude watch-tower (like those of Isaiah 1: 8), made by setting in the ground poles ten feet high, and constructing a platform five feet above the ground between them, the whole being thatched with straw. In every watch-tower was a boy to keep off robbers who might want to steal the fruit.

Every fifteen minutes or so one of the boys would wake up and let out a weird war whoop like the cry of a wolf in the timberland. The next boy would take it up, and the next, until the whole valley resounded with it. Then all would be still again, and more lonesome than ever.

Several times Chin Pai lost his way among the dikes of the rice fields when he left the main road, but, as the gray dawn began to appear, he could see in the distance the mountain at the foot of which he knew The Pastor was sleeping, and, as the sun rose, he was at the door.

When The Pastor heard his story, he looked grave. It was not the first time that he had heard the like. Few men on mission fields but have had their hearts wrung by similar stories. Confucius and Buddha have had some sort of a message for

men, but who in all the East has cared for abused woman?

"I am afraid that the County Seat leaders were right," he said, "and afraid that we are helpless. The time will come when, by God's grace, Chosen will give to women the right to really live, but you and I can only hasten it by spreading the knowledge of Jesus and His love, not by using or appealing to force. I am afraid that we can do nothing, but on the desperate chance, and because you have taken this terrible trip to reach me, we will start for the County Seat at once. You may stay behind and come to-morrow, or you may ride my pack-horse back with me."

As the sun was going down, they again approached the County Seat. Outside the town Moon came to meet them.

"I am sorry, but I guess that you are too late," he said. "Early this morning men came searching. For some reason they suspected Grandma Kim, possibly because she had known so much of the family. They came almost at once to her house, tied the girl, and took her away.

"I followed them to Ham's place and saw them arrive. He was wild with rage at his disappointment of the night before, and had evidently spent a good share of the night in drinking. When they brought the girl into the courtyard before him, he struck her with his fist, and the pipe in his hand cut her forehead until the blood ran."

"Are you sure of that last—that the blood ran?" asked The Pastor.

"Certainly! Everybody there saw it."

"Well then, praise the Lord! for there is a bit of hope!"

After supper The Pastor and Chin Pai and the church leaders went over to Ham's guest-room, where he was holding his imitation court with his hangers-on about him. The Pastor introduced himself, and Ham perforce grunted an acknowledgment in a surly manner, waving him to a seat down the room far from the seat of honour. He ordered an underling to bring him his pipe lighted, and he began to blow clouds of smoke around the room, another purposed discourtesy to his guests.

For a time he pretended to not know that they were there, but at length he asked one of his friends in the room, "What does he want here anyway?" with the motion of his chin towards The Pastor. "I am not one of his Jesus Doctrine scamps."

"No!" said The Pastor, "it were well with you if you were. I will tell you why I came. It was to ask about a girl named Soo Oki, a girl who is a Christian, and said to be detained against her will in your house."

"Well! what about her?"

"I have called to ask you to release her, and let her go to her friends."

“I will not release her, for she is my concubine. I paid forty dollars for her. I intend to keep her, and I will thank all of the Jesus Doctrine scamps in the county to mind their own business. The law is on my side, and, if I cannot have peace without it, I will invoke it against you.”

“The law *was* on your side,” said The Pastor, “and, if you had been careful, you might have had immunity no matter how far you carried your filthiness, but now the law is against you. This morning, when the girl was brought into your house, you struck her, and her blood flowed from the wound.

“You, who would invoke the law! Do you not know that making the blood of a female slave to flow automatically frees her if the magistrate cares so to rule? And that, furthermore, the magistrate at his discretion may paddle the guilty master in public like a common thief?

“With your filthy, shameless life, you have become a byword to all the county. Have you no shame that you, already possessing two wives, should want to wreck the life of this innocent young girl, you who already are the father of grown-up sons with children?

“What reason have you to offer why I should not go in to the magistrate and tell him of your crime against the law? He happens to be a friend of mine, and I happen to know that he is no friend of yours. It would be pleasant at your age to be

stripped and beaten with the paddles in the jail yard."

As The Pastor spoke Ham lost his bravado, then turned pale, and the sweat began to pour off him. By the time The Pastor finished he was almost grovelling before him, whining for mercy.

"I did not intend to hurt her," he said; "it was an accident. My pipe was in my hand, and as I raised it up it somehow brushed against her face."

If he had been disgusting before in his pompousness, he was actually repulsive now.

The Pastor continued, "I know that I can take the girl from you without any remuneration, and punish you besides as you deserve, but I do not care to be mixed up in your affairs any further, so I will tell you what I will do. You said that you paid forty dollars for the girl. I will take your word for that. To clear any present or future claim that you may have against her, I will repay you your forty dollars, and you will, in the presence of these gentlemen, make out a complete quit claim for her."

Ham, seeing that he was not to be punished, recovered his nerve a little and then said, "Instead of the forty dollars, could you not get me another girl for my concubine?"

For an instant it looked as though The Pastor would strike him.

"And you would dare to make such a proposal to me!" he said. "How God allows any one as

rotten as you to live is more than I can understand. I ask you now to sign that quit claim and quickly, too, lest I repent of letting you off from the paddling which you so richly deserve."

In a moment it was done, and then they brought the girl out, still in her filthy clothing, and with her hands tied with a rope.

For a moment she stood frightened, not knowing what was going to happen to her. Then Chin Pai stepped over and loosed her hands. "What does it mean?" she asked him.

"That The Pastor has come and freed you," was the answer.

Back at the church, there was a long conference among the Christians as to what should be done with the child. Some said that she must be married off at once lest some one try to steal her again. Some said that she had already suffered so much that it was not right to have her rushed into any sort of a marriage that might be arranged hastily.

The Pastor at last solved the puzzle by saying that he would take her with him up to the Girls' Boarding School in Seoul, and enter her there, where at least for a few months she would have a chance to forget the terrible experiences through which she had passed. The next morning they started back to Seoul, and Chin Pai took up his pack and went back to the mountains.

XX

INTERNAL WAR

MEANWHILE, in Seoul, political matters were coming to a crisis. The air was full of rumours. The Pedlars' Bureau of the Government, for a long time semi-defunct, was abolished by law, and the Pedlars' Guild was forbidden to exist privately. In revenge, one of the members tried to assassinate the Prime Minister.

The Court refused to listen to any suggestions from the Japanese or any one else. Daily, promises of every sort were made, and daily were they broken. The Japanese had brought their war in Manchuria to a close. Their demands became more and more peremptory.

They terraced the South Mountain in Seoul, and made some very businesslike looking roads leading up from terrace to terrace, the upper level commanding the Palace grounds, and the lower end of the roads terminating not far from the barracks where several cannon were stored.

Rumour said that under certain exigencies, it would not take many minutes for them to begin dropping shells into the Palace enclosure.

Rumour said that the Japanese, in spite of their word of honour given to the contrary, were going to annex the country.

Rumour said that the Korean Emperor was really dead anyway, and that the news was being kept from the world.

Rumour said that several high officials had plotted together to sell the whole country to the Japanese, on condition that they be given the highest offices in the annexed provincial Government.

The air was buzzing with hundreds of other similar rumours.

Chin Pai, coming up to attend the Central Bible Class, landed right in the hottest of it.

Rumour said that any day the throne might be seized by a usurper.

From all over the country, men, especially young men, the flower of the country, were hurrying up to Seoul. The streets were crowded with them. They stood in thousands around the palaces, but, of course, were not allowed to enter.

Occasionally street meetings were held, and orators harangued the crowd, but the police, armed with swords, kept the people moving as far as possible. The regular police were assisted by numbers of Japanese police loaned for the occasion. One met them everywhere, lurking in alleyways and narrow streets, watchful, waiting.

At night the crowd moved here and there in the

darkness, waiting, waiting for something which they felt sure at any moment might happen. There were no street lights to speak of then, and all of the houses were tightly barred for fear of looting and rioting, so that the darkness seemed more sinister.

The candy sellers did a rushing business as they sat on the street corners with their little trays of barley sugar candy, singing their weird marketing call. Men were not taking time to go to their meals. They were using the candy as a temporary substitute. Each tiny tray had upon it a small tallow candle sputtering dimly. This tiny point of light, and the minor note in the candy sellers' singing, seemed to fit into the mood of the crowd.

Occasionally a sob was heard in the crowd or an oath.

That night, so rumour said, the Japanese Minister went into the Palace, and presented to the Emperor and his Ministers a letter to be signed by them asking His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, to come to their assistance in governing the country, making it a Protectorate.

Rumour says that at first the Emperor positively refused to sign as did his Minister of War, Min Yong Whan. The other Ministers had evidently been informed about the matter, for they signed at once as requested. Min on bended knee plead with His Majesty not to sign though he died for his refusal. The other Ministers insisted that

it was the only way. Rumour said that His Majesty wavered and wavered, and finally signed.

Whether this is what really happened no one can now know. It has been claimed that it was purely a matter carried out by the Ministers themselves, each trying to get more power for himself. Whatever may have really happened, the above is the rumour that came to the crowd in the streets, and it was the rumour that determined their action.

The next morning the crowd was again on the move at daybreak, crowding the streets, restless as a caged tiger.

Suddenly from somewhere came the rumour of the Treaty, and a yell of rage echoed up the long street. The police drew their swords, and prepared for trouble.

Then came a diversion as the news spread that Min Yong Whan who had besought His Majesty not to sign, and who himself had refused to sign, had gone to his home, written a farewell to his homeland, and committed suicide, hoping by so doing to goad the nation into resistance.

A wail went up and down the street. By the big bell men locked arms twenty abreast, and swayed back and forth in the streets, wailing with tears streaming down their faces. The police tried to break up the crowd, but were brushed aside like so many flies. In their passion of grief, the people had no eyes for the police.

Back and forth they swayed.

Suddenly the mood of the mob changed. Orators sprang upon boxes, and began inflammatory addresses. The police tried to stop them. Suddenly, as though by preconcerted signal, the mob charged the police. In a second, the streets were full of the police. Pistols cracked, and sabres hewed.

Still the young men from the provinces, sons of the tiger hunters, with their bare hands, charged and charged again, pouring out their blood in a passion of patriotism. It was all useless. The crowd wavered, gave way, and then fled, leaving some scores of young men wounded in the hands of the police.

That afternoon a company of Korean soldiers, being marched across the city to the Palace for guard duty, met a troop of Japanese soldiers near the big bell, and, without a minute's warning, fired into them, dropped their empty guns and scattered to the hills.

An order went out from the Palace to disarm the last of the Korean soldiers in the barracks near the South Gate. The soldiers took the officer who was sent to read the order, stripped him of his uniform, tore the order to bits, and threw him naked out into the street. They refused to give up their guns, and said that any one who wanted them might come and take them.

As though by prearranged signal, long files of Japanese soldiers with machine guns poured out

of their quarters, and went to surround the rebels. The machine guns were run out upon the wall near the Gate, and turned down into the barracks yard.

The first men who tried to serve them bit the dust, but others took their places, and then others. The Koreans behind sheds, and at a terrible disadvantage, pluckily returned shot for shot, but they had never seen a machine gun before, and they were helpless. In a moment the barracks yard was a shambles.

A few men escaped over the wall to a hill opposite, from which they continued sharp shooting for half an hour more until a flank movement was threatening them, and they broke, and ran for the mountains.

The next morning every cannon in the city was taken out to the parade ground inside the East Gate, and, for half an hour, the Japanese soldiers fired and fired with blank cartridges, by platoons, and companies, and single pieces. The city seemed to rock on its foundations. The cur dogs of the city crawled whimperingly into the houses, and tried to hide.

Men sat and looked at one another with white set faces from which the light of hope had fled. When the cannonading ceased, the last thought of rebellion had perished from the city of Seoul. Individuals, realizing the futility of resistance in the open, slipped away to the mountains. In the city,

commerce resumed its sway and was never again interrupted.

From the mountains, there began to come rumours of insurgent bands roaming about. They adopted the name of "Wipyung," or "Soldiers of Righteousness."

Among them were some real patriots. One band, led by a nobleman named Min, sought the Japanese wherever they could find them, and fought them man to man. There were others like them, but, after a time, the whole propaganda degenerated in the good old Oriental style into what was little better than brigandage.

Out in the mountains, for a time it was quite a joke to say, "Have you no new coat? Go Wipyung and get one. Have you no money? Go Wipyung, and get some."

Most of the bands avoided the Japanese soldiers whenever possible, and only fought when cornered. On those occasions, they fought like tigers, as many a Japanese grave will testify, but it was always against hopeless odds. The Japanese, armed with six-shooting magazine rifles, could shoot six times while the slow burning Korean powder was igniting. After a time, the Koreans, realizing this, began to shoot at once at anything that looked even suspicious, asking their questions after they had shot. It made it quite inconvenient for innocent bystanders.

It was only a matter of days until every county

seat had its company of Japanese soldiers, and night and day they combed the country for insurgents. The plucky little fellows, in bands of five or ten, would go out fearlessly against a hundred or five hundred Wipyungs day or night.

Between each two posts, daily, two soldiers carried dispatches through a hostile country swarming with enemies.

Among their native hills, looking for Wipyungs was like looking for the proverbial haystack needle. On the mountain tops, the sentinels of the Wipyungs always saw the soldiers coming, and often, when they reached places where they had positive information that they were, the birds had flown.

The Japanese began travelling in Korean clothes, but the insurgents soon discovered that.

The Japanese began travelling at night.

Their usual plan was to surround a village in which Wipyungs were supposed to be sleeping, and at daylight make their attack as a surprise.

One night, when Chin Pai was at Lofty Pine, a band of insurgents came in, demanded food at the point of their guns, got it, ate it, and went on. Information was sent to the nearest post of soldiers by some one who only saw them come, and did not see them go. At daylight the town was awakened by a shower of bullets. One woman was shot in the foot, and a man through the chest,

before the attacking party discovered that the insurgents were not there.

As usual, the innocent bystander got the bullets.

Then both sides began to burn houses. If a town harboured the Japanese, even though they had no choice in the matter, the Wipyungs burned the town. If the cases were reversed, the soldiers burned it.

The County Seat of Peaceful Willow, three hundred houses, was all burned, also the eighty houses at Dragon Gate Place where Kyung Yuli lived, and the eighty houses of Captain Hwang's town, besides numbers of smaller places.

The County Seat was burned because a large company of the insurgents tried to make it their base in the only pitched battle that they ever attempted in force. The trained Japanese went through their outworks like a hot knife going through butter.

Returning towards Seoul after the battle and the burning of the County Seat, the soldiers burned Unkol and every house along the river for twenty li. It looked as though Utmami, too, would go, but the Christians met and "prayed it out," and the burning was stopped right at the edge of the town.

The lower temple of the Buddhists at Dragon Gate Place was burned because it was an ideal hiding place for the insurgents on account of the dense undergrowth about it.

The people in most of the burned out villages dug holes in the ground, and thatched them over, and huddled into them in an effort to keep alive until spring, when they possibly might rebuild.

In Dragon Gate Place, though every Christian family in the town was living in these dug-outs, the Christians gathered wood and rebuilt the church, the first building replaced in the whole village.

Circuit work under these conditions was not play. Most of the Wipyungs, having formerly been Korean soldiers, had at that time had their hair cut in Western fashion instead of wearing it in the national topknot. So had many of the Koreans who were closely associated with the Japanese. Many of the Christians, including Chin Pai himself, had also cut their hair for cleanliness' sake.

This custom among the Christians had come partly from the suggestion in Acts that Paul had cut his hair on a vow. The Christians seemed to feel that, if a new believer made an open sign like this of his new belief, it was like burning one's bridges behind him. After the custom was started, it became well-nigh universal in the churches. Hair clippers became a part of every church's equipment, and inquirers were urged to "believe and cut their hair."

It all made embarrassment now, and, more than that, positive danger to life.

Whenever a Japanese soldier met a short-haired Christian, he wanted to shoot him for an insurgent. When the insurgents met him, they wanted to shoot him as a Japanese spy. It was another case of the innocent bystander catching all of the bullets.

The Pastor dared not give any of the Helpers any certificate of identification lest it be taken from them by the insurgents at the point of a gun, and cause trouble, but, after a time, a way was discovered to do it safely. Each of the men was called up to Seoul, and his picture was taken, and then on the unbacked print, The Pastor wrote in English and Japanese and Korean that the man whose picture was on the other side was a Christian preacher. The card could still be taken from him, but could not be used to do harm.

All members of the church who went out as insurgents had their names at once stricken off the church rolls. The Pastor explained that saying that he had no right to forbid them to go or to tell them not to go. That was the matter for each man's conscience, and The Pastor could only apply moral pressure against it all. But the church was a neutral party, and no man had a right, by keeping his name on the church roll, to entangle the church on his side.

One of the most notorious of the Wipyung leaders was our old friend Kang, ex-priest from the monastery. Very few people came to the

temple after the old Abbot went away. It looked to be easy to travel around as an insurgent, living by plunder. As in other things, having once joined, he aspired to and attained leadership.

By a messenger he sent word to Chin Pai one day that he was looking for him, and, if they ever met, he was going to pay off that old score that he had against him by crushing Chin Pai's legs. They never did meet, however, during that time.

One day Chin Pai was captured by a band of Wipyungs, and made to sit down in an inn for a long time before being allowed to pass.

Again and again he saw bands of them in the distance.

He was often severely questioned by the Japanese, but insisted upon maintaining his neutrality as to both belligerents.

He often heard shooting, and daily saw long files of bound prisoners of war going up to the courts in Seoul. The air was tense with danger. For months he never knew whether the next night would find him at his work, or sleeping in some unmarked, shallow grave out in the hills.

The insurgents, seeing that the Japanese trusted the Christians as neutral non-belligerents, began travelling with school bags full of Christian books slung over their shoulders, but that did not deceive the soldiers long.

One former Wipyung, who was a saloon-keeper, came home, and reopened his shop, trying to de-

ceive the soldiers when they came by exhibiting a Bible and hymn-book. He neglected, however, to conceal or smash his beer crock, so they tied him and took him away.

Another man forgot to conceal his Chinese-chess gambling board, and was taken out, and punished.

A third tried to lie to them about the location of the insurgents, claiming all the while that he was a church officer. His lie was discovered, and he was taken away.

The Christians insisted upon keeping absolutely neutral, but it was a hard thing to do at times.

At last the pressure began to lessen. The insurgent bands broke up, and scattered. The soldiers scraped the country clean of those that were in hiding. Life became normal again, and people breathed more freely. The long nightmare was over.

The country lay full of the smoking ruins of houses. Thousands in their pitiful dug-outs faced the winter half clothed, for their clothing had burned in their homes, and, lacking even food, they were too poor to buy more. Rehabilitation of the church under such circumstances was disheartening to contemplate, but they plunged in.

The Dragon Gate Place church, as has already been said, was up. The others came harder, but one by one they rose from their ashes.

The County Seat church was the hardest of them all, and yet Chin Pai felt that, if one could make comparisons, it was the most important of them all because of its strategic position at the meeting of all the roads to the far east and south. The whole place was burned over, a large part of the Christians had scattered, never to return. There was but a pitiful half-starving handful left. Wood and land were terribly costly. The old church had been built upon leased land, and, now that the building was gone, all was gone.

In the reconstruction of the town, the authorities had rearranged it, straightening the streets, and doubling the width of the market plaza. Sites on the plaza were being seized by those who could pay large prices for them. All along it, inns and saloons were going up, and stores for merchandizing, and Chin Pai felt that Christianity was on trial there.

If the devil's house, the saloon, could go up, was God's house to lie in ruins?

Like the Prophet Haggai, he passed on the question to the people of Utmami and Unkol and Homooni. They caught the challenge in it, and answered it. Material was gathered and money, and one day twenty men with a dozen bull-loads of timber filed into the County Seat, and began work.

They had secured a beautiful site on the hill overlooking the town, and visible for five miles

down the river, and three miles inland. The chips flew merrily.

The women of Utmami prepared the rice for the workers who were all Christian volunteers. All camped out during the work. Each morning before they began work, they all gathered on the site, and had family prayers. It was all like a three weeks' picnic, or rather, from the deep spiritual note in it all, a modernized Feast of Tabernacles.

When the temple was up and finished, they made their way back home singing on the road, "I'm on business for my King."

Christianity had stood the test. God's house dominated the town, contesting its possession with the Adversary.

XXI

"THE CARE OF ALL THE CHURCHES." BAAL WORSHIP

THE Church gradually recovered, and "to it daily were added such as could be saved." Some months later, The Pastor, meeting Chin Pai, asked him if he did not feel that he was now called to enter the Theological Seminary, and go on through to the full formal ministry.

Chin Pai had always hoped that the day might come when he could go there, but, now that it was suggested, he keenly felt his unfitness. "What are the conditions?" he asked.

"No man can matriculate until he has proved himself a soul-winner," said The Pastor. "We want our candidates to be educated just as highly as possible, but we believe, first of all, in proved effectiveness in soul-winning. Before matriculating, one must have passed through the local and central Bible Classes, and have been an active Christian seven years or more.

"The Seminary course covers five years of work, three and one-half months of each year being given to resident study, and the nine months

to individual assigned studies upon which one must pass an examination before being permitted to rematriculate. Also during those nine months, the student must have his clinical work in the shape of actual charge of churches as colporter, helper, or local leader.

“ Each year, each man has to be examined and certified anew by the Presbytery under which he works, especially upon the point whether he is still making or not making soul-winning his main business in life.

“ Our Seminary is as yet taught almost entirely by the missionaries, but a great number of them take part, each specializing in certain branches. All who teach are, without exception, active evangelists in charge of churches. As yet none of these professors specialize the year round upon the Seminary teaching only as they do in other lands. We believe that their being active evangelists is a great advantage peculiarly linking up the Seminary to the life of the Church and its problems.”

Two months later Chin Pai was passed by the Presbytery, and matriculated, and, through the next five years, in addition to the “ care of all the churches,” he spent nearly four happy but strenuous months each year in Pyeng Yang at the Seminary, and, between times, he was never without a study book in his pack on the road.

As the years went by, he realized more and



THE PIONEERS

KOREA'S FIRST FOREIGN MISSIONARIES TO CHINA (IN CHINESE DRESS)

Pastors Pak Tai Ro, Kim Yung Hoon, Sa Pyung Soon

more what Paul meant by that phrase, "the care of all the churches," for as he matured in experience, The Pastor laid more and more responsibility upon him. The Pastor still conducted the final examinations for baptism, and administered the Sacraments, but to Chin Pai was given the power of admitting catechumens, and The Pastor never went against his opinion even in examinations for baptism.

There were the usual pastoral duties, visiting the sick and sorrowing, burying the dead, ministering to the poor, performing marriages and so forth. In addition, there was Bible study to supervise day and night, courses of study in the churches, individual reading, family prayers, personal leading out of all of the members of the churches in hand-to-hand winning of souls. Bible study and personal work are the two outstanding features of the Korean Church. He that would lead here must excel in these. He must be a strategist, too, concentrating upon this town converging streams of preaching workers from several near-by churches, holding a week-long Bible Class there, sowing that town full of Gospels, going with a band of Christians to help rebuild the burned home of that violent persecutor of the Church to "heap coals upon him," upholding that little band of Christians over there who were passing through the fires of opposition, and so forth,

In one of the river towns one year, when he returned from Seminary, Chin Pai found that the Christians had organized a Ferry Association with the word "Christian" in its published name, and that they had gotten from the Government a charter, allowing them to charge a fixed rate to all who passed, nobleman or commoner. In the past, noblemen never paid such charges.

While not objecting to Christian men forming partnerships, Chin Pai felt the danger of one having this semi-official character, and tried to break it up. The founders insisted that it was a good thing, and refused to change it. Almost immediately, they became involved in lawsuits with several noblemen who refused to pay. Their hearts were all stirred up with hatred and quarrelling. Little by little, they lost their grip spiritually. Their church was assailed from every side by their neighbours. The door of preaching was closed all around there, and before the Association came to financial bankruptcy, which it did very soon, many of the men of the church had come to a greater spiritual disaster.

Such questions were always arising.

The butchers of olden days were pariahs. After the coming of the missionaries, His Majesty had granted, at the petition of a certain individual missionary, that they be allowed to wear hats as other freemen did, but, in spite of that, all

middle and upper class people looked down upon them.

Many of the butchers professed Christianity, some sincerely, and some to improve their social status. These latter, presuming upon their position as Christians, insisted upon calling their fellow believers, "Brother." Old Christians even, while not openly objecting, did not like it. Among the new believers it was most disastrous.

Before Christ a butcher was as good as a nobleman, but certainly he was no better. Getting one unwise butcher into a church often meant driving away several upper class inquirers. What was the right thing to do about it?

Marriage difficulties were legion.

Of course, no irregular marriage unions were countenanced for an instant after a man became a Christian, but in this land of plural marriages, it was hard to tell what to do when a whole household including several wives, each with children, came and asked to be told what to do, willing to be directed.

Of course it was easy to say, "Send away the 'little wife,' *i. e.*, Number Two," but what of that man's duty to her, and what would be her position in the world and that of her children with her?

Presbytery said that such men or secondary wives could not be baptized until the relation was changed, but how was one to change it? especially when the "little wife" was the choice of the man

who in childhood without his approval had been married to No. 1 wife, a woman perhaps ten years his senior.

It was not that these No. 2 wives were living lives of promiscuous immorality. Most of them had come as young girls to this the only marriage that they had ever had, and they had had no volition in the matter, and often did not know on their wedding day that there was another wife before them.

Non-Christian widows, by Korean custom, were not allowed a second marriage ceremony in any case, and yet often remarried by a common law marriage which was as binding and lawful as any other marriage if there were no other wife. Yet if later a young wife came to such a home as a wife with a marriage ceremony, who was the real wife, *i. e.*, No. 1? The Bible would say that the former who had been a widow was No. 1, but the law said that the young wife held that honour. What advice should one give in these tangles?

Efforts to substitute something for the regular worship of ancestral tablets were continually being made, as for example when they wanted to call in Christian friends upon the sacrificial nights, and light lamps, and hold special prayer-meetings. The Catholics did this, and prayed for the dead. Would non-Christians say that they were worshipping the tablets if they met thus that night? Was it right to do it?

How should boatmen on the river keep the Sabbath when the high water in the river only lasted such a few days, and they must win in those few days the bulk of their living for the year? Then, too, if the Christian tied up on Sunday, how could he get up over the rapids? Several boats always went together for that. If he tied up, these other boats would refuse to help him. How should one advise them?

Such questions were legion in this new land.

The worship of Baal is one of the outstanding things in Korean life, or rather of Baalim, for they are many as they were in ancient Israel. All non-Christians worship the "Tujoo," the god of their house-yards, and the "San Sin," the god in the mountains near their towns. The "Baalim" of the Israelites were the gods of the soil's fertility. The "Tujoo" and "San Sin" are the "Baalim" of Chosen.

Back in the hills near Captain Hwang's village, Chin Pai one day saw Elijah's contest on Carmel reenacted with the greatest of vividness.

There were a couple of Christian homes high up there at the head of a valley, and Chin Pai dropped in there to see them. He found the whole population of the valley gathered near the Christians' homes for their annual fall worship of Baal.

Just a little way above the Christians' homes, under a cliff in a great grove of trees, was the

Baal's shrine, in size about eight feet cube. Around it and under the trees was a spot of green grass. The shrine was empty so far as one could see except for a tattered picture that hung on the back wall. The front of it was open.

Men, women, and children, fully two hundred people, were gathered. An ox had been bought by subscription the day before, and slaughtered. Temporary fireplaces were set up, and the women were busy cooking the rice and meat for the feast.

As it was only a little past noon yet, and few of the men were drunk, the Christians got together some sheet tracts for free distribution and sallied out to preach to the crowd. They sang a song or two, and then gave the message. It was a town where opposition had been most violent, and it vindicated its reputation again. At first they listened fairly tolerantly though contemptuously, but, as the Christians tried to press home their message, they became angry, and ordered the Christians away. When they would not go, the men began to stone them, and, seeing the uselessness of resistance, the Christians withdrew.

It was Elijah's contest on Carmel, but not with the same result—yet.

After a time the crowd quieted down, although they occasionally yelled epithets down the valley towards the Christians' homes. From the distance, the Christians watched them, praying.

Presently some one called out that the rice was

ready, and the whole company assembled under the trees in front of the shrine. First one large table of food was brought, and spread out before the Baal, and the people all prostrated themselves, and worshipped towards the shrine.

Then came the feast.

After the food was all disposed of, the women and smaller children withdrew, each woman carrying upon her head all of the dishes that she had brought.

Then the beer firkins were opened, and every one proceeded to get drunk. Presently the pipes began to play, and the men began to dance before Baal, as they did in the Bible story. Some of the men stood, and clapped their hands to the music, but gradually one by one they were drawn into the revels, until the whole crowd was dancing, leaping high in the air, and shouting, and singing ribald songs.

The woods rang with the noise.

From time to time, out of the drunken revel a couple of men would come rolling locked in one another's arms, fighting. Usually they were easily separated, as no Korean ever begins to fight until he has arranged to have a "peacemaker" to come between him and his opponent.

From time to time, men would get exhausted, and drop out to rest, encouraging the others meanwhile with shouts. All day long this continued, and far into the hours of the night.

In the gloom under the great trees, with the space lighted only by pine torches, and with the eerie whine of the pipes, it gave one a creepy feeling as though he were really in the presence of the guardian Baal.

Turning revels like this into "feasts unto the Lord" was a part of this "care of all the churches."

Devil possession was a practical question on the circuit.

Most Westerners smile when they hear a thing like that, but those who live in non-Christian Oriental lands are not so ready to dogmatize. In Western lands there may be more of it than some of the dogmatists suppose, but, certainly in every mission land of Asia, there are repeated cases of this sort of thing that are very difficult to explain.

In Western lands, there is an atmosphere, a heredity of knowledge of the one God that necessarily conduces to restraint of evil spirits if there be such, but of all this the East has none. They live in a world of the occult, yielding themselves to it willingly. It has the right of way.

On thousands of the hilltops in Chosen are "groves and high places" exactly such as were in ancient apostate Israel. In every house are numbers of reputedly devil inhabited objects. Beside the road, nearly every house has Chinese charm letters or hideous pictures of dragons or tigers on the doors to keep evil spirits from entering.

Every new house that is built in Chosen has a dedicatory service exorcising the evil spirits that might otherwise enter the house.

Even in Government circles of the nineties, such things were not unknown.

In Seoul years ago, the Palace several times caught on fire. The sorcerers said that it was because of the signal fire upon the signal mountain ten miles away to the south, and that, if two sculptured stone fire dogs were put in front of the Palace to intercept the fire, it would not happen again. This was done, and there has been no fire since. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

In another city, there were many such fires, and the sorcerers said that the Fire God came in over a certain road, and that, if they would dig a well on one side of the road, and build an ice house upon the other, all would be well. This was done, and the Fire God came no more. There never was any ice in the ice house either.

Wherever a road passes over a high pass, there is almost always a little shrine, and an old crooked tree, like the “Ashera” of the Jews, and under the tree a pile of stones. No ordinary man, even of the literati, in the old days dared to pass one of those shrines without acknowledging the presence of the devil in the tree and shrine, either by adding a stone to the pile, or by spitting upon the pile, if a loose stone was not easily found.

Hanging from a bit of straw rope across the

front of these devil shrines, or from the branches of the devil trees beside them, there were always numbers of dirty little strips of cloth like carpet rags fluttering in the wind. Each one of those represented some child that had been sick. Its mother had not been able to pay for the services of the sorceress or doctor, so she had torn off the collar of the baby's coat, and brought it, and hung it in front of the devil shrine, believing that the devil in the shrine would come and heal her baby. These mothers were those who, most of them, never heard the name of Jesus in a way that they could understand. Most have never heard it at all.

We have noted how in Utmami at least a part of the people believed that that dragon sleeping under the hill was angry at the gash made in his back for a house site, and, waking, that he had shaken the town as though it were an earthquake.

That belief is widely accepted insomuch that, wherever it is necessary to have roads cross these dragon spines, they, in a great many places, have paved the crossing over with stones lest the passing of many feet wear through the dragon's skin and wake him.

They believed that cholera is a disease where rats crawl up in the patient's legs. Near Seoul is a hill under which they say there is a great Cat Dragon. In several cholera epidemics, no one in the town in front of that hill died of the disease.

They said that the “rats” were afraid of the “Cat Dragon” and did not come to that town.

Most of these things are, of course, absurd things about which one smiles, but they indicate a condition of self-yielding to anything demoniac which is unknown in Western lands, even among non-Christians.

Chin Pai, on the circuit, was often called to pray for, or unite with others in praying for persons afflicted with demons. Many of them were healed in answer to prayer exactly as they were in Jesus' time.

Koreans, like the Jews, are great believers in dreams. Often these spurred the Christians to healthful activities. Sometimes they did much harm. To know how to handle each separate case wisely, and not hurt some sincere person, was a puzzle that could only be solved by the old Utmami recipe, “Pray it out.”

One needed daily many times to “pray it out” in this taking “care of all the churches.”

XXII

THE GREAT CALL

THE last year of Chin Pai's Seminary study came, and with it a serious illness due to overwork and exposure. It took him off the circuit for over a month, and for a time it looked as if his work was done. Father Sung and Uncle Leatherstocking at home in Utmami nursed him back to life, "praying it out" when the way seemed darkest. At last he won out and was soon on the road to a full recovery.

Pong Sami was a regular Helper now among the churches on the North River. Tai Suni had been a colporter for a few weeks, but he was so erratic that it was hard to do much with him on an independent assignment, and he was dropped. While Pong Sami and the other Christians were near, he was all right, but away from them, he was in continual danger.

His father died at about this time, and, at the funeral, which was dominated by the non-Christian relatives, beer was served. Tai Suni was tempted and fell. While intoxicated, his relatives prevailed upon him to bow and worship his father's ancestral tablet which they had set up.

When he came to himself he was exquisitely ashamed of himself, but too proud to admit it. He went around bragging about his wickedness, trying, by keeping up a front of bravado, to hide the sorrow he felt for his sin.

"What had I to hope for more in the Doctrine?" he asked boastingly of his non-believing cronies in the saloon. "I was on my good behaviour several years until I was baptized. What else had I to look forward to? They would never make me an Elder anyway, and they say that I am not fit to be a colporter. Why should I keep on being a Christian?"

Pong Sami was away on a special mission for The Pastor, and not expected back soon. Chin Pai hardly felt equal to the climb over the mountain between the towns, but he felt that it was his duty, so went.

At first Tai Suni tried to brazen it out with Chin Pai, too, but Chin Pai just sat and looked at him. Tai Suni blustered and explained. Chin Pai quietly waited. Tai Suni's face began to get red. Then suddenly he fell on his face on the floor and began to cry. "Oh! Chin Pai," he said, "I have sinned away my last chance. I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost."

Chin Pai let him cry, and pour out his soul in confession to the full. Then he comforted him, and prayed with him, and that night, under Chin

Pai's encouragement, he stood up in the church, and confessed his sins like a man.

Chin Pai stayed several days at Pong Sami's house. He was delighted to be with Pong Sami's mother. A miracle had been wrought in her. No one seeing that strong, masterful face with every line in it softened, and sweetened, and transfigured with a look of peace would ever have connected her with the raging, half-drunken termagant whom he had coaxed back from Seoul that day.

During his convalescence, Chin Pai visited others of the old churches. In Tokkol, Grandmother Ko almost forgot her dignity in her delight at seeing him. She made him sit down, and tell over and over again the story of his sickness, and she cried as she heard it, but insisted upon hearing it all.

The Ko Clan was all at one now in Christ, and her son was an "Elder" of the church. The old Grandmother teasingly asked Chin Pai when he was going to marry again. She said that she was getting old, and must go to Jesus soon, but that she felt that she could not die before she had seen his first born son.

Chin Pai said that for such men as himself out on the firing line, it was better to be like Paul, free to come and go at will.

"Yes, that is all well enough for you to do when you are young, but you are almost thirty years old now, and once you pass thirty, no one

will give you their daughter in marriage. I have been praying the Father that He may send you a wife, and I am going to pray harder until He answers."

Before going back to the mountain churches, The Pastor called Chin Pai up to Seoul for a conference and a report on the work. He was always in demand for the preaching in the city church, so was asked to preach while in town, and consented.

All Korean churches have the long curtain dividing the men from the women, but from the rostrum one can see both sides of the curtain. As Chin Pai sat on the rostrum that Sabbath morning, he saw a long file of young girls from the Academy coming in two by two and taking their places far back in the corner.

Like every well-bred Korean young man, he instantly averted his eyes, but, in that second of time, he had seen one face that for some reason or other made his heart jump. It seemed familiar, too, but he could not remember where he had seen it. All in all, he voted it the sweetest face that he had ever seen.

When he arose to speak, he had determined to observe the strict proprieties, and not look again, but at least three times in the sermon he unwittingly broke his promise to himself. The third time he caught the girl's eye, and she smiled. For a second he gasped. It almost took him off his

feet, and he stumbled and stuttered in a way to make his audience wonder what had happened to him. Somehow he managed to finish, but all of the time, and through the rest of the service, he was trying to puzzle out where he had seen that face before.

Suddenly it flashed into his mind that it must be Soo Oki, the little girl whom he and The Pastor had rescued from the man Ham in the County Seat. It was four years since he had seen her. She did not look much like the little waif of that day. She had ripened into a woman.

Suddenly Chin Pai remembered Grandmother Ko's words, and the thought occurred to him—but he put the thought from him, amazed to find himself blushing. Somehow, though, the thought would not down.

He reasoned it out again and again that it was unthinkable. His work was out in the mountains here and there wherever need required and opportunity offered. He could not be bound by a wife.

Besides a beautiful girl like that could have her pick of all the young men of the Capital who might see her, and, of noble birth as she was, she would grace a nobleman's palace, and ought not to be in an obscure preacher's home.

True, he was no base born slave or freedman, and by the grace of God he was an Ambassador of the King of Kings. At the thought he squared

his shoulders. But the exaltation was but for a moment.

She would never look at such as he anyway, so there was no use in thinking about it. He never had been an Apollo for beauty, in spite of his clean-cut, muscular form, and his face shining with the glory light from within, and now thin and white as he was from his sickness, he was even less attractive looking.

Besides, if he were to marry her, people would say that he had insisted upon it because of the little part that he had in securing for her her freedom from old Ham. No! he would put it all resolutely out of his mind, and think no more of it. And then he went on thinking about it still.

* * * * *

For some months before this, The Pastor had been puzzled as to what to do with Soo Oki. All of these years it had been comparatively simple, as she had been safe and happy in the school, earning part of her way by working, and having the balance paid by The Pastor. Now she was about to graduate, and the question of her future was becoming acute.

She could not yet be a Bible woman, as she could not travel without a chaperon, and, being so young and pretty, the chances were that even with a chaperon, she would be stolen some night, and sold. It was the same if she went to be the teacher of a country school. She would have to be

guarded continually. No! she must marry, but whom?

There had been many applications for her, from many sorts of men, but The Pastor and his wife had in their mind's eye a picture of the ideal husband that they wanted for her, and these were far from ideal. Of course, according to Korean custom, the girl's own desires in the matter would not have been considered, but, in this case, The Pastor tried to have her help in the decision. She was so shy that she would give no answer whatever, but she sometimes acted as though she might have had one.

One day, just a few days before Chin Pai came up, The Pastor had left Soo Oki alone with his wife for a while, hoping that she might get over her shyness, and indicate what she wished. When questioned again, she hesitated, blushed furiously, and then said, "Chin Pai is a nice boy," and ran out of the room.

"Chin Pai!" Even The Pastor, proud as he was of the boy, had never thought of Chin Pai. But why not Chin Pai? More and more, as they talked it over, they wondered that it had not occurred to them before. True, she would likely always be poor with Chin Pai, but after all he was the cleanest, truest young man that they had in all the church, and they could give her to him in the fullest confidence that he would take care of her, and be good to her. Why not Chin Pai?

The next morning after that Sabbath, before Chin Pai started for the country, he came to say "Good-bye" to The Pastor, and The Pastor determined to sound him on the matter.

"I have been wondering, Chin Pai," he said, "why you have never remarried. Of course I know of Sin-Ai, and how faithful you were to her through all those years, but she has been at peace a long time now. Have you never thought of marrying?"

Chin Pai had laid awake a good share of the night thinking of nothing else. The Pastor's question seemed almost an answer to his unspoken thought, and he again blushed, and acted as befuddled as though he had been doing something wrong.

"Grandmother Ko was asking me the same question only last week," said Chin Pai, "and I told her that marriage was not for such men as myself out on the frontier line. We must be like Paul."

"Yes, I know," said The Pastor, "but in a few months you will graduate from the Seminary, and must settle as an independent pastor of some church or group of churches. You will do better then to have a wife and a home. Your work will be more effective."

"Perhaps," said Chin Pai, "but I had given it no thought until last week."

"Have you any one in mind?" asked The Pastor.

"No!" said Chin Pai. "At least no one that I could hope to get. We shall have to start the Go-betweens looking for some one."

"Would you like to have me suggest some one?" asked The Pastor.

Chin Pai looked at him with a start. Could it be —— But surely it was foolish to even dream of that. He had ascertained that Soo Oki was to graduate from the school in June.

"Yes, if you will be so kind," he said.

"How would Soo Oki do?"

"Soo Oki!" said Chin Pai. "Oh, she would not look at such as I am. She was born of the highest nobility, and her forefathers have always lived in luxury, and besides she is too beautiful to consider any one like me."

"How do you know that she is beautiful?" asked The Pastor. "When did you see her?"

Chin Pai saw that he was fairly caught, and confessed to his breach of propriety the day before.

"Well!" said The Pastor, "I guess that there are no further preliminaries to be arranged, and we will consider the matter settled so far as all but Father Sung are concerned, and I know that he, too, will not forbid it, for he has longed to see you happily married before he dies.

"It is not good Korean custom, but would you

like to meet Soo Oki in my study before you go to the country again?"

Chin Pai's look was answer enough, and he went out at once to arrange to stay over another day.

The meeting took place, as arranged, that afternoon, but The Pastor and his wife could not help but contrast it with similar events in other lands. Soo Oki arrived first, and sat shyly down in a chair by the inner door of the study. A little later Chin Pai came, and The Pastor greeted him at the outer door, showed him to a seat just inside that door, across the room from where Soo Oki was sitting. The Pastor introduced them, but Chin Pai never once looked in Soo Oki's direction.

A little later The Pastor made an excuse for leaving the room, not shutting the door.

For ten minutes there was absolute silence in the room, and then The Pastor, out in the other room, heard Chin Pai say shyly, "Let us pray!"

Shades of Cupid! Was ever such a thing said under such circumstances before!

They both prayed, and resumed their seats. At the end of another ten minutes, when The Pastor returned, they evidently had not moved nor said another word. The Pastor's wife came for Soo Oki, and she almost ran out of the room she was so eager to get away.

The Pastor asked Chin Pai if he was satisfied with her, and again his face was a sufficient an-

swer, though how he had formed his opinion was a mystery, for he certainly had not looked in her direction.

Chin Pai went down to the country singing and making melody in his heart to the Lord, and to all of His world. From time to time, he sent up letters to Soo Oki, formal, orderly, copy-book sorts of letters that might mean anything or everything or nothing, as the good old custom is, but for the three months he did not meet her.

Great was the rejoicing down in the country when the Christians heard the news. Particularly Grandmother was almost beside herself with joy, and so was Father Sung.

The next three months flew quickly by, and it was time for the last term of the Seminary to open. Once again, on his way to Seminary, Chin Pai met Soo Oki in 'The Pastor's study. It was a repetition of the first meeting except that possibly they prayed a little longer. Surely such a courtship was never seen before!

The Seminary was all humming this year with two great topics, the General Assembly, which had been organized the year before for the whole country with seven Presbyteries, and the second topic, the new Mission to China.

The latter topic was by far the most absorbing.

Just as in the founding of the Presbytery, the Church had opened the Mission on the Island of Quelpart, so, as a 'Thank-Offering for the General

Assembly founding, they were to add this additional Mission to a field about one hundred miles inland from the coast in Shantung, China. An exclusive field had been promised the new missionaries there, and no white man was to touch it even in its initial stages.

Three men were to be chosen to open the work.

The Foreign Mission Board had not called for volunteers because they knew that every pastor in the church was a volunteer in his heart, and every man praying that the choice might fall upon him.

After a time, word got out that the men of the graduating class and not of the Alumni were to be chosen, so that the choice was narrowed down to thirty men. Who would be the fortunate ones?

The Class themselves, feeling their position keenly, did not discuss the matter very much among themselves, but the under class men talked of little else. Few of the graduating class definitely accepted calls, as each was reserving his decision until the Mission Board's decision was announced. Every man considered the Call to China to outrank every other opportunity and privilege.

The Seminary closed with the Graduation Exercises, and still the Board's decision had not been made public.

Chin Pai had not received a single formal call, but felt sure that there would be one of some kind waiting in The Pastor's hands when he reached Seoul. Would it be the Great Call to China?

When he met The Pastor in his study immediately upon his arrival in Seoul, he saw that there was some call in, and he was eager to know what it was, but before telling him, The Pastor asked that they might pray together so that the decision upon the calls might be right, as here were three calls, not one.

After prayer The Pastor picked up one of the three envelopes on his desk, and opened it.

"I have here," he said, "a call to you to the co-pastorate with me in the city church. For years, the members of the Session have been watching you, and they feel that you have outgrown the country work, and they want you to come to them. It will be a joy for me to have you, too. This pulpit is, as you know, a position of great and increasing influence and power. From it you can touch men all over the land."

He laid that envelope aside, and opened the next.

"I have here a Call to you from the Foreign Mission Board to go to China, the first choice among all of the men available."

A thrill went through Chin Pai.

THE CALL had come! The Great Call! Every fibre of his being said, "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

The Pastor spoke of the hardships to be met there, race prejudice, perhaps stripes and imprisonments, but he straightened his shoulders, and his head went up. Of what significance are things

like these when one goes on business for his King?

He hardly saw The Pastor as he opened the last envelope, and began to read, "The Mountain Churches of the old circuit call their pastor to come back to them at the same old salary, for it is all that they in their poverty can pay."

"There is no romance there," said The Pastor, "no great glory, only Uncle Leatherstocking, and Tai Suni, and Grandmother Ko, and Captain Hwang and Head Priest Kim and the others. They write with their Call a letter saying that they are praying with all of their heart and soul that God may send you back because they need you so badly, and love you so much."

The boy's face fell, and took on a look of shame as though he had been detected in some unworthy act. Then, as The Pastor continued to mention one by one the others, a look of tenderness came over his face. The hills were calling him. Who would care for the hill folks when he was far off in China?

The Pastor said, "It is not a little thing, this deciding where you are to put your life. Go to your stopping place, and 'pray it out' to-night, and I will pray with you here. Come back to-morrow, and let me know your decision."

It was afternoon the next day before Chin Pai came, but The Pastor was waiting for him, had been waiting and praying all day. He could see

at a glance that the decision was in. What would it be?

"I saw Soo Oki last night," said Chin Pai, "and told her of the Calls, and asked her to help me 'pray it out.' This forenoon I saw her again, and there can be but one decision for us both.

"The big church here calls us. I have dreamed of such an opportunity some day, and, as for Soo Oki, this has been her church home for the last five years, and nearly all of her friends are here. Best of all for us both would be that we would be so closely associated with you who have been to us both like a father. It has been hard to turn it away.

"China calls. Oh! how I did long for the Great Call there. Yes, and I prayed for it all these last three months in the Seminary. I did so want the romance of being the first to go to China, to begin paying back to China in her need a part of the great debt which my people have owed her all down the years.

"But, Pastor! We cannot do it. The hills are calling us. There is glory in the big church appointment. There is romance in the going to China, but the hills are calling us."

The Pastor rose and walked over to the window, and stood with his back to Chin Pai as Chin Pai continued, "A hundred men want the big church appointment, and most of them could do the work as well or better than I. A hundred men

are praying that they may be sent to China, and I, too, wanted so much to go, but no one wants to go back to the hills. No one cares for the people there, my people some of them, whom God in His goodness has given me. I cannot turn my back upon them when there is no one to take my place.

"Tuk Kyungi and Uncle Chang are away on other important circuits. Pong Sami cannot do more than his present work. None of this year's graduates would consider a call there when big fields all over the country are clamouring for men, and not half enough men for the places.

"Forgive us if we have disappointed you, Pastor! Soo Oki feels exactly as I do. She, too, wanted to go to China, but says that we cannot now. We decided this upon our knees separately, and we are sure that it is His will."

The Pastor, still with his back turned, asked in an unsteady voice, "But, boy! Do you realize what it means, this decision? Do you remember the little pittance of a salary, the monotonous round of duties, the carrying of the pack over the rocky passes of the mountains, and across the streams in the cold, and the rain, and the snow? In ten years everybody will have forgotten you."

"Yes!" said Chin Pai, "but *He* will not forget, for it is His will. The Elders of the city church heard of my decision just now, and they say that I am crazy. I met one of my classmates, and he

said that I was a fool to bury myself alive out in the mountains. The little salary is hard, because I would like to get nice things for Soo Oki, but she says that that will be all right. We will live as our people live.

"I, too, had my ambitions, Pastor, but it cannot be. This is His will."

"And your decision is final?"

"Yes, Pastor!"

"Well, then," said The Pastor, turning around and coming to him, "I can only say that I am prouder of you to-day than I have ever been before. I had my ambition that one of my boys might be of the first to go to China, and I would have so enjoyed having you here as my co-worker, gradually taking over the burden until it would all be yours, but you have chosen well, and it shall be as you have said."

A few weeks later Presbytery met, and there was a single, simple ordination service when Chin Pai was set aside as an evangelist to have charge of seven of the mountain churches. As he knelt to receive the hands of Presbytery, a great peace was in his soul, and he knew that he had chosen well.

A few weeks later the General Assembly met, a great company of men, the picked men of all the land. The whole three days of its sessions centered around the great question of the Mission to China, and the men who were to go.

Pastors Pak, Sa and Kim, all classmates of Chin Pai, were the lions of the hour, the envied of all beholders. Sometimes Chin Pai, even, had slight twinges of regret, but he put them away as he remembered how Grandmother Ko and the old Abbot, Kim, had almost taken him in their arms when he promised to stay and minister to them as he might be able until the Lord should come for them or call them home.

The next week there was a simple little wedding service at The Pastor's house. There were only a few guests. Not many came from the country. Soo Oki had few friends in the city outside of the schoolgirls, several of whom were her attendants. The city Session members were there.

Soo Oki had refused to have her face painted after the old custom, and had refused to wear the great masses of false hair and other finery. She was married in a dress which she had made with her own hands, using the skill which she had gained in her school classes. No prettier bride ever took the vows.

After lunch and a word of prayer, the guests scattered to their homes.

Soo Oki had refused to ride down to the country in the expensive bride's sedan chair, for she said that she had chosen the life of a country pastor's wife, and it was none too soon to begin to live on the scale upon which they must live. She insisted that she would walk all the way down by

slow stages, and Chin Pai, after some protest, let her have her way.

They came in the morning to say farewell as they were leaving. When the good-byes were over, Chin Pai took up his pack, and Soo Oki put on her head covering, and trudged happily along beside him, starting on the fifty-mile journey back to the home in the hills.

There is little of romance in the work out there, little of glamour for them, just a passionate doing of His will. To-day you will find them out there, shiny-faced ones, going up and down among their people.

One by one they are bringing them in, preaching them in, loving them in, and proving anew that the old Gospel has lost none of its power wherever men will give it the right of way. They are only the first fruits. The world may never hear of them again, but *He* knows, and with that they are content.

1 1012 01088 1375

DATE DUE

~~MAR 6 0 1998~~	JUN 30 2004	
~~MAY 1 1998~~	~~JUN 1 1998~~	
~~MAY 2 1998~~	~~JUN 1 1998~~	
~~MAY 3 1998~~		
~~MAY 4 1998~~		
~~MAY 5 1998~~		
~~MAY 6 1998~~		
~~MAY 7 1998~~		
~~MAY 8 1998~~		
~~MAY 9 1998~~		
~~MAY 10 1998~~		
~~MAY 11 1998~~		
~~MAY 12 1998~~		
~~MAY 13 1998~~		
~~MAY 14 1998~~		
~~MAY 15 1998~~		
~~MAY 16 1998~~		
~~MAY 17 1998~~		
~~MAY 18 1998~~		
~~MAY 19 1998~~		
~~MAY 20 1998~~		
~~MAY 21 1998~~		
~~MAY 22 1998~~		
~~MAY 23 1998~~		
~~MAY 24 1998~~		
~~MAY 25 1998~~		
~~MAY 26 1998~~		
~~MAY 27 1998~~		
~~MAY 28 1998~~		
~~MAY 29 1998~~		
~~MAY 30 1998~~		
~~MAY 31 1998~~		
~~JUN 1 1998~~		
~~JUN 2 1998~~		
~~JUN 3 1998~~		
~~JUN 4 1998~~		
~~JUN 5 1998~~		
~~JUN 6 1998~~		
~~JUN 7 1998~~		
~~JUN 8 1998~~		
~~JUN 9 1998~~		
~~JUN 10 1998~~		
~~JUN 11 1998~~		
~~JUN 12 1998~~		
~~JUN 13 1998~~		
~~JUN 14 1998~~		
~~JUN 15 1998~~		
~~JUN 16 1998~~		
~~JUN 17 1998~~		
~~JUN 18 1998~~		
~~JUN 19 1998~~		
~~JUN 20 1998~~		
~~JUN 21 1998~~		
~~JUN 22 1998~~		
~~JUN 23 1998~~		
~~JUN 24 1998~~		
~~JUN 25 1998~~		
~~JUN 26 1998~~		
~~JUN 27 1998~~		
~~JUN 28 1998~~		
~~JUN 29 1998~~		
~~JUN 30 1998~~		
~~JUN 1 1999~~		
~~JUN 2 1999~~		
~~JUN 3 1999~~		
~~JUN 4 1999~~		
~~JUN 5 1999~~		
~~JUN 6 1999~~		
~~JUN 7 1999~~		
~~JUN 8 1999~~		
~~JUN 9 1999~~		
~~JUN 10 1999~~		
~~JUN 11 1999~~		
~~JUN 12 1999~~		
~~JUN 13 1999~~		
~~JUN 14 1999~~		
~~JUN 15 1999~~		
~~JUN 16 1999~~		
~~JUN 17 1999~~		
~~JUN 18 1999~~		
~~JUN 19 1999~~		
~~JUN 20 1999~~		
~~JUN 21 1999~~		
~~JUN 22 1999~~		
~~JUN 23 1999~~		
~~JUN 24 1999~~		
~~JUN 25 1999~~		
~~JUN 26 1999~~		
~~JUN 27 1999~~		
~~JUN 28 1999~~		
~~JUN 29 1999~~		
~~JUN 30 1999~~		
~~JUN 1 2000~~		
~~JUN 2 2000~~		
~~JUN 3 2000~~		
~~JUN 4 2000~~		
~~JUN 5 2000~~		
~~JUN 6 2000~~		
~~JUN 7 2000~~		
~~JUN 8 2000~~		
~~JUN 9 2000~~		
~~JUN 10 2000~~		
~~JUN 11 2000~~		
~~JUN 12 2000~~		
~~JUN 13 2000~~		
~~JUN 14 2000~~		
~~JUN 15 2000~~		
~~JUN 16 2000~~		
~~JUN 17 2000~~		
~~JUN 18 2000~~		
~~JUN 19 2000~~		
~~JUN 20 2000~~		
~~JUN 21 2000~~		
~~JUN 22 2000~~		
~~JUN 23 2000~~		
~~JUN 24 2000~~		
~~JUN 25 2000~~		
~~JUN 26 2000~~		
~~JUN 27 2000~~		
~~JUN 28 2000~~		
~~JUN 29 2000~~		
~~JUN 30 2000~~		
~~JUN 1 2001~~		
~~JUN 2 2001~~		
~~JUN 3 2001~~		
~~JUN 4 2001~~		
~~JUN 5 2001~~		
~~JUN 6 2001~~		
~~JUN 7 2001~~		
~~JUN 8 2001~~		
~~JUN 9 2001~~		
~~JUN 10 2001~~		
~~JUN 11 2001~~		
~~JUN 12 2001~~		
~~JUN 13 2001~~		
~~JUN 14 2001~~		
~~JUN 15 2001~~		
~~JUN 16 2001~~		
~~JUN 17 2001~~		
~~JUN 18 2001~~		
~~JUN 19 2001~~		
~~JUN 20 2001~~		
~~JUN 21 2001~~		
~~JUN 22 2001~~		
~~JUN 23 2001~~		
~~JUN 24 2001~~		
~~JUN 25 2001~~		
~~JUN 26 2001~~		
~~JUN 27 2001~~		
~~JUN 28 2001~~		
~~JUN 29 2001~~		
~~JUN 30 2001~~		
~~JUN 1 2002~~		
~~JUN 2 2002~~		
~~JUN 3 2002~~		
~~JUN 4 2002~~		
~~JUN 5 2002~~		
~~JUN 6 2002~~		
~~JUN 7 2002~~		
~~JUN 8 2002~~		
~~JUN 9 2002~~		
~~JUN 10 2002~~		
~~JUN 11 2002~~		
~~JUN 12 2002~~		
~~JUN 13 2002~~		
~~JUN 14 2002~~		
~~JUN 15 2002~~		
~~JUN 16 2002~~		
~~JUN 17 2002~~		
~~JUN 18 2002~~		
~~JUN 19 2002~~		
~~JUN 20 2002~~		
~~JUN 21 2002~~		
~~JUN 22 2002~~		
~~JUN 23 2002~~		
~~JUN 24 2002~~		
~~JUN 25 2002~~		
~~JUN 26 2002~~		
~~JUN 27 2002~~		
~~JUN 28 2002~~		
~~JUN 29 2002~~		
~~JUN 30 2002~~		
~~JUN 1 2003~~		
~~JUN 2 2003~~		
~~JUN 3 2003~~		
~~JUN 4 2003~~		
~~JUN 5 2003~~		
~~JUN 6 2003~~		
~~JUN 7 2003~~		
~~JUN 8 2003~~		
~~JUN 9 2003~~		
~~JUN 10 2003~~		
~~JUN 11 2003~~		
~~JUN 12 2003~~		
~~JUN 13 2003~~		
~~JUN 14 2003~~		
~~JUN 15 2003~~		
~~JUN 16 2003~~		
~~JUN 17 2003~~		
~~JUN 18 2003~~		
~~JUN 19 2003~~		
~~JUN 20 2003~~		
~~JUN 21 2003~~		
~~JUN 22 2003~~		
~~JUN 23 2003~~		
~~JUN 24 2003~~		
~~JUN 25 2003~~		
~~JUN 26 2003~~		
~~JUN 27 2003~~		
~~JUN 28 2003~~		
~~JUN 29 2003~~		
~~JUN 30 2003~~		
~~JUN 1 2004~~		
~~JUN 2 2004~~		
~~JUN 3 2004~~		
~~JUN 4 2004~~		
~~JUN 5 2004~~		
~~JUN 6 2004~~		
~~JUN 7 2004~~		
~~JUN 8 2004~~		
~~JUN 9 2004~~		
~~JUN 10 2004~~		
~~JUN 11 2004~~		
~~JUN 12 2004~~		
~~JUN 13 2004~~		
~~JUN 14 2004~~		
~~JUN 15 2004~~		
~~JUN 16 2004~~		
~~JUN 17 2004~~		
~~JUN 18 2004~~		
~~JUN 19 2004~~		
~~JUN 20 2004~~		
~~JUN 21 2004~~		
~~JUN 22 2004~~		
~~JUN 23 2004~~		
~~JUN 24 2004~~		
~~JUN 25 2004~~		
~~JUN 26 2004~~		
~~JUN 27 2004~~		
~~JUN 28 2004~~		
~~JUN 29 2004~~		
~~JUN 30 2004~~		
~~JUN 1 2005~~		
~~JUN 2 2005~~		
~~JUN 3 2005~~		
~~JUN 4 2005~~		
~~JUN 5 2005~~		
~~JUN 6 2005~~		
~~JUN 7 2005~~		
~~JUN 8 2005~~		
~~JUN 9 2005~~		
~~JUN 10 2005~~		
~~JUN 11 2005~~		
~~JUN 12 2005~~		
~~JUN 13 2005~~		
~~JUN 14 2005~~		
~~JUN 15 2005~~		
~~JUN 16 2005~~		
~~JUN 17 2005~~		
~~JUN 18 2005~~		
~~JUN 19 2005~~		
~~JUN 20 2005~~		
~~JUN 21 2005~~		
~~JUN 22 2005~~		
~~JUN 23 2005~~		
~~JUN 24 2005~~		
~~JUN 25 2005~~		
~~JUN 26 2005~~		
~~JUN 27 2005~~		
~~JUN 28 2005~~		
~~JUN 29 2005~~		
~~JUN 30 2005~~		
~~JUN 1 2006~~		
~~JUN 2 2006~~		
~~JUN 3 2006~~		
~~JUN 4 2006~~		
~~JUN 5 2006~~		
~~JUN 6 2006~~		
~~JUN 7 2006~~		
~~JUN 8 2006~~		
~~JUN 9 2006~~		
~~JUN 10 2006~~		
~~JUN 11 2006~~		
~~JUN 12 2006~~		
~~JUN 13 2006~~		
~~JUN 14 2006~~		
~~JUN 15 2006~~		
~~JUN 16 2006~~		
~~JUN 17 2006~~		
~~JUN 18 2006~~		
~~JUN 19 2006~~		
~~JUN 20 2006~~		
~~JUN 21 2006~~		
~~JUN 22 2006~~		
~~JUN 23 2006~~		
~~JUN 24 2006~~		
~~JUN 25 2006~~		
~~JUN 26 2006~~		
~~JUN 27 2006~~		
~~JUN 28 2006~~		
~~JUN 29 2006~~		
~~JUN 30 2006~~		
~~JUN 1 2007~~		
~~JUN 2 2007~~		
~~JUN 3 2007~~		
~~JUN 4 2007~~		
~~JUN 5 2007~~		
~~JUN 6 2007~~		
~~JUN 7 2007~~		
~~JUN 8 2007~~		
~~JUN 9 2007~~		
~~JUN 10 2007~~		
~~JUN 11 2007~~		
~~JUN 12 2007~~		
~~JUN 13 2007~~		
~~JUN 14 2007~~		
~~JUN 15 2007~~		
~~JUN 16 2007~~		
~~JUN 17 2007~~		
~~JUN 18 2007~~		
~~JUN 19 2007~~		
~~JUN 20 2007~~		
~~JUN 21 2007~~		
~~JUN 22 2007~~		
~~JUN 23 2007~~		
~~JUN 24 2007~~		
~~JUN 25 2007~~		
~~JUN 26 2007~~		
~~JUN 27 2007~~		
~~JUN 28 2007~~		
~~JUN 29 2007~~		
~~JUN 30 2007~~		
~~JUN 1 2008~~		
~~JUN 2 2008~~		
~~JUN 3 2008~~		
~~JUN 4 2008~~		
~~JUN 5 2008~~		
~~JUN 6 2008~~		
~~JUN 7 2008~~		
~~JUN 8 2008~~		
~~JUN 9 2008~~		
~~JUN 10 2008~~		
~~JUN 11 2008~~		
~~JUN 12 2008~~		
~~JUN 13 2008~~		
~~JUN 14 2008~~		
~~JUN 15 2008~~		
~~JUN 16 2008~~		
~~JUN 17 2008~~		
~~JUN 18 2008~~		
~~JUN 19 2008~~		
~~JUN 20 2008~~		
~~JUN 21 2008~~		
~~JUN 22 2008~~		
~~JUN 23 2008~~		
~~JUN 24 2008~~		
~~JUN 25 2008~~		
~~JUN 26 2008~~		
~~JUN 27 2008~~		
~~JUN 28 2008~~		
~~JUN 29 2008~~		
~~JUN 30 2008~~		
~~JUN 1 2009~~		
~~JUN 2 2009~~		
~~JUN 3 2009~~		
~~JUN 4 2009~~		
~~JUN 5 2009~~		
~~JUN 6 2009~~		
~~JUN 7 2009~~		
~~JUN 8 2009~~		
~~JUN 9 2009~~		
~~JUN 10 2009~~		
~~JUN 11 2009~~		
~~JUN 12 2009~~		
~~JUN 13 2009~~		
~~JUN 14 2009~~		
~~JUN 15 2009~~		
~~JUN 16 2009~~		
~~JUN 17 2009~~		
~~JUN 18 2009~~		
~~JUN 19 2009~~		
~~JUN 20 2009~~		
~~JUN 21 2009~~		
~~JUN 22 2009~~		
~~JUN 23 2009~~		
~~JUN 24 2009~~		
~~JUN 25 2009~~		
~~JUN 26 2009~~		
~~JUN 27 2009~~		
~~JUN 28 2009~~		
~~JUN 29 2009~~		
~~JUN 30 2009~~		
~~JUN 1 2010~~		
~~JUN 2 2010~~		
~~JUN 3 2010~~		
~~JUN 4 2010~~		
~~JUN 5 2010~~		
~~JUN 6 2010~~		
~~JUN 7 2010~~		
~~JUN 8 2010~~		
~~JUN 9 2010~~		
~~JUN 10 2010~~		
~~JUN 11 2010~~		
~~JUN 12 2010~~		
~~JUN 13 2010~~		
~~JUN 14 2010~~		
~~JUN 15 2010~~		
~~JUN 16 2010~~		
~~JUN 17 2010~~		
~~JUN 18 2010~~		
~~JUN 19 2010~~		
~~JUN 20 2010~~		
~~JUN 21 2010~~		
~~JUN 22 2010~~		
~~JUN 23 2010~~		
~~JUN 24 2010~~		

